THE

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

FATHERS AND SONS.*

BY THE EDITOR.

Chap. VIII.

The reader probably imagines from the manner in which the last chapter concludes, that he is to be forthwith, and immediately transported to the Ship, or the Crown and Sceptre, or some other such popular hostelry at Greenwich. But no—different is to be his fate, and somewhat deferred the *fête* of others; for as it seems, it will be necessary, before we lodge our party in one of the strong-smelling, bright-shining greenhouses—conservatories nobody could call them—which overhang the mud of those regions, to say a word or two of our friends the Amershams, and perhaps of other persons connected with our history.

One of the peculiarities of woman appears to be a passion for match-making. Wholly disinterested as women almost universally are, touching worldly matters, one never sees a woman wholly uninterested in a flirtation, or what may be more properly called, a *tendre*, which happens to be—or that she thinks is—in progress under her own roof. Mrs. Amersham, who was full of all the best feelings of human nature, and really attached to Jane, could not endure the occurrence of any thing which might or could interfere with what she had resolved in her own mind was an existing mutual affection between her and Miles Blackmore. No—she had determined that Miles Blackmore was desperately in love with Jane Bruff, and that Jane Bruff perfectly and entirely reciprocated his tender feelings.

It should first be understood—as it most probably is—that an affection for one, or even two members of a family, does not necessarily imply a general liking of all the others. Mrs. Amersham was, as we know, the devoted friend of Jane; but Mrs. Amersham's sentiments as regarded the gallant and disagreeable colonel, were of a character so diametrically opposite to those which she entertained towards his daughter, that she felt it right—not only because she thought she was acting in conformity with Jane's own views and wishes, but because, prejudiced as she was against Bruff, she was sure that no man of his

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selection could possibly be a suitable match for his charming daughter —to do all she could to cherish and improve, and warm into active life the affection which she was resolved to believe, and perhaps did believe existed between her two friends.

It has frequently been remarked, that the surest way of bringing about an attachment of this sort, is the constantly talking of it; not upon the black-pudding principle of the Reverend Sterne, but because the constant association of two names, leads on the part of their owners to an association of ideas, whence eventually arise feelings, and a question of either or both of the parties as to why it should not be so, or why it should; which latter, as tending rather to increase the difficulty, seems better calculated to amplify the anxiety and encourage the disquisition.

We know—at least we think we know, that Jane Bruff is *not* in love with Miles Blackmore,—indeed she has said as much; but then there *are* people in the world who are sufficiently base and low-minded to give *that* as a strong and cogent reason for believing that she is—they, be they whom they may, know nothing of Jane. Duplicit yand deception are strangers to her heart. When her father first touched upon the point, he might have been assured of a plain, candid answer, without invoking the aid of Mrs. Smylar or her *Curaçoa*.

That being ascertained, the next question to be asked is, what was the state of Mr. Blackmore's feelings towards Jane?

We have seen clearly enough that he was much and deeply interested in all she said and did—that he followed her at the Amershams' like her shadow. That while *she* listened with pleasure to his agreeable conversation, he devoted himself to *her;* and although there seemed no earthly reason why, if he felt the preference which that devotion indicated, he should not own it, still something appeared constantly hanging over him—to damp his ardour—to check his enthusiasm; and the fine bright sunny hours which he occasionally enjoyed in her society, were uniformily chilled and clouded at some period of the day or evening; he then became *distrait*, and seemed to fly from the happiness he had been courting, and became absorbed in thought, and even in grief.

These were signs and symptoms exceedingly well calculated to illustrate Mrs. Amersham's theory, but which still were quite inexplicable; because she felt assured that if he had done that, which she was in daily expectation of his doing,—propose to Jane,—he would be accepted by *her*, and not, as she thought (looking worldlily at the affair), be refused by the colonel. What could he expect for his daughter more than a gentleman of good fortune, good character, and of quite as good a family as her own? Dear Emma was almost angry to find these two negatives holding off from the one affirmative. She thought it would be such a nice match, (for she was not either foppish or fantastical enough to call it a *bon parti*,) and they were such a charming couple—and so on—as women will talk who believe, and very properly, that ladies and gentlemen are only sent into the world to "come together."

Another great point made by Mrs. Amersham was the wretched dulness of poor Miles Blackmore after Jane's departure. He spoke seldom—absented himself much—pursued his fishing with unremitting ardour, taking no one with him—leaving the drawing-room early for

bed—smiling rarely, and singing none. Of all these symptoms, so quickly exhibited after Jane's departure, Emma made a catalogue *raisonnée*, with which she intended to produce an effect upon her young and affectionate friend's heart; but the movements of the gallant and disagreeable colonel were so prompt and rapid, that the details of the change which had taken place during the last eight-and-forty hours, could not reach the fair object of her anxiety before the expedition to Greenwich, which was so wonderfully to accelerate the progress of the Grindle affair.

It was in vain that Mrs. Amersham endeavoured to beguile Miles Blackmore into a dialogue touching the merits, and beauties, and virtues of Jane Bruff. She was full of the subject, and knew quite enough of human nature to know that however shy the true lover may be of mentioning the name of his beloved, nothing charms, entertains, or enchants him half so much as hearing her talked of, or talking of her himself if any body else begins the subject—not so Miles Blackmore—the moment she was spoken of, it seemed as if some discordant chord had been stricken, and he either varied the topic on the instant, or quitted the room, or changed his companion, as "the case might be."

That there are secrets in all families, nobody can doubt; and Mrs. Amersham began to think that there must be some secret reason for the extraordinary conduct of the gallant, gay Miles Blackmore towards her fair friend, inasmuch as it was impossible for the most casual and superficial observer not to perceive that he *was* deeply interested in her fate, and perfectly conscious of her merits, her virtues, and her beauty; and yet how was she to account for his disinclination to rescue her from a fate which she dreaded, by making a proposal which he must be certain would not be refused by either the young lady or her father.

In vain did the anxious Emma puzzle herself to imagine where lay the hindrance:—as for touching on the point again, or indeed in time to rescue Jane from the impending infliction of a husband whom she could not love, she gave up all hope. Indeed upon the last occasion of her artfully bringing her conversation with Miles Blackmore, in the most artless manner, to bear upon the qualities of the absent fair one, the abruptness with which he broke off the dialogue amounted—so unlike his usual manner—almost to rudeness.

This settled the matter, and when she next wrote to Jane, she did not mention Blackmore; quite sure that Jane knowing not only her wishes, but up to that period her belief of the existence of a mutual affection between them, would perfectly understand and appreciate the sudden disappearance of *the* name from her friend's letter.

Wrong indeed were Mrs. Amersham's speculations as regarded the conduct of Miles Blackmore. Conduct which she attributed either to coldness of feeling, or wanton trifling, or to a self-love, perhaps still more base than those, but which had its origin in thoughts—in doubts and fears, of which no man living, save himself, could even have dreamed the existence.

For the present, then, it seems we must leave this divided pair to their destinies, and Mrs. Amersham to her disappointment, which as we already know was great, and return from the sylvan shades of the Amershams' villa, to the empty, dusty, dry, and dreary London, in

order that we may accompany unseen, the *gay* party to Greenwich; upon the results of which, as the "heads" thought, so much would depend.

Jane had, as we know, expressed a strong dislike to this sort of expedition, and with a full recollection of the striking attributes of mud, and sunshine, and savoury smells, which are the most unsavoury in the world, anticipated neither pleasure, nor even amusement from the excursion.

What are called the middling classes enjoy a day to Greenwich in full perfection. They go early—they visit the hospital—they range the park—they flirt and they laugh, and are happy, and generally conclude the sports of the trip, by rolling down the hill immediately in front of the observatory—they dine at an hour when their appetites are ready for their dinners—they select the particular day when the tide of our majestic river serves to bear upwards on its bosom the noble craft with which it is covered—and they conclude their festivities with a decent tea, and a little something afterwards, which carries them well into the dusk, and so home, all snug, sociable, loving, and comfortable.

In this way the memory of the days of the first Edward is well celebrated; and although the domain did pass into the hands of the uncle of Henry VI. the visiters do not reproach themselves with having dined with Duke Humphrey, but rejoice in the evening over a slight cold collation in London, in memory of the pleasant hours they have passed.

And it *is* a noble sight to see nearly three thousand veterans, who in the days of England's triumphs, and when she had a navy that swept the seas, risked their lives and lost their limbs in maintaining the then untarnished honour of her flag—there they are, enjoying peace and plenty, comfortably housed, admirably fed, well and characteristically clothed;—taste their food, visit their berths, and judge for yourself. This gratifies the true-hearted Englishman in a visit to Greenwich; and this, so closely connected as it cannot fail to be with the prosperity of our mercantile navy, doubly gladdens the heart when, as we have just said, the up-tide bears upon its silver surface the untold millions of wealth which are to maintain our superiority over all the nations of the earth—small though we be. It is this, and things like this, that give an interest to Greenwich, where one sees the veteran sailors, green in old age, planted like venerable willows—not weeping ones—drawing their nourishment from the banks of that element which in earlier days had been the field of their glory.

Jane, who had as it may be called scientifically, or perhaps it should be said, historically visited this interesting place, felt all due regard for its claims upon the antiquarian and the philanthropist, but beyond *that* her taste certainly did not run in the line of glaring suns and shadeless windows, the strong odour of fish-frying, nor the sports of mud-scrambles, in which certain lively creatures in a large party had once endeavoured to interest her. Upon the present occasion, however, she was doomed to a totally different kind of perversion of taste, and one for which she was, with all her earlier predilections, not entirely prepared.

The Greenwich affair was completely under the nominal control of papa; but then papa, who was not in the slightest degree *au fait*, took

advice as to his proceedings from Sir George Grindle, who in *his* turn took advice from his all-accomplished son and heir; so that in the end Bruff, full of liberality as to "founding the feast," came at last to supplicate his intended son-in-law to raise upon that valuable foundation the feast itself, which, upon the express understanding of entire irresponsibility, George undertook to do; and accordingly sent off a tiger with a note to the landlord of the—I forget which of the taverns—the recollection might seem invidious to the master of the house and exceedingly disagreeable to some of the visiters—to order "a dinner," for which the colonel was exceedingly indebted to Mr. Grindle, as he afterwards was to the tavern-keeper.

The carriages were ordered at seven—Jane thought to herself that it sounded late as the starting-time for a *locale* whence the view among other things is considered attractive. However, to *her* all things were equally agreeable under existing circumstances, and therefore when she found herself, her father, Lady Gramm, and Miss Pheezle seated in the family-coach in the dusk of the evening, at twenty minutes after seven, commencing a journey to Greenwich, she contented herself with wondering why, if the play in which she was to take so prominent a part, *was* to be acted, it was necessary to carry the performers out in the dusk of the evening to a distance from London, for the representation at what might be considered almost a provincial theatre.

Sir George, and, to his no small mortification, his *two* sons, proceeded direct in his carriage to the place of rendezvous, starting rather later than the colonel and his party, because George could not contrive to get home from his morning pursuits until seven.

The *trajet* to Greenwich is, to be sure, any thing but picturesque or inviting. Long rows of shabby houses edging a dusty road are diversified only by taps and turnpikes, or an exciting bridge over one railroad affording the gratifying view of another; so that the tavern and the dinner, and the reunion, form, in fact, the sugar after the physic. To be sure on the present occasion the dusky shades of evening had begun to throw into indistinctness the surrounding objects, and when the parties met in the dinner-room (which, in order to render the fashionable absurdity of late hours in such a locality more palpably obvious, contained one huge window balconied for the sake of the view), it had reached such a point of obscurity that the only object discernible upon the black mass of water before the house was the light in the bow of a steam-boat, which, in its undulations on the top of the tide, looked much like the lantern of one of the drunken watchmen of the olden time, when reeling along the streets to his box.

The colonel was chilly—Lady Gramm felt sick at the smell of the river—the candles which were now lighted would not bear the roughness of the breeze. The windows were accordingly closed, and in order to exhibit, to the tavernkeeper's great delight and satisfaction, a tawdry piece of crimson stuff, trimmed with broad yellow worsted, the curtains were drawn, and dinner ordered forthwith. So much, as far as it yet had gone, for the Greenwich excursion, with which, as it seemed to Jane, who disliked even the true genuine sun-shining, mud-breathing affair, as done in other days, Greenwich had nothing on earth or water to do; and that if it had not been for the name of the thing, they might with equal reason have assembled at Ellis's hotel, the London tavern, or, if "on rurality bent," at that new object of attraction and fashionable patron-

age, the grand caravansary at the Euston-square station of the Birmingham railroad, where the *gourmand* and the *gourmet* may be satisfied to their heart's content.

The dinner made its appearance. To George the construction of the banquet appeared a matter of great interest, since its arrangement had been left to his taste and judgment. To Colonel Bruff it afforded matter for surprise—to the ladies, except Lady Gramm—who had amongst her friends assiduously earned the *sobriquet* of Lady Cram—it afforded no particular satisfaction. Turtle began it—green fat, embodying a very disagreeable recollection of a cold in one's head, in a separate dish—then came the train of blue-coated, white-waistcoated, black-shorted worthies, with a string of dishes, whose covers, as has elsewhere been remarked, glittered like so many cuirasses on a field of battle. Turbot and salmon leading—which had no business to be there, and then water-soutchy of perch (all wrong *there*)—salmon (still worse)—flounders and soles. Eels, ruled by the Lord mayor not to be fish—fried, stewed, boiled, spitchcocked; and then whitebait, the very last of the season, and then six *entrées*. The eternal boiled fowls and the tongue in the middle, like *Mackheath* between *Polly* and *Lucy*; and then a haunch of venison, which you might "nose i' the lobby," after which, ducklings at one end, quails at the other, with a small dish of ortolans, done just one turn too much, as George Grindle oracularly pronounced; and then a profusion of secondary *pâtisserie*, followed by a dessert of choice fruit evidently from Gravesend or its vicinity. Wines of various sorts enlivened the conversation, which was but of one sort; for during the lengthened exhibition of this equivocal luxury, nothing was talked of, nothing discussed, but the relative merits, or, as George insisted upon it, demerits of the different dishes; the utter failure of one attempt, and the commendable comparative respectability to a certain degree in another.

One only thing happened during the repast, calculated to make any body smile, when Sir George, while discussing the universally-discussed Greenwich question, as to the real nature and character of whitebait, and arguing as to their not being the young fry of shad, or any other fish, but a distinct class of themselves, upon the ground that they had been frequently found with roes in them, said to the colonel, who didn't much care what they were, so as they suffered themselves to be bathed in lemon-juice, and popped by half-dozens at a time into his capacious mouth, "It is said they are migratory."

"No such thing—no such thing," said the colonel, "they are sprats!"

George Grindle opened his eyes very wide at this *dictum*. Francis looked towards Jane, who did not laugh, and Sir George looked towards Lady Gramm and Miss Pheezle, who did.

It is the commonest possible remark that when a party is made for the purpose, *exprès*, of being agreeable, it invariably turns out the dullest imaginable. At the period of the afternoon to which we now refer, the colonel, who knew that he should pay for the feast, and had therefore resolved to have at the very least the lion's share of it, had eaten himself into a state of stupidity. Before him, and in *that* state (because the excess of eating had been as he considered judiciously and constitutionally qualified by a proportionate modicum of champagne, &c.), Jane did not dare to venture a remark for fear of being snubbed; and Sir

George, who was unquestionably the most agreeable personage present, felt that any little observation of his, would subject him to a "show up" from George, who had been specially appointed by the colonel, Jonkanoo for the evening, whose conversational powers and fascinating qualities he was most anxious should be displayed and developed to their best possible advantage.

That the presence of Francis acted as a wet blanket upon his father and brother, nobody who knew the family could doubt, nor was it at all an agreeable feature of the evening, that the said Francis was Jane's right-hand neighbour at dinner, as George was her left-hand one. It is true he spoke little, but his good sense induced him gently to check and endeavour to turn the current of conversation, when it seemed to him running rather faster or more roughly than seemed quite meet, and more especially to moderate the tone of irony and ridicule which his brother's language invariably assumed while sparring as it were with his new old friends, Lady Gramm and Miss Pheezle.

Lady Gramm's great quality was a perfect and unquestionable knowledge of every body existing—of the "nobodies," she knew nothing. But of every body who was, as she considered, any body, every particular, historical, biographical, and anecdotical, were at her command; observing, however, by the way, that she never, by any chance, was correct in any of her details.

Miss Pheezle was a lady still young in her own conceit, who, some thirty years ago—when every fool did not write a book—had perpetrated a romance called "The Knight of the Green Cross," with poetry interspersed, whence upon all occasions she quoted with a parental fondness, which for a spinster, never likely to be unspinstered, afforded the most gratifying evidence of maternal affection for her literary offspring.

Out of these materials George and his father could have made much, in the way of amusement, and George had done his best with my lady in Harley-street the first and last time he met her; but Francis marred the sport—Lady Gramm did not object to a little — not a very little champagne—and then she became agreeable, in the way of being laughed at. Miss Pheezle, who affected great abstinence because her doctor had warned her of the consequences of indulgence, kept her constant companion in check, so that it was absolutely necessary where they were well known and thoroughly appreciated, to draw off Miss Pheezle to a distant sofa, and induce her in all sobriety to quote her own "Knight of the Green Cross," before it was possible to get the dear roundabout Lady Gramm to make herself perfectly absurd at the other end of the room.

Upon the occasion of the Greenwich affair, after the *gourmands* had stupified themselves with the quantities of things they had eaten, the affair became exceedingly dull—the distant shouts of drunken revelry in some other parts of the house—the ringing of bells—the clattering of dirty plates outside the door, added to the smell of tobacco in all its various grades and qualities—the candles burning into the sockets with finger-long wicks—Sir George sitting with his fishy-looking eyes fixed on Jane's fair face—the colonel with his chin on his chest, nobbing and dobbing his great empty head downwards—Lady Gramm exchanging looks with her toady Pheezle—George greatly bored, and Francis still more annoyed at the sufferings which the "forbidden" fair one was enduring,

rendered the whole concern a dead failure, or as the phrase goes, "a flat shine."

At last Miss Pheezle, who fancied herself fifteen at fifty-six, put on one of her best Gorgon grins, and darting a killing look at George, said,

"You have travelled a good deal, Mr. Grindle?"

"An uncommon sight, ma'am," said George; "I have been going over the ground for more than three years."

"Have you been in Greece? — that classic land," said Miss Pheezle.

"I flatter myself I have," replied the travelled beau.

"You have seen Athens then?"

"Oh yes," said George.

"What delightful recollections it must have awakened in your mind!"

"Not exactly recollections," answered George—"pass the wine, governor—because I never was there before. I recollect the road uncommon well, and as for Athens, I delight in it; there's a fellow out there, can do a cutlet as well as Ude himself, and as for a rump-steak —for any body who eats them—he'd beat the best cockney out-and-out. Over at Thebes we had a *table d'hôte* of four-and-twenty—all English but three—every thing our own way."

"But I was speaking of the antiquities—the associations—the—"

"Oh!" said George, "ah—about the antiquities I don't know much —of course, the pyramids in Egypt and all those sort of things are uncommon droll to look at; but the associations—I can't say—I told my friend Charley Rollicker, as capital a fellow as ever handled ribbons, that if he would start a good team of four, across the isthmus from Cairo to Suez, he'd beat any association going."

"Is that Charles Rollicker any relation to the Muntingtons?" said the important Lady Gramm.

"I don't know any thing of his birth, parentage, or education, but he is a remarkable nice fellow," said George.

"That's he," said Lady Gramm; "his mother was a first cousin of Lady Macdoddles, who married a Colonel Stobbs, and he died, and then she married again, a second cousin of my father-in-law's great-uncle; it is the same—a dark, short, thickset man."

"On the contrary," said George; "tall, fair, and handsome."

"Ah! never mind," said Lady Gramm; "it *is* the one I mean—it must be—there is no other."

"Yes," said Miss Pheezle, "those mistakes in complexion will happen—as I say in my 'Knight of the Green Cross,—'

> 'The night was dark, no moon was there,
> Whether her knight was dark or fair,
> How could Eugenia know?—'"

"That'll do—that'll do," said the colonel, awaking in a slight degree from his slumber; "I have heard that before."

"I am too much flattered," said Miss Pheezle, who thought every body had read her "Knight of the Green Cross."

"We had some uncommon good fun," said George, "at Florence, or somewhere—it was Florence, I think, because I recollect we had an uncommon good soup—we went to vespers before dinner, or as it was there voted supper, and filled the *bénitier* half full of ink—

an old trick, I admit—so that the devout disciples having bobbed their curtesies, and done all that they thought decent, went to prayers with their faces as black as that of the man in the play who smothers his wife."

"Have you published your travels, Mr. Grindle?" said Miss Pheezle.

"No," said George; "but I am in treaty just now with one of the best of the printing people—it's a bore not to have published something—every body publishes now—and I have a young friend who sketches uncommon; or rather finishes up my views—I just give a sort of outline of the thing, city, or village, or temple, or whatever it is, and then in the foreground, if it is land, he puts in a lot of cows and horses, or camels and dromedaries, or ploughs, and people, and things, in fancy dresses; and if it is to be water, he makes a lot of waves, and has in a great boat—uncommon picturesque—with a bit of wreck swimming, and a few wild ducks flying about, and that sort of thing, which sets it off; and if he likes a mountain or two in the background, for what he calls 'effect,' why, however flat the country is, of course, I let him poke them in, 'for these painters will have their way.'"

"Pray, Mr. Grindle," said Lady Gramm, "when you were at Florence, did you meet a relation of mine, Lord Slimbury?—his mother's first cousin married my sister's father-in-law—he was born in the year 1785, and had three children; the second was drowned at Geneva, and the eldest was killed by a fall from his horse afterwards—a very fine young man; the third—"

"*I* know *him*," said Sir George, rallying from a slumber, which naturally enough seemed to oppress the whole party, "and a deuced good fellow he is."

"I really don't know any thing about him," said Lady Gramm, "he has disobliged his family by a very improvident marriage, and what is called colloquially gone to the dogs."

"Dogs," said Miss Pheezle; "do you recollect, Lady Gramm dear, what I say,

> 'Where is the knight—o'er moors and bogs,
> He hunts to-day—look to his dogs.'"

"*I* am serious," said Lady Gramm; "he has behaved exceedingly ill."

"Oh!" said Sir George, who felt that he had struck a discordant chord—and then came a pause.

And what had been going on as regarded the two silent ones of this party?—Francis, who at dinner sat next Jane, had, in the course of some new arrangement when the dessert was put down, moved so far round from her as to be, in point of fact, nearly opposite to her. For Francis to have spoken to Jane, would have been a crime in the eyes of the high contracting powers. Even to have joined in the conversation, and to have expressed his opinion of the nature and character of George's narratives, if, as it inevitably would have done, it opposed them, would have been not only high treason as related to his father and brother, but wholly contrary to the rule of conduct which he had laid down for himself when he joined the party; but eyes—what say they?—could Francis prevent his eyes glancing—ay—more than glancing, resting upon the sweet placid countenance of the gentle

Jane, while George was going on with hundreds of absurdities, platitudes, and ignorances, of which we have only quoted one or two? Could Jane, who saw precisely how Francis was affected by the flippant absurdities of his brother—the completely-spoiled child of the secondary circle in which he moved—feel unconscious of the interest which the quiet but intellectual young man took in her fate? It must be owned that the elders had put themselves *hors de combat*, and that the gallantry of the baronet had for once given way to gastronomy; so that in the end, as any body who knows the world would have guessed, the party had much better have staid at home, and our friend Colonel Bruff kept his seventeen pounds nine shillings and elevenpence, waiters not included, in his pocket.

But worse came of it than this. Coffee at length was ordered in another room, to which the gentle Jane and her friends retired. Here the night having closed in, but the moon having risen and the wind having fallen, the windows were, by Jane's desire, opened, and the transition from a climate redolent of an eaten dinner, constituted as theirs had been, to the fresh air blowing from the river, tempted the heroine of the day into the balcony—Lady Gramm declined, and Miss Pheezle quoted from herself,

> "Close up the shutters, lie down in your nest,
> For keen blows the night-wind on Adela's breast."

Jane, however, did not heed this warning,—she leaned over the railing of the balcony and gazed on the moon—on which those whom she loved afar off might be gazing too. The sound of the voices of those leaving perhaps for ever their native home, was borne on the breeze—the distant tinkling of the ships'-bells striking the hour—fast fleeting, for those on the eve of their departure—the hoarse cry of the sailor conning his ship—the dash of the water under her bows—the thousand effects so different from those produced upon her mind in the hot closed room in which she had been for two or three hours pent, and the one crowning feeling of disinclination, not to say disgust, towards the man whom she now was convinced was destined to be her husband, all came full upon her mind—her bosom heaved and her breath faltered—tears came to her relief—she hid her face, chilled as it was by the night air, in her hand; nor did she awake from the painful, yet almost pleasurably painful revery, until warned of the imprudence of exposing herself to the night air, by —— Mr. Francis Grindle, who had first left the dinner-room, and why, he scarcely knew, had proceeded to the balcony where Jane happened to be—*he* too felt heated, and went thither to catch a breath of air.

How strong the resolution of man, where woman is concerned, may be—what the firmness of his resolves, or what the extent of his philosophy, it is useless here to question or discuss—certain it is that Miss Jane Bruff was infinitely more pleased by the gentle, diffident, yet earnest solicitude of Mr. Francis Grindle for her health in the balcony, than she had been with any part of his brother's display during dinner; for although George was resolved to marry her, the unsentimentality of his character, and his utter disbelief in the best qualities of women, led him to imagine that Jane would—as she might indeed have done—look upon any serious attack upon her heart as an unnatural absurdity after so short an acquaintance; and therefore

determined to captivate her by what he considered a flourish of his own, and an attempt to "show up" the other two ladies.

The attempt certainly was a failure. Jane saw no wit in his conversation; nor did she, although perfectly awake to the foibles of Lady Gramm and Miss Pheezle, consider his manner to them, who were *her* friends, at all complimentary to herself. In short, she had made up her mind.

Five minutes at the most—no, not more than four—passed in the balcony before the return of Jane and Francis into the room—the other men were still absent. What *he* said to her, or *she* to him, of course nobody can tell; but we know quite enough of her to know that nothing could have passed between them but the ordinary exchange of commonplace observations. What then? the simplest remark—a mere question—a plain answer—ten words about nothing, may, under circumstances like those in which Jane was placed, do more than all the studied eloquence of years; there is a sympathy—a something indescribable and inexplicable which outstrips the test of time. No matter—whatever *did* pass in those few minutes settled a very important question in our history.

Let it not be imagined that this infers a love at (nearly) first sight feeling, in Jane in favour of Frank—not a bit of it—all the effect produced by whatever happened, was to settle the question of love at first sight for his half-brother; and yet in all that passed, not one word did Francis speak to the disparagement of George—nor did he even mention his name. That Jane had been uncomfortable—unhappy during dinner Francis had seen. Jane had seen that he saw she was so—that was all—his coming into the balcony then, was enough without saying a word about it. Practical attentions, respectfully offered, beat all the wordy eloquence in the world—especially if the young lady is melancholy, and the moon happens to shine *a little*.

In spite of George's dandyism, and his consequent abhorrent abstemiousness from wine; upon the present occasion, partly with the design of swelling old Bruff's bill, and perhaps from recollections of former orgies, which were succeeded by sundry destructive proceedings on the return to London, the pink of perfection far outdid his usual outdoings, and became, to use a colloquial expression, uncommonly bosky—an odd proceeding for a young gentleman on his promotion; but for which, besides the motives just ascribed to him, a cause might be found in the thoughts and recollections which could not fail to haunt his mind, of home—"the home, sweet home," of other days—it was evident that he cared no more for Jane than he did for Lady Gramm or Miss Pheezle, he knew nothing of her character or disposition; and although he had naturally enough praised her the day before, and joined, or rather rivalled his father in eulogiums upon her, he thought it wise to endeavour to astonish "her weak mind" by displaying the weakness of his own. This was a dead failure, and when he came somewhat seriously into the drawing-room—or literally the withdrawing-room—looking palish, and smelling most awfully of the cigars which he, together with his respectable parent and the gallant and disagreeable colonel, had thought proper to smoke, much to the damage of the colonel's propriety and property,

Jane could scarcely muster up a smile of ordinary civility, to greet him, or affect a frown of playful reproachfulness for his not making his appearance earlier.

After the arrival of the beaux, old and young, sundry waiters made their appearance, bearing salvers, whereon were placed cups containing a bitter infusion of soot and water, imbibed by a large proportion of the British population as coffee, softened in its flavour by another admixture of chalk and water, administered as cream. To this succeeded a hot decoction of birch-twigs and sloe-leaves, dignified with the name of tea, all of which were eventually qualified—or, as the colonel called it—"settled" by some exceedingly bad noyeau mixed with gin, cased in basket armour, and called maraschino.

By this time it was half-past ten o'clock, and in spite of the strained efforts of every one of the party to make matters lively, the unanimous feeling which existed—but which no one ventured to express—was a desire to get away and get home. Sir George in vain endeavoured to keep up the ball, and even proceeded to the dangerous expedient of rallying Frank on his dulness. The reply was merely the expression of an unconsciousness of any particular "stupidity" on the occasion, and George's observation upon the parental snub went only to impress upon the mind of Jane that the company then and there assembled were not considered by his learned brother (as the stupidest serjeants in the Common Pleas call each other) sufficiently "blue" or "deep read" (and he sported *that* joke as a new one of his own), to excite any interest in his mind, or induce him to favour them with any of his observations.

To Jane it appeared, as indeed sad to say was the fact, that with the exception of herself and Frank, the ladies and gentlemen of the *coterie* had miscalculated the strength of the champagne—of the "cup," and of the various other liquids which they had swallowed. Lady Gramm had fallen into a doze, and Miss Pheezle had walked out into the balcony to look at the moon. Nobody walked out after *her*, and she remained in meditation for some time. When she returned to her friends, she seemed as if the fresh air had been exceedingly serviceable to her.

At length came the departure. Then there was an attempt at a new arrangement of the passengers. The colonel and Sir George, whose candour as to the object of the party increased as the "hot and rebellious liquors" which they had swallowed, progressively took effect, insisted upon George's going in the colonel's carriage with Jane and her father, while Lady Gramm, the *chaperon*, and Miss Pheezle, were to be buttoned up with Sir George and Frank; and so, in the end, it was settled; but with a sort of boisterousness and fuss which attracted the attention of, and provided amusement for, a group of well-dressed smokers who were lounging round the door of the tavern. To Jane the change was odious; but she knew quite enough of her father, especially as he *then* was, to offer the slightest objection to it; although certainly nothing could well be more painful than an association with the man whom she now too plainly discovered was intended to be her husband and the parent who was resolved that he should be so; never forgetting the exceeding coarseness of the colonel's language when he chose to be playful, and the violence of his temper when he thought

fit to be angry, and the fact that both the said lover and the aforesaid parent were scarcely conscious of what they were saying, or perhaps doing.

Then, think of the effort which Jane felt she had to make in keeping up a conversation calculated to ward off any allusion to the matter nearest her father's heart. She affected good spirits, and as they passed the walls of the noble establishment which dignifies the surrounding dirt, she launched out into a high eulogium upon the "*pietas augusta*" of Queen Mary, and continued uninterruptedly to descant upon her virtues and charity till a peculiar noise to which, "in the afternoon," she was not altogether unaccustomed, announced to her that her respectable and gallant sire was—to use a strong expression—fast asleep.

To wake him would be to rouse the lion, or rather to disturb the bear; yet she felt by no means pleased at being thus entirely left to the mercy of the protestations and declarations of George Grindle by the soft, or rather noisy, slumbers of the gallant officer. The word love from his lips would be death to her; even though she was conscious that she was doomed, sooner or later, to hear it—she had seen in his manner, and discovered by his conversation during the day, that her companion held himself invincible in the art and mystery of lady-killing—nay, that he felt satisfied that she herself had already fallen a victim to his fascinations she had reason to believe—she could not be blind—or even if blind—deaf, to the reasons why he had been transported from *his* father's carriage to *hers*; it was evidently to afford him an opportunity of what the saints call "improving the occasion," or as *he* would himself have said, "making his play."

Having therefore exhausted the hospital, Jane, who could not avoid remarking the fixed look of devotion of her opposite neighbour, began upon the universal topic of railroads—their speed—their danger—their advantages—the change they would work in society, to all of which George seemed to listen with the deepest attention, without even venturing a reply. Jane felt reassured; two miles had now been travelled, and the advances which she had dreaded had not been made—the infant passion had not been even whispered—her ear was still unprofaned—her hand was yet unpressed.

What strange creatures women are—the best, the wisest—nobody but a woman perhaps will believe, that with all her dread of the siege—with all her disinclination to the parley, and with her firm determination as to the surrender, this fair and gentle "soldier's daughter" was rather disappointed—disappointed in the female sense of the word, at the perfect quietude of the dragon with whom she had been packed up. Such implicit deference to all she said—such a total absence of all remark piqued her into the belief that the dandy who pretended to her love, did not consider her worthy of his notice. After another observation upon trains, and trams, and trucks, &c., she again looked at him for a dissenting or assenting observation, when she found certainly to her surprise, that the ever graceful George, the admired of all beholders was, like her excellent parent at her side, in a state of blessed somnolency.

Then it was, that Jane first seriously instituted in her mind a comparison between her opposite companion and his absent half-brother.

True it was that Frank had found very few opportunities during the day of enjoying any thing like conversation with Jane; nor, knowing his views and resolutions touching her, and her position in his family, would he have availed himself of any opportunities which might have presented themselves; and true it is that the course Jane would have preferred to pursue, would have been to think nothing about either of them; but when the contrast was actually forced upon her—when she recollected the intellectual qualities of Frank—his gentle and submissive approach to the balcony—the assiduous, yet on his part, natural and unaffected solicitude which he expressed touching the effect of the night air on her thinly-clad frame—the genuine anxiety to fetch her shawl, which implied as she thought an equal anxiety to prolong her stay where she was—the few observations which he made—his evident dislike of his brother's treatment of the "other two ladies;" in fact, his wholly unconscious development of the respect and admiration which he felt for Miss Jane Bruff, (made too in spite of himself), *had*—yes, *had* interested the said Miss Jane Bruff in his favour—barring always, as I have before said, any absurdity about love at first sight, or rather second sight as was the case in the affair under discussion.

The carriage rolled its onward course, and neither Agamemnon nor Adonis came to themselves. The first blush of returning consciousness burst upon them when Sugar and Salt abruptly stopped at the colonel's door in Harley-street, a proceeding on their parts which brought the head of the gallant warrior in contact with his daughter's sinister cheek, and almost threw the slumbering suitor opposite, involuntarily into the arms of his destined bride.

"That'll do. That'll do," said Bruff, as he valiantly exalted his head to the perpendicular, after the bump.

"Permit me," said George, stepping out of the carriage and offering his hand to Jane; "uncommon slow—eh? where—the what is—the steamboat gone."

Jane just touched the proffered arm, and lightly bounded into the house.

"Come, governor," said George, who was entirely mystified as to his position and his companions; "where are *you?*"

"Here, here," said the colonel; "but where are the ladies—eh—what?"

Whereupon Sir George's servant stepped up to the door, and hinted that his master and the ladies were close behind, drawn up in Sir George's carriage to the *trottoir*.

"Ah! that'll do," said the colonel, "now—eh—now we will all be snug—eh—here you—draw off—before the other carriage—come—here." At which period the gallant officer felt it necessary to have recourse to the iron railings of his area to support himself with security.

Up drove the carriage, and great and many were the persuasions which Colonel Bruff endeavoured to articulate to induce its inhabitants to renew the pleasures of the day; but George declaring that he must be off, and preferred walking, his worthy father undertook to set Lady Gramm and her poetical friend down, and Frank remaining where he was, the party separated, after perhaps the most unsatisfactory expedition—except that of Walcheren—that ever was undertaken.

Of course George drifted down to Crockford's, where he consoled himself in the morning-room, doing duty for the evening ones at that season, and gave a description of the Greenwich affair, which would have remained unequalled, had not his exemplary parent arrived about three-quarters of an hour later, to qualify the exaggerations of his incautious heir, and pronounce it to the four or five London-bound stragglers who were present, "an uncommon pleasant day."

That somehow it had been, as the reader must plainly perceive, a dead failure, there could be no manner of doubt, and when morning came, both Sir George and his son—that is his elder son, were perfectly *d'accord* on the subject: then they repented and hesitated as to what was next to be done; neither had Jane exhibited the slightest preference for; nor shown the slightest attention to our hero, nor had our hero done any thing in the way of ingratiating himself with Jane—in fact, upon a reconsideration of the proceedings, they mutually reproached each other, with having, they scarcely knew why, exhibited a *coup manqué*.

Jane on their arrival at home hastened towards her room, tremblingly alive to the usual readiness of Lady Gramm and her literary shadow, to accept any invitation under any circumstances, and join a little "sociability" at any hour of the night, knowing, with the colonel in his *then* state, what the scene would inevitably be. She paused on the staircase, to satisfy herself of the results of his efforts to make up a little "snuggery," and never did the sweetest tones of Grisi or Persiani sound more harmoniously in her ear, than did the roll and rattle of the wheels, which bore away the threatened visiters. She continued her course upwards, and immediately surrendered herself to the *petits soins* of Miss Harris, so as to prevent any further discussion with papa, whose activity of mind and body were certainly not improved by his Greenwich discipline, and who without even requiring the presence of Jane, wound up his evening with a glass of something comfortable, administered in the back dining-room by the hand of Mrs. Smylar, with whom it is just probable he might have discussed the events of the day, not excluding from his calculations, the exceedingly unprofitable outlay of his seventeen pounds nine shillings and elevenpence.

Whatever might have been the nature and character of the colonel's parley with the housekeeper, or whatever the declarations which in the then peculiarly candid state of what he called his mind, he might have made upon the occasion, it is certain that from this very evening (or morning as it was, before they parted), that amiable and respectable personage began to play a part with "Jane" (as she called her), in which she had never appeared before, and which contrasted itself strangely and strongly with the course of conduct which she had up to that period pursued. "When the wine is in, the wit is out," so says the proverb, and with some men the wit is *never* out till the wine *is* in; but the colonel's wit was of a different sort from that, and something came out, during his cosey *tête-à-tête* with Mrs. Smylar, that had better have been kept in; for, as the reader will probably hereafter see, whatever it *was* that he *did* say—it was upon that hint *she* afterwards spake.

(To be continued.)

FOREIGN SPORTING.*

BY NIMROD.

Such is the effect of what are called prejudices, imbibed as they are said to be with a certain balmy liquid yclept mother's milk, and of which John Bull has perhaps taken more than his share, that it is almost impossible for an Englishman to picture to himself a being coming under the strict acceptation of the word *sportsman* in any country but his own—in France especially. But whence this boasted superiority of Britain's sons in this department of practical pastimes? I reply,—where, but in his own country, will you find a parallel to the following picture of the British sportsman?

The British sportsman has a pack of fox-hounds in his kennel; at all events we will allude to one of his order who has, and at a minimum expenditure of three thousand pounds a year! And mark the regularity of the proceedings attending this department of an English sportman's establishment. I think I have previously stated that no merchant's affairs are conducted with a stricter attention to order and regularity; and a degree of discipline is enforced throughout the whole system of a kennel that is only to be equalled in martial life. Then walk into the stables of the British master of fox-hounds, and a sight is presented to your admiring eyes that no other country under the sun can show. Forty horses, of the finest shape, and of high blood, all perfect masters of their business, and in the highest state of condition that it is possible for the art of man to enable them to attain! Again, should the British sportsman be content to fly at lower game, and have a pack of harriers in his kennel, the like order and discipline reign there, and his stable appointments are also available to his more moderate ends. But he may descend still lower in the scale, and enter the coursing-field. Look at him there, with his dogs in body clothes, and with skins like satin, the reward of his unceasing care since they were weaned from their dams. But his shooting establishment! Why here, perhaps, he may, to a certain extent, yield the *pas;* I was in the field with a German count who had thirty-five gamekeepers constantly in his employ, although, call them "keepers and watchers," and our Lord Segrave beats him by fifteen head of this order of green-coated menials. But in real truth, neither by the quantity of his game, nor the number of its keepers, is the character of the sportsman, or the sport produced by them, by any means to be estimated.

The question is, in what order and condition are the owner's dogs turned out? Are they perfect in their quartering the ground; steady to dog and gun, and down charge as though they were as dead as the game that lies before them, if pointers or setters; and never out of gunshot, and as mute as though they were tongueless, if spaniels. Then their owner, how is he turned out? Is he encumbered, as his brethren of the gun on the continent are, with a game-bag that would hold a young calf, and half-a-dozen other unnecessary appendages? No; he leaves these matters to his attendants, and sallies forth from his hall on a well-broken pony, from whose back at least one half of his game is killed.

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* Continued from No. ccxxxiii., page 59.

And see him on the Scotch moors, giving some hundreds a year for the privilege! Nor do grouse content him; the stag of the forest must fall to his unerring rifle, and he is found deer-stalking among the cliffs and crags of Ben-y-venie, or Cairn-cherie. He is next at Melton, with sixteen hunters and ten hacks, not forgetting the dog-cook. And why does he go thither? Because the country by which it is surrounded is the only one in the world in which fox-hunting can be enjoyed to the greatest advantage. Here he hunts six days a week, and goes through fatigue that no continental sportsman would be paid to go through. And suppose him to be a racing man, and on a large scale. His stakes alone will amount to five thousand pounds per annum, and his annual expenses of breeding, rearing, and training, to double that sum. What an awful consideration is it then, that, to square his accounts, he must realize fifteen thousand pounds in each year—a speculation which the pluck of an Englishman only—one of princely fortune at least—would ever dream of indulging in. But suppose him to be a man of moderate means, to whom such luxuries as these are not upon the cards. We find him with a leash of good pointers, a brace of well-broken cockers, and, perhaps, a small kennel of greyhounds at his own home, and with three or four hunters in stable, which enable him to take the field three or four times a week.

Let us now turn to the continental sportsman. If a master of hounds, in what consist his chief desires? Parade and show. Without laced coats and cocked hats, and music, the best run of the season would be considered a failure by the field. Then for a sample of their hounds, whither shall I go? To Count Hahn's boar-hounds? Yes, for they were good of their sort, when I saw them fourteen years back, for the game they hunted, being half hound, half mastiff, with the strength of lions, and chained to the wall to guard against their savage disposition.

But fox-hounds! a continental owner of such animals is yet to be looked for, and he will be looked for in vain. (There is a small pack at St. Omer, and also another at Boulogne, both kept by Englishmen, but they do not meet with much encouragement.) Surely the King of the French has hounds, as part of his establishment, the Bourbons abounding in sporting blood!* His majesty has none; but his heir-apparent has, and I saw them at Chantilly last year, at exercise in the park, attended by five men in green jackets and caps, but *not hunting-caps*. They consisted of thirty-one couples; but their being in part designed for separate purposes, spoiled their appearance in a sportsman's eye, although he might have picked out about fifteen couples that

* Prince Esterhazy had a pack of fox-hounds, some years back in Hungary, and during the residence of Lord Stewart, in 1826, at the chateau at which they were kept, they were hunted by the celebrated Tom Crane, who hunted the hounds of the Duke of Wellington in Spain, and subsequently the Fife pack in Scotland, in whose service he died. And the mention of the Boulogne fox-hounds—which are still in being, though with little encouragement—leads me to the mention of the following anecdote, by which it would appear that fox-hunting in France is not likely to be popular. A fox having been caught in a bag by the guard of a rabbit-warren, hired by an English gentleman, was sent to the manager of the Boulogne fox-hounds, and turned out on the morrow. Previously to "shaking him," however, two gendarmes made their appearance, and requested to have given them, *in writing*, the names and residences of the whole host of Nimrods assembled for the day's sport; which request was complied with—a carbine, a brace of pistols and a sabre, being arguments against which the oratory of a Cicero or a Brougham would stand a poor chance.

would have given a good account of a Billenden Coplow fox, being of our own breed. An *émeute* at Paris, a day or two previously, prevented my seeing these hounds in the field, therefore I am unable to say any thing of their performances, but the preceding year I saw those of the Prince of Wagram at work in the Chantilly forest, and the death of a fine stag was the day's result.

But how was it accomplished? In a sportsmanlike manner? Why I hardly know what to say to this question. The turn out was good to a certain extent, and especially so to a continental eye. There were two huntsmen in heavily-laced coats and cocked-hats, and three prickers (or whippers in), in green coats with red collars; but the fatness of their horses, and the cruppers to the saddles, spoilt all to an English eye. And yet there was something business-like in the whole thing, the prince and his brother being clad exactly as the prickers were clad.

The *find* was good, management being shown in turning the hounds from the scent of a hind which was found at the same moment with the stag, and as it was effected in the middle of a large wood, and with a ravishing scent, which a fresh-found deer invariably imparts, was far from being an easy task. But the pack being broken into what are called "relays" of hounds, posted to meet the stag at points, is, in my opinion, a great drawback from the spirit of the chase, and also from the merit of hounds, besides having the effect of making them wild. And there was a singular incident in this run, as far as I was concerned, which might not occur a second time in a century, much less in any one man's life. After running the stag for an hour or more, in the forest, the crowd of horsemen—three hundred at least—pursuing the various tracts or "ridings," as we call them in England, I indulged in the speculation that we were approaching the open country, and that it was possible the stag might face it; so, striking out of the riding, and following the hounds through the rough parts of the wood, I was soon rewarded for so doing.

I found myself by the side of them, clear of the forest, with a fine champaign country before me, and every appearance of enjoying a fine run. But where were the three hundred horsemen—*the field?* Why, strange to say, with the exception of the trainer and jockey to the Duke of Orleans, and one French gentleman, by keeping the beaten track, they all lost the cry of the pack, and, consequently, as pretty a hunt, for about six miles over the open country, as any one could desire to see.

The singularity of the fact consists in this,—that out of such a number of well-mounted continental sportsmen—for such they were—three Englishmen only should have got away with the hounds—the Frenchman was soon put *hors de combat* by a fall—and this merely because they acted the parts of English sportsmen, in following the hounds, and not galloping to *points*, as is the custom of continental stag-hunters. Our run lasted nearly three hours, during the latter part of which time about seventy of the field came up to us—the Duke of Orleans, who had kindly mounted me, amongst the number—and the finish was very good. We fresh found the stag in a small copse, from which he went away in view, and, in endeavouring to leap a wall into a gentleman's domain, fell back and died.

As neither of the huntsmen were with us in the most trying part of

the chase, I could not appreciate their merits as sportsmen; but I witnessed a fine display of science in an old servant of the celebrated Duke of Bourbon, in slotting the last deer over very difficult ground. With what eyes he looked at the ground over which our game had travelled, I am quite unable to say; but this I know, that, on spots over which he slotted it keenly, I could not discover the slightest impression of its foot.

This was the first time of my hearing music applied to hounds in chase, but I must admit that there was something very cheering in its effect, although the absence of one of the huntsmen tended to diminish it. Several noblemen and gentlemen carried horns slung over their shoulders, but they only accompanied the huntsmen in sounding the mort which was played at intervals during our return to Chantilly, distant fifteen miles from where our stag died.

But in speaking of continental sportsmen, where was there, or where will there be found an equal to the said Duke of Bourbon?—Ay, and in what country? for I will challenge all Europe to produce him! This insatiable sportsman either hunted or shot every day in the year, Sundays excepted, four hours repose at night being his maximum allowance. Then the distance he would go to meet his hounds almost staggers belief. Thirty miles was considered a moderate one; and, having said this, it is not to be wondered at that he should have worn out six persons who had to take their turns—two at a time—in attendance upon him. His royal highness, however, reached his seventieth year, and died very generally lamented.

I had an opportunity of examining the yearly accounts—very accurately kept—of the game killed by the different packs of hounds of this most illustrious sportsman. In some of the years his success was astonishing. For example:—in 1829 only two wild boars were lost out of 124 hunted! In 1827 only six wild stags escaped out of 83 hunted, and in 1828 only two out of 92. The greatest number of failures was with the Chevreuil hounds, by reason of the short running of this game rendering the hunting of them so difficult. I much lament not having accepted the invitation I had the honour to receive from this distinguished sportsman to witness his performance in the field. It was accompanied by a summary of that year's sport, signed by one of the noblemen attached to his person, and conveyed to me by that good sportsman, Sir Maxwell Wallace, colonel of the 5th dragoon guards.

I thus, on a former occasion, spoke of this renowned sportsman: "As may be supposed, from his vast experience, the late Duke of Bourbon, was a good judge of hounds, and every thing relating to hunting: and although during his long residence in England his peculiar situation at the time precluded his indulging his passion for it beyond the enjoyment of harriers, which he kept at Woodford, in Essex, during his residence at Wansted-house, his establishment at Chantilly almost exceeds belief. Of stag-hounds he had seventy couples; of boar-hounds eighty; of roebuck-hounds sixty; total, two hundred and ten couples in his kennels. Of hunters he had upwards of a hundred, and upwards of one hundred and fifty carriage-horses and hacks. At his death there were five hundred and fourteen servants on the books, receiving monthly pay, one hundred and twenty of whom were in the stables and kennels alone! I forgot to inquire what became of the hounds and horses when

that event took place, but the almost immediate destruction of the game followed, notices being placed on all the neighbouring church-doors, announcing it to be *omnibus communis;* and venison was, in consequence, sold at three *sous* per pound, with other species of *ferœ* in proportion."

Again, on my asking the person (an Englishman with whom I was previously acquainted) whose office, under the late duke, was to superintend the kennels and stables, how the hounds and horses stood their work in the hot months of summer, he replied, that I should be surprised to hear that they did better in the summer than in the winter, and he assured me he only recollected one instance of a horse dropping in the field from the effect of heat—adding, that he saw a run of five hours with a stag, with the thermometer at eighty-seven in the shade! This is staggering to an Englishman's faith, but the well-known respectability of my informant (whose son is now in a confidential situation at the royal chateau at Chantilly) places the facts beyond doubt or dispute, and they may be accounted for thus: The soil is generally sandy, consequently its surface is never very hard, and there was little or no fencing; which circumstances operated favourably with the hounds; and both horses and hounds received relief from a current or stream of air which always more or less prevails in the glades of a forest, as well as from the benefit of shade. Occasionally, too, when the weather was warm, the full power of a meridian sun was avoided by the hour of meeting being postponed until its rays began to decline.

When on this subject, I cannot forbear to mention the relation of the following anecdote, as thus introduced in one of my French tours: "Since my return from Chantilly, a very good old sportsman, but never a stag-hunter, expressed to me his doubts of a wild stag, feeding *ad libitum*, being able to stand more than an hour before a good pack of English fox-hounds, on a fair scenting day. My slight experience in such matters disables me from hazarding a decided opinion here; but I will transcribe a few of the particulars of a run in my own country, with an animal of this description, so far back as the reign of Charles II., and in the year 1684—given to Mr. Thanott (the person of whom I have been speaking as having superintended the Duke of Bourbon's hunting establishment, and who died last year), by the late Mr. Sharpe, whom I knew well when huntsman to King George III. The deer was *roused* (there was no turning out deer in those days from carts, nor foxes from bags) at Swinley, in Windsor-forest; and after tracing the country to the extent of seventy-five miles by the map, was taken at Thorndon Hall, in Essex, the seat of the then Lord Petre, under whose roof the *five horsemen only*, out of a numerous field, who went to the end of the chase, slept that night. Amongst them was the then Duke of York, who went to court the next day, and informed the king of the glorious sport his hounds had shown him. When I state, that the chase led, in one direction, through the parishes of Amersham and Chesham, in Buckinghamshire; in another, through those of Redburn and Hatfield in Hertfordshire; and was concluded in that of Brentwood, in Essex, there could have been no exaggeration in the stated distance.

But a word more touching this celebrated sporting character, and truly good man, being proud of an opportunity of recording the virtues

of a sportsman. The memory of his royal highness, is to this day cherished with an enthusiastic feeling by all descriptions of persons in and about Chantilly, and the way in which he provided in his will for the future comfort of his servants, proves that he is deserving of the flattering terms in which I have spoken of him.

I have, however, another motive than the mere praise of an illustrious person, now no more, in giving the above details. I wish to show that although it may not be done to our taste, the *science* of hunting is well understood on the continent, although the condition of hounds and horses is very little regarded because not well understood. But it is the science displayed in these respects, that has given, and will continue to give, British sportsmen the advantage over all others in the world. Were you to talk to a continental sportsman about a hound being fed *to a mouthful*—in other words, that to place him on a par with the rest of the pack, as to speed and endurance, it is necessary that he should be fed almost to a mouthful—he would laugh, and think you were joking. Were you to describe to him the necessity for the pureness, and the proper age of the oatmeal which makes what in kennel language is called the pudding, and that by the setting, or thickening of that pudding, were such properties to be discovered, he would believe you were talking nonsense.

Did you tell him it was necessary that the flesh, which was to be mixed up with this pudding, should be as sweet and free from taint as the beef he himself ate, he would smile and say, "a dog will eat any thing." Did you observe to him that his hounds did not carry a good head in chase, he would answer, "What matters it? they killed their game." Were he to be told that some of his pack skirted, that is, left the line of scent, to endeavour to meet their game at points, he would congratulate himself upon having such in his kennel, as they were the more likely to catch it. In short, the extreme *minutiæ* of the science are disregarded on the continent, and consequently the high state of perfection to which it is carried in Great Britain, cannot possibly be attained.

That there should be a striking difference in the nature and appearance of the servants attached to continental hunting-establishments and our own cannot create surprise; and great would be the contrast between Mr. Gorsey at the head of the Belvoir pack, in his stained red coat, blue to the waist from the perspiration of his horse, his snug-looking black cap, also stained by weather, his well-scratched brown-topped boots, and his dirt-coloured corduroys, and the resplendent laced clothes, huge cocked-hat, also laced, and the well-polished jack-boots of the huntsman of the Prince of Wagram, or any other continental grandee. Neither would the non-resemblance end here. Gorsey, on what might be considered a mean-looking horse, with bunged and scored legs, would go across three fields, whilst his brother huntsman from foreign parts would get across two. But all this would be congenial compared with the differences in costume and appearance of what may be called a kennel-man in our own country, and that of the person filling the office of "valet," as he was termed, to the Prince of Wagram's pack, when I saw them in the kennel at Chantilly, at the time the huntsman was showing them to some of the Duke of Orleans's guests, at the chateau. He had not only a smart cocked-hat on his head, but

he wore smart knee-breeches, silk stockings, and very thin pumps! As this scene took place in the kennel, the only duty he had to perform was to turn the hounds back to their benches, which he did by calling out, "Ho-ho!" a signal immediately obeyed, and as I did not see him on the field, I conclude his offices were confined to the kennel.

The following description was given by me in my French tour (A.D. 1836) of the costume and appearance of a French master of harriers, who appeared amongst the field with Prince Wagram's stag-hounds on the day to which I have alluded: he wore a sky-blue coat, faced at the collar, cuffs, and pockets with black, with the hare at full speed on his buttons. Nor was he satisfied with this not-to-be-mistaken emblem of his profession. The hare appeared again in a more exalted situation —*on a silver plate at the back of his velvet cap!* He wore jackboots, with light cotton breeches, and nothing was wanting but the currant-jelly pot to complete the picture of the pot-hunter.

An excellent letter appeared some time last year in one of our sporting periodicals, describing a day's sport with Prince Wagram's hounds, in which the writer gave credit, as I did in my account of them, written previously, for handiness in their work and their fair condition, at the same time, finding an objection, as I myself had found, in the dividing the pack into three different lots, or detachments, as I think he called them; inasmuch as there is a tameness and an apparent want of confidence in the steadiness of the hounds, in this system, that cannot but offend an English eye. The finding, or rather unharbouring the deer, described by this writer, as having been so cleverly done on the occasion alluded to, differs in nothing from that witnessed and described by myself in the only instance in which I saw it performed in my own country, which was with the far-famed Devonshire stag-hounds —alas! long since given up, after having been kept in that country beyond the recollection of man. And there is another curious coincidence of events in our several accounts of what occurred with Prince Wagram's hounds, on the only days on which each of us was out.

In the case of "Vagrant" (for such is the signature he assumes) the stag left the forest of Senart, and faced the open country, as he did that of Chantilly in my own, and he—Vagrant—modestly implies, that he himself was the only one of the field that got well away with the hounds as was also my own case, with only three exceptions who followed my example. From the fact of his acknowledging himself to be an Irishman, and likewise it being known to me that he was in Paris at the time, I have every reason to believe that Vagrant—*i. e.* the gentleman on his travels—is the well-known good sportsman, Mr. Burke, *par excellence*, "Johnny Burke" amongst his intimates, son of the Irish judge of that name; and should my conjecture be a true one, I can say with truth, there is no man better qualified in every respect, for the pleasing task he imposed upon himself, in this neatly-penned and classical epistle. And suppose I give you a specimen of it, in reference to the above "coincidence."

"We had run for nearly an hour," says Vagrant, "before the second detachment of hounds was allowed to join with those with which the attack was commenced. Shortly after this augmentation took place, when the hounds were running hard in one of the extreme seg-

ments of the wood, I ventured to express an opinion, accompanied by a fervent hope that we were going to cross the open country before us; but I was surprised to find that such an event was neither expected nor wished for—a *débucher* being, as I was told, very rare. However, clinging to the hope of that which is the most exciting feature in *our* hunting, I cantered alone to the corner of the wood, towards which I had judged the hounds to be running, and was scarcely there, when, to my inexpressible delight, I saw the pack at one fling, cross the fence into the splendid plain, which stretched before them *ad infinitum*, and over which they set a-going; heads up and sterns down, as if really bent upon business. All the reserve which, as a stranger, I had heretofore observed, forsook me at this exhilarating movement, and forgetful of French forms, my Irish blood asserted itself in one of those hearty 'Gone aways,' with which all my former hunting experience was associated, and which I hoped would, on the present occasion, intimate to my friends at the other side of the wood, the state of affairs."

The account proceeds to state, that after a beautiful burst of twenty minutes "over a fine flat country of grass," the hounds were brought to check by a flock of sheep, whose shepherd stated that the deer had headed back; and on the run I saw with these hounds much the same thing occurred with the addition of a brace of wolves having been roused by the cry. And we both agree on another point—the tameness, or rather the absence of that enthusiastic wildness which is the boast and spirit, the heart and soul of British fox-hunting, the followers of which would rather see an hour at a good pace, over a strongly-fenced country, with the pack in their view, than a month's galloping up one ride and down another, without seeing a hound, except now and then by chance, and this despite the music of a dozen French-horns. But here lies the contrast between English and continental hunting, and such will it ever be, as is thus clearly laid down by Vagrant, who, on the day we have been speaking of, had *les honneurs de la chasse*, conferred on him as the only Englishman present.

"Our neighbours, the French," says he, "have had the good sense to imitate us in most things where horses and equipages are concerned, yet they seem to have made a special exception in favour of the *chasse au course*. In this country and age of revolutions, where thrones and dynasties have been overturned, and royalty desecrated and exiled, the noble science of woodcraft still remains unchanged, preserving in the general overthrow, all the peculiarities of custom and *costume* which characterized it in the days of Louis XIV., and have been so admirably described by Moliere in his comedy of "Les Fâcheux."

That the French nation, however, although in the peculiar instance of hunting, do not think proper to abandon their own ancient system, a celebrated English sportsman finds favour in their eyes; and I can offer a satisfactory example. When Mr. Thomas Assheton Smith, of great Liecestershire renown, was presented to Napoleon, he exclaimed on hearing his name, "*Ah! Voilà—le grand chasseur d'Angleterre,*" This was an unexpected compliment, and one by no means to be thought lightly of; but it retires into the shade when contrasted to that conferred upon this gallant sportsman, in his own country, in March last, when, on his reappearance with his hounds in Leicestershire, after an absence of several years, he was greeted by two thousand of

his brother sportsmen, many of whom travelled upwards of a hundred miles for the purpose.

A few years back it would have been next thing to an impossibility, to convince an Englishman that a Frenchman could ride to hounds; inasmuch as he—that is, the Englishman—could never divest his imagination of the jackboot, demi-peak saddle, and stiff, unbending seat which his Gallic neighbour considered essential to the *bon cavalier* of his country. But matters are strangely altered in these respects. It is true the postilion, and the farmer, and the tradesman adhere to the jackboot and jolting seat, which their forefathers considered both necessary and correct; but a very great portion of the upper orders are now seen in saddles and with bridles of the simple English form, and rising in their stirrups, in the trot, as Englishmen have always done. In Paris, indeed, these alterations for the better are daily progressing; and the poor horses themselves may hail the change with joy, from the enormous weight of an old-fashioned French saddle, to one of the size of ours, as well as in getting rid of the bumping of the rider's carcass against their backs and ribs. But a still greater change has taken place in French horsemanship.

In an excellent letter from a well-known English sportsman, to the old *Sporting Magazine*, in 1825, descriptive of a run with the hounds of Charles X., the writer says, "I was sorry to see that a ditch, or little brook, stops them all." No doubt it did; for at that period leaping fences was never dreamt of in French philosophy; but such is far from being generally the case now. And in this solitary instance, good has been the result of steeple and hurdle races in France; inasmuch as they have introduced a spirit into French horsemanship, to which it was previously—in the hunting-field at least—a stranger. At the present time there are many French gentlemen who would not be stopped by the Whissendone brook, an ox-fence, or by one of any description, which another man might be able to get over; and there are few better horsemen, either over a country or a race-course, than M. De Normandie, who has hunted in England for at least a dozen seasons. And what brought him to England for that purpose? Why, by his own admission—a letter of mine in the *Sporting Magazine*, describing a run over Leicestershire. Then I would answer for it, both the heir-apparent to the throne of France, and the Duke de Nemours, would go well to hounds in any part of England, for they are good horsemen, and have nerve for any thing. They tried their hands at a steeple-race some few years back, and went gallantly; but on the king being informed of it, and also that the Duke de Nemours had dislocated his shoulder in a fall, he put his veto on a further exhibition of royal steeple-racing.

Then there is a Count de Norney, who rides a race well; to which fact I can speak from having witnessed his performance; and he is also at the top of the tree amongst the steeple-race riders of his country. When in his racing saddle, he is in appearance, a John White, or an Earl Wilton; and who would have looked for this twenty years back? *Parva sunt hæc;* these are trifles in the eyes of a mere political economist; but the *non contemnenda* may be added, for they have done more towards cementing the bond of good fellowship that now happily exists between France and England, than many more weighty

matters having a similar object in view. I can indeed take upon myself to assert, that at this time amongst sportsmen of the two countries, there exists as kind a feeling as in the general course of humanity is to be found amongst men in the upper walks of life, in their own native land; and this is saying much, and more than can be said of any other portion of the community, for reasons too obvious to mention.

Having spoken of steeple-racing in France, on this and other occasions, and having lately published a letter in the *Sporting Review*, condemnatory of the cruelty and unsportsmanlike character of the practice, I will repeat a conversation I had with his Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans on the subject; inasmuch as it will show that I have been consistent in reprobation of what I have always considered to be unsportsmanlike and cruel; and, as late events have proved it to be, very prejudicial to fox-hunting, as also the very hotbed of fraud.

THE DUKE. — "I am sorry, Mr. A., to observe that you set your face against steeple-chasing. *You* ought to encourage every manly sport. For my own part, I like steeple-chases very much, and rode one myself a short time back, which my brother (the Duke de Nemours who was at his elbow) won."

NIMROD.—"I should regret extremely, sir, to know that any thing I may have written, should have the effect of discouraging manly sports, and I assure your royal highness such was never my intention. I am apprehensive that the cause of fox-hunting will suffer from the present rage for steeple-chases, by either putting the occupiers of land out of humour, and eventually causing them to demand damages for trespass, or, owners of covers to require compensation for drawing them—a claim that has already been made. In short, sir, I prefer fox-hunting to steeple-racing, and I doubt whether they can *flourish* together."

THE DUKE.—"I was not aware of the circumstances you have now stated to me."

NIMROD.—"They are facts, sir. In one of our oldest and most respectable hunts, rent for drawing covers has been demanded and paid; and even the hounds of our king have been warned off a considerable part of the country they hunted, in consequence of the mischief done by the rabble which attended a steeple-chase over it. I dare say your royal highness saw some correspondence on the subject in the newspapers, between my Lord Errol, the master of the king's buck-hounds, and such owners and occupiers as did not force on the notice."*

THE DUKE.—"I do not recollect reading what you allude to, and am sorry to hear it."

NIMROD.—"But, sir, I have other objections to these steeple-races as they are called. In the first place, they are, in most cases, acts of cruelty towards horses, and, as your royal highness must know, several good ones have been already sacrificed to them. ('Ah! poor Gri-

* That my fears as to the prejudicial effect of steeple-racing or fox-hunting, were not groundless, I have only to state that in an account I have just written of a month's sojourn at Melton Mowbray during the last hunting season, the fact is stated, of there having been no less than ten hunting countries vacant last year, several of which (Northamptonshire the second best in England amongst them), are still without hounds.

maldi!' exclaimed the prince). I do not think, sir, we have *a right* to trespass so far on their powers, merely for the sake of money (the prince nodded assent); neither, supposing it to have been intended that a horse should be able to carry a man across a country, and over all feasible obstacles that *may* oppose his course, could it have been intended—inasmuch as his natural powers are unequal to it—that he is to do so *at his full speed, and over every description of ground.* Then, again sir, I consider fox-hunting not only, the noblest and most manly, but the most disinterested diversion that was ever invented for man (the prince again nodded assent); and one of its principal recommendations is, the total absence of all money speculations. But this is not the case with steeple-racing, into which, as I have before observed, in the paper to which your royal highness alludes, roguery has already found its way. It may do better at present for France than for England; because, sir, I presume roguery has not yet found its road into French racing."

The Duke (smiling).—"Oh! I beg your pardon, Mr. A. We can show you a little roguery now and then on our turf."

This allusion to the Duke of Orleans, reminds me of the singular fact of his having won the grand prize at Goodwood races of this year, with a horse which his trainer, George Edwards, purchased for his royal highness last summer, picking up the best prize at Boulogne, on his road to Paris, and he has done the same this year on his return.

This horse, whose name is Beggarman, was considered quite a second or third rate racer in England; inasmuch as four hundred guineas was the price given for him, a sum which could not be expected to fetch a good race-horse, especially one combining his powers.

It was generally supposed, that a four-year old colt called Romulus, was the one expected to carry the honours of the British turf across the British channel, as he would have been allowed 17 lb. with horses of his own year, as a French-bred horse; but it does not appear that he started, a previous trial having decided that Beggarman was the best horse. Then, strange to say, the great improvement in Beggarman, is attributed by the editor of *Bell's Life*, whose authority on such matters is generally derived from good sources, to the influence of French air and French training on the stamina of this horse! Now, how far change of air may operate on the constitution of a horse, as we know it does on that of a man, I am unable to say; but French training is the same as English training, and, in the present instance, it was strictly English, being under the eye of one of the cleverest men Newmarket could produce, and who, it is said, has had 100*l.* per annum settled upon him for his life by his royal master, who does all things with a spirited and liberal hand. And there is another trifling circumstance relating to this victory on the part of our gallant neighbour, that is not altogether unworthy of remark, chiefly on account of the coincidence which is appended to it. Two years back, I purchased a race-horse called *Mendicant* for the Prince of Moskowa, which had almost unprecedented success in winning eleven races at thirteen starts; and last year George Edwards purchased one called *Beggarman*, whose success has been still more extraordinary, inasmuch as, from the previous character of the horse, his winning the Goodwood cup, was placed beyond the pale of probabilities.

Talking of probabilities, it is very unlikely that the Duke of Orleans should a second time send a horse from Chantilly to Goodwood, and carry off the great prize; but it would be found, on reference to my French tour, that when his royal highness did me the honour to send me from Paris to his stud-farm, in one of his own carriages, for the purpose of inspecting his racing-stud, I gave it as my opinion, that, from the excellence of his mares, evidently superior to any others at that time in France, and the superior way in which themselves and their produce were treated, under the eye and superintendence of the Count de Gambis, who accompanied the Duke and Duchess of Nemours, on their late visit to Goodwood, he must succeed on his own turf, which he has eminently done, and particularly so since he has had the services of George Edwards and his brother Charles, as riders and trainers. And I have reason to believe his royal highness derives other advantages from our side of the water. He is intimate with that good sportsman, the Earl of Jersey, whose advice he has taken touching the crossing the blood of his stud, a point of the utmost importance to a breeder, and one on which great experience is necessary ere a correct judgment can be formed.

On the subject of the grand prize at Goodwood having found its way to France, some misunderstanding has gone forth amongst those unacquainted with turf transactions; and nothing has been more common than to hear it said, that the Duke of Orleans must have won the shield; that it was, in fact, *given to him* by the difference of weights. Now the real case is this. Romulus, the duke's other horse, which accompanied Beggarman to England, would, as has already been observed, have been allowed weight as a French-bred race-horse; but Beggarman, although he carries 11 lb. less than Lanercost, of the same year; 5 lb. less than Platoff; and 7 lb. less than Charles XII., *both a year younger*, had no advantages but such as were his due; first, as a maiden horse, and next by the extra weights put on the other horses, as winners of certain races. The truth is, after the imported horses had been a certain time at Newmarket, their trainer, George Edwards, tried them high, as the term is, and finding that Beggarman could stay the longest of the two, he was selected for the race. That the duke promised to settle an annuity on his trainer, should he succeed in bringing the grand prize to France, is more than I can say, although there cannot be a doubt of his royal highness acting towards him with his well-known liberality; but this I do know —that the said trainer told Robinson, who rode Beggarman, he would give him a hundred guineas out of his own pocket, if he brought the horse in first; and, no doubt to his fine riding, the fact of his having been the winner, may, to a great degree, be attributed.

The above-named horses travelled from Chantilly to Newmarket in a splendid van, bearing the royal arms of France, and I saw them start in the same for Boulogne on their return, drawn by six horses, which appeared to me to be two more than were required. When once set a-going, ponderous as the machine appeared to be, it followed well; and Edwards informed me, that four of the duke's carriage-horses absolutely run away with Beggarman and Romulus in the interior.

(*To be continued.*)

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF CHARLES CHESTERFIELD,*

THE YOUTH OF GENIUS.

By Mrs. Trollope.

Chap. VI.

CHARLES CHESTERFIELD MAKES RAPID STRIDES TOWARDS RENOWN—HE IS INTRODUCED TO A PRE-EMINENTLY LITERARY COTERIE, AND PRESENTED TO MR. MARCHMONT, ONE OF THE GREATEST MEN OF THE AGE, AND EDITOR OF "THE REGENERATOR"—ITS EFFECT UPON HIM.

It will not be doubted that Charles arrived punctually at the breakfast-table of Mr. Dalrymple; so punctually, indeed, that it was nearly half an hour before Mr. Gibson arrived. But his host, who perhaps anticipated this ultra-exactness, was ready to receive him, and the half-hour was spent very advantageously for Charles in *tête-à-tête* conversation with a man, equally favoured by nature and fortune, and with a heart and head less corrupted by the world, and his own prosperous position in it, than it is by any means common to meet with, at the ripe age of twenty-five years and nine months.

With such a one it was impossible that Charles Chesterfield could fail to inspire a friendly degree of interest. The genuine enthusiasm, the youthful freshness of all his feelings, and of all his thoughts,—the glowing yet almost unspeakable gratitude with which Dalrymple's attention inspired him, and the tone of old-fashioned quaintness, if not of originality, which he found in his various compositions and remarks (for Charles had brought a few verses), altogether produced a very strong impression in his favour.

This happy half-hour wore rapidly away, and Mr. Gibson made his appearance. No individual whom his distinguished young neighbour could have invited to breakfast would have appeared to this gentleman unworthy of the most marked politness and attention; but when Mr. Dalrymple stated Charles Chesterfield to be a young author, whom he expected would speedily become a great favourite with the public, his advances towards forming an immediate friendship with him were very ardent indeed. Charles at this moment appeared to touch the very goal of all his fondest hopes. He was already spoken of, and spoken to, as an author, a poet, a London author, and a London poet; and had he been offered five hundred pounds in exchange for the honours of that morning he would have rejected them with indignation.

"I trust you are not as yet so buried up and overwhelmed with invitations, my dear sir, as to prevent my introducing you to my family immediately?" said Mr. Gibson.

"I have no acquaintance in London as yet, sir, and shall be most happy to have the honour of waiting upon you," replied Charles, ingenuously.

"Is it possible? I will confess to you, my dear young gentleman, that I hear this with great pleasure, and I feel extremely grateful to my

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* Continued from No. ccxxxvi., page 489.

friend, Mr. Dalrymple, for having given me this opportunity of making your acquaintance before the innumerable claims which are sure to beset a man of genius have so entangled you in their chains, as to render it difficult, not to say impossible, to lay the foundation of that sort of particular intimacy which thoroughly literary people are so desirous of cultivating with the favourite authors of the day. We now start fair, Mr. Chesterfield, nay, I am willing to hope with some little advantage: and I think I may venture to promise you many thoroughly intellectual hours at my house. Mrs. Gibson, though I say it that should not, is certainly rather a remarkable person.—Is she not, Dalrymple? I don't mean at all, however, to speak of her as an authoress —nothing like it. In fact, she has never done any thing herself, beyond the illustrating the great work of the immortal Milton, and there, indeed, she has shown what the tone of her mind really is, without exaggeration, I may avow to you, sir, that it is extraordinary. I have been told by one or two of our leading print-shops, that if she perseveres—and upon my word I think she is capable of any thing on such a subject—*if* she perseveres, they assure me that the copy may become worth a thousand pounds. It is a singular undertaking, a very singular undertaking for a lady. But you will judge of this better for yourself, Mr. Chesterfield, when you become an *habitué* in the *boudoir*, as I trust you soon will do, than I can enable you to do by any description."

Notwithstanding the flattering conclusion of this speech, poor Charles at that moment felt a pang most completely new to him. He shuddered, literally shuddered, at his own ignorance! Of the "Paradise Lost" he knew more perhaps than most lads of his age, but as to what could be meant by a lady's illustrating the work, till it became worth a thousand pounds, he knew no more than his mother's cow, Brindle. Mr. Dalrymple saw all this in his heightened colour and troubled aspect. His very eyes seemed to blush as he turned them from the face of Mr. Gibson to his own coffee-cup, and from his coffee-cup again to Mr. Gibson's face. But in this Arthur saw no very important drawback to the young man's success. "His learning is of another kind," thought he. "He would have better understood a gloss upon Appian, or Oppian, than a fair lady's illustration of any work under the sun," and coming across the stream of Mr. Gibson's eloquence, by calling his attention to a broiled chicken, he said "I am quite pleased, Gibson, that I have contrived to get you and Mr. Chesterfield here together, as I feel certain that the acquaintance will be mutually gratifying. You will find in him the sort of talent so well appreciated by yourself, and all your family, and by your means I am in hopes he will soon overcome all the difficulties which of necessity surround a young author, when first entering upon his career. You are well acquainted, I believe, with the editors of several popular periodical works, and it may be desirable, perhaps, that Mr. Chesterfield's first efforts should appear in one of these. Will you have the kindness to introduce him wherever you think there would be the best chance of his finding encouragement?"

"Let him come to us to-night," replied Mr. Gibson eagerly. "Mrs. Gibson will have a small, quite a small committee, this evening, of some of the very cleverest men of the day. Our system is to take no colour Mr. Dalrymple, absolutely no colour whatever, and this enables us to

seize upon talent wherever we find it, and our little party to-night will be perfectly antithistic. This, as I take it, is the real secret of a perfectly well organized literary society. In my own family I encourage the greatest freedom of opinion on all subjects. No two of us, I believe, think exactly the same on any subject of importance; the consequence of which is, that our *salon* is equally agreeable to all parties. I mention this, Mr. Chesterfield, to set you at your ease among us. Let your colour be what it may, you may venture to pronounce yourself."

Poor Charles again fell terribly in the dark; nevertheless he had understood enough to make him superlatively happy. He was invited to make one in a party of London *litterati*, and the wide earth had no pleasure to offer which he would have accepted in exchange for it.

Mr. Dalrymple perceived that he had achieved exactly what he wished as an opening, and trusted to his *protegé's* good gifts for the rest. While Mr. Gibson knew that he was about to convey to his lady and daughters the most agreeable news he could possibly bring them.

Thus all, equally pleased by the result of the meeting, were equally willing to bring it to a close, and they soon separated, with a most satisfactory increase of contentment on all sides.

It was with great modesty, though with undisguised delight, that Charles announced at the dinner-table the invitation he had received. Sir George expressed himself well pleased. "I knew Dalrymple could be useful," he said. "He could not have done any thing better for you. Every body knows Gibson; and, better still, Gibson knows every body. But, look ye, Charles, if you begin to get invitations in this way, I must positively send my tailor to you. That broad-cloth suit your good father boasted of may be kept as good as new till you get back to Maplebury. I'll send to Willis and order him to dispatch a fellow here to-morrow to take your measure."

Clara Meddows heard all this, and knit her brows. Mrs. Longueville did not hear it at all, and as neither of them spoke, and Sir George drew forth two or three letters from his pocket, Charles ventured to make a circular bow and steal away, thinking it might be advantageous to spend a solitary hour or two at his lodgings, preparing himself for any questions which might be asked him, concerning what he had already done, or what it was his intention to do; and also by selecting such of his more important compositions as he should best like to show, in case he should be asked to exhibit a specimen. Slowly and carefully he dressed himself, though more than half ashamed of deeming his external appearance of any consequence on an occasion so purely intellectual; and then, for a long hour of trembling but delicious agitation, he sat before his large country-made desk, surrounded by folio pages, on which were written, in a fair, round hand, odes, sonnets, and songs, while the more massive labour of a recently finished volume of tales, lay neatly packed in quarto sheets beside him. Often did he make a selection for the possible wants of the evening, and as often change it, till at length the dreaded yet longed-for moment arrived, and the girl of the house entered to announce that the cab he had ordered to convey him to Baker-street, was at the door. In all haste he now seized upon the three

compositions which little Bessy had praised the most, and, hastily locking up the rest, hurried into his cab and drove off. The drive is rather a long one, but to him it seemed hardly to occupy three minutes, so insufficient did the interval appear for his last meditations as to the manner in which he ought to present himself. Shyness, as naturally the result of the manner in which he had passed his life as was the bloom on his cheek, and the unquenched brightness of his eye, struggled hard within him against his immense disdain of every species of distinction not arising from literary renown. "If there be any authors there," thought he, "authors who have already published, and are received into the republic of letters, to these I will bow, low as an eastern slave before the throned master of his existence; but I will not, for I ought not, to tremble, or suffer my spirit to quail, before any other distinction whatever. It is this which I must ever keep in mind, it is this which must teach me to raise my eye undaunted, forgetful that my home has been a farmhouse, and my kindred the tillers of the soil." At this moment the cab drew up suddenly, very suddenly, and Charles was thrown forward with a jerk, which very nearly brought him, nose foremost, on the pavement. Being active and alert, however, he saved himself by seizing upon some portion of the harness, and swung himself safely to the ground. But this *tour de force* was much less difficult than that by which, after paying his cabman with a hand which shook from nervous agitation, and stammering his own name, first to one puzzled servant and then to another, he at last mounted the stairs to make his first appearance in the arena where alone he wished to combat and to conquer. The sound of rushing waters seemed to gurgle in his ears, as the drawing-room door was thrown open. In the midst of this he distinguished the words "Mr. Charles Chesterfield!" and in the next moment he found himself, without knowing very well how he got there, standing precisely in the middle of the room, one hand in that of the gentleman whom he had met at breakfast in the morning, and the other clasped by a lady, who evidently deemed herself privileged to take it, held it firmly, and long enough to make the following speech before she resigned it.

"Welcome, Mr. Charles Chesterfield! a thousand times welcome! We literary people have a sort of freemasonry amongst us, which out-values a thousand introductions! I feel at once that you are *of us*! May I not flatter myself that you too feel that you are got among kindred souls?"

The features of the tall lady who thus addressed him were large, and strongly marked, and might, perhaps, in early youth, have been accounted handsome by the class of persons who admire a countenance of almost masculine firmness and decision. Whether Mr. Gibson, who was of a slight and rather delicate fabric, might have ventured upon so disproportioned an alliance, if not encouraged and stimulated by the lady's being in possession of ten thousand pounds, may be doubtful; but be this as it may, the marriage was accomplished, and proved one of singular felicity. Nothing, indeed, could exceed Mr. Gibson's admiration of his lady's intellectual powers, which she confessed herself were something of a masculine order, and which he delighted to proclaim aloud to be "first of the first." Of the five daughters who

crowned this happy union no detailed description can be necessary, as any curiosity which the kind reader may feel concerning them will probably be sufficiently gratified in the course of the following pages.

There are few novices whom Mrs. Gibson could have addressed in the words above quoted who would have listened to them with so satisfactory a degree of self-assured intelligence as himself. Charles Chesterfield understood her perfectly. "Yes! there is such freemasonry!" was the response instantly and distinctly made by his kindling eye and delightful smile; and, had he spoken volumes, the lady could not have comprehended better the gratitude and the happiness that were swelling at his heart. She pressed the hand she held with an energy and freedom which ladies of fifty (if they like it) may bestow unchallenged upon any hand, and nodding her head with very significant approbation, added, "Enough! I know you, Charles Chesterfield, as well as if I had myself assisted in the development of the mind so delightfully legible at this moment in your features!"

"I knew it! I was perfectly sure of it!" exclaimed Mr. Gibson, in the glad voice of one to whom disappointment in the hope just realized would have brought terror, as well as grief. "I was quite sure, my dear, darling love, that with your astonishing and unerring tact, you would immediately appreciate the talent of this young man. I was perfectly sure of it. Upon my honour I was. Dalrymple will be delighted, perfectly delighted, when he hears you have taken him by the hand. You are launched, young gentleman, I can tell you that, and I heartily wish you joy of it. I shall leave you in her hands; altogether and entirely in her hands. She will tell you, better than I can, in whose presence you are, which, if I mistake not, you will count among the things worth knowing." And Mr. Gibson turned his thumb, which had probably become flexible by the habit of indicating the distinguished persons in his circle, to the uninitiated, over his shoulder, towards a personage who stood leaning against the chimney-piece, silently reconnoitring the company by a pair of glasses which were suspended round his neck, though looking the while as if he scarcely thought it worth his trouble to do so.

Having performed this expressive manœuvre, accompanied by a significant yet mysterious nod, Mr. Gibson walked off, leaving Charles in a state of perfect felicity, all timidity having for the moment completely left him, while his secret but long-cherished belief in his own powers, returned upon him, freed from all the paralyzing effects of shyness. It was, in truth, a moment of ecstasy. As Mr. Gibson walked off, he caught the arm of his youngest daughter, who was the one of all his four intellectual children to whom he was the most inclined to venture upon a little display of individual consequence, and said, "Theodosia, my dear, I wish you to be very civil to that young man. I decidedly mean to patronize him. It is a marked thing, Theodosia, a very marked thing, to be the first to bring a *débutant* into notice. I own I like it."

"Is this the first literary *soirée* at which he ever assisted?" demanded the young lady, passing her fingers through the knot of papa's black stock, in order to improve the set of it; a species of personal attention, indeed, which she often bestowed upon him; for, inheriting in a strong

degree his own propensity to patronize, she was wont to exercise it in a very flattering manner upon himself, never failing to set him to rights in all ways when she thought him wrong, which, as it happened frequently, occasioned his receiving a degree of notice from her which made her decidedly his favourite. Not that he in the least degree wondered at or resented, the inattention of his other daughters. Mr. Gibson was much too sensible a man not to be aware of the effect of great intellectual powers upon the manners and tempers of young ladies so distinguished by Providence, and he felt too proud of being the husband of Mrs. Gibson, and the father of those four very superior young women, the Miss Gibsons (not to mention the one called Marianne, who did not indeed count for much), to complain of what he considered as the inevitable consequence of their early and devoted attention to literature. Yet, notwithstanding the philosophical love of mind to which he had thus brought himself, he certainly did like Theodosia's praising and patronising, and they were considered by every body as being most wonderfully attached to each other, and as offering a perfect pattern of fatherly and daughterly love.

"Is this the first literary *soirée* at which he ever assisted?" said the young lady a second time, giving her papa a little pat upon his cheek as she completed the arrangement of his cravat.

"Certainly the first in London, my dear," replied the stock-still father, "for he arrived only yesterday. Thank you, Dosy, darling, that will do, won't it? There, I can see it in the glass, my love, and you have made it look quite stylish. Go to your mamma now, and I dare say she will present him."

Theodosia took the hint, and repaired to the side of her mother, but the animated lady was not at that moment at leisure to attend to her. In explanation of her husband's parting words she had said, "Yes, Chesterfield! I will do you this service without delay. That gentleman with the long hair and uncovered throat, is Marchmont! That I can reckon him as my dearest friend, and most constant guest, is the great glory of my life! When I tell you that there is nothing which the world could offer which I could not sacrifice rather than lose this distinction, you may judge in some degree what he must be. Noble creature! Does he not seem, as he stands there, *lorgnette* in hand, looking out upon the world, does he not look like a being of a superior order reading the very souls of all around him?"

The voice of Mrs. Gibson was rather remarkable for being loud and clear, and as she did not lower it while she uttered these words, it was difficult to believe that Mr. Marchmont did not hear them, but no trace of his doing so was perceptible on his countenance; nay, when she had approached close to him, with her arm passed through that of Charles, and pronounced aloud, "Marchmont!" within a foot of his ear, he still appeared unconscious that she spoke.

"Gracious Heaven! what abstraction!" said Mrs. Gibson, turning to Charles. "Does it not remind you of the stories we have heard of Sir Isaac Newton? Beyond all question his power of withdrawing the soul from outward objects is one of the most precious privileges which nature accords to genius."

Charles looked in her face, not very well comprehending the nature

of the privilege of which she spoke, but, fortunately, the look was more that of a person hanging entranced upon every syllable she uttered, than of one merely puzzled, and she therefore almost affectionately pressed his arm, as she replied, "A moment's thought, dear Mr. Chesterfield, will show you what I mean. Look at that striking countenance. Observe its calm—its utter ignorance of all around. Surely that power of withdrawing, as it were, the heavenward spirit from all that besets it here, and permitting it to soar on the wings of thought far above us all, has something godlike in it! But I must not leave him thus. My voice must penetrate e'en to the depth of his shrine—for do I not bring him a new worshipper? Marchmont! dear Marchmont!" she continued, speaking ever clear and loud, so that all present might have heard her, "descend! come down! 'tis time.' I must and will have you on earth, while I present to you Mr. Charles Chesterfield, a young votary of the nine, whom I have every reason to believe deserving that you should look upon him."

As Mrs. Gibson, notwithstanding the natural powers of her voice, did not wholly trust to it, but laid her hand on Mr. Marchmont's arm as she spoke, she at length succeeded in arousing his attention.

"What would you, my dear friend?" said he, in a whisper, soft as a western breeze.

"What would I, Marchmont?" she replied, joining her hands as if in act to pray. "This, would I. That you should leave the region of pure and serene air, and inhabit our nether world for some short space, that I may present to you this young man, Mr. Charles Chesterfield, the chosen friend of Mr. Dalrymple, of Ripley-park, whose name you well know, and the *protegée*, or, rather, the adopted son of Sir George Meddows, who has just brought him to town as his guest."

Mr. Marchmont, who now evidently heard every word she said, set his heels together, turned out his toes, and holding his eye-glasses in one hand, while he occupied the other in twiddling the chair, he made the nearest approach to a bow permissible to men of his class, that is to say, he bent his head till his chin touched his breast-pin.

Charles bowed too, in an old-fashioned way, and his handsome face spoke an animated wish to cultivate the acquaintance.

Mr. Marchmont laid his glasses with emphasis on Mrs. Gibson's shoulder, and accompanying the action by an expressive glance, the lady comprehended that a *tête-à-tête* was demanded, and accordingly led the way to an isolated sofa at the furthest extremity of the back drawing-room, a locality which seemed admirably suited for the purpose.

"You know I am your slave," he began, "and that my refusing to make the acquaintance of any one forced upon me by you, is something quite beyond the reach of any conceivable probability. But will you have the excessive kindness to throw some light upon this matter? Why, my beloved Mrs. Gibson, *why* should I receive to my heart this pink and white young gentleman? This rosebud of a youth, with his magnificent gray eyes, and curly hair? Why must I cherish all this? Is it in my way, my dearest Mrs. Gibson?"

"A great deal more in your way than you have any idea of, *amico mio*," replied the lady, speaking as nearly in a whisper as it was in her

nature to do. "This young man is, I will venture to declare, very completely in your way. Of course I don't mean," she continued, suddenly checking herself, "of course I don't mean that he is one of the finest poets and prose writers in Europe—neither do I mean that he is the most influential literary patron in London. You raise those wicked eyebrows of yours, Marchmont, just as if you fancied I was saying so. But you don't really think any such thing, and, therefore, you may listen to me gravely, and believe what I state. This youth, this Charles Chesterfield, has received a particularly learned education. Such, at least is the statement of Dalrymple to Mr. Gibson, and certainly he is a man to be trusted. But his passion for composition is so strong that he will adopt no profession, and has been brought to London by Sir George Meddows, solely for the purpose of being put forward as an author. It was but last week, you know, that you were telling me I must beat about for contributors, for that your editorial box was not so rich as usual. Did you not, Marchmont? And can any thing appear upon the scene more perfectly *à propos* than this incipient Apollo?"

"You are ever the same!" exclaimed Mr. Marchmont, snatching her hand, and pressing it with much energy, "forgive my petulance, my dearest friend! How perpetually it happens to me, when I am least thinking of it that I find you

'Still the unseen light,
Guiding my way!'

Yes! I *do* want contributors. Alas! I want many things, dearest friend!—many things absolutely essential. But this is no moment for the unrestrained confidence which I like to bestow upon you—I must ask for another moment—to-morrow morning, perhaps? or the next day? Now we will think only of the young man you wish me to patronize. To say the truth, his learned education is, of itself, no great recommendation to me, My grammar is mankind, my friend; my dictionary is in the clouds. The winds are my syntax, and rushing cataracts my prosody! But the objection is not fatal. More than one of the most chosen spirits of young England—thanked be the Gods! we now can talk of our *young England*, as our bright-soiled neighbours do of their *jeune France*. More than one of these, I have the happiness of knowing, have, at my bidding, thrown aside the worm-eaten toga in which for ages the intellectual strength of the country has been entangled. Depend upon it, my charming friend, learning is to genius what long and heavy drapery would be to Taglioni. To such a mind as yours the illustration requires no commentary. But to return to this young Chesterfield. I am quite ready to take him by the hand, and will give him an audience either to-morrow morning or as soon afterwards as I can manage to find leisure."

"Would you like to see him here, dear Marchmont? I know that sometimes your room—. You men of genius, you know, do sometimes indulge in a little eccentric confusion," said Mrs. Gibson, affectionately.

"Ever thoughtful! ever kind!" replied Marchmont. "But no. If this youth is to work for me and with me, I must stand on no

ceremony with him. He must see me as I am—and no matter." These last words were uttered in a tone of bitterness which drew a sigh from the lady. "Forgive me! dear and excellent Mrs. Gibson, forgive me! Well I know that did you possess a fairy wand, or any other power by which my poverty could be converted into wealth, the abode of your poor friend would not long be such as to call a blush upon that dear friendly cheek, at the idea of its being seen by a poor country lad, who seems himself but an object of splendid benevolence. But no more of this

'I know that Heaven ordains me here
To run this mortal life's career!'"

And, having uttered these words very plaintively, he offered his arm to the lady of the house, and they returned together to the outer drawing-room. Many persons had arrived since they left it, on several of whom Mrs. Gibson bestowed the greatly-prized honour of an introduction to Mr. Marchmont, as soon as the gentleman had reinstated himself in his favourite position, with his elbow on the chimney-piece, and his glasses at his eye. To this honoured spot a succession of persons were led by different members of the family, much in the same manner as they might have been marshalled to the feet of a sovereign; for in most cases no conversation followed, and, having made their bows and courtesies, they passed on, to make room for more.

But at length, no further presentations being anticipated, this first-magnitude star of the Gibson galaxy retired to the same isolated sofa in the back drawing-room which had been the scene of his *tête-à-tête* with Mrs. Gibson; when, throwing himself upon it in an attitude of elegant ease, he began talking very decidedly aloud with a fashionable actor, who was almost as great a man as himself. This was a signal to all men, and, better still, to all women, too, that they intended to permit themselves to be made the centre of a circle. Nevertheless, it was of course understood also, that however like a sun, or two suns, they might be in brilliance, it was not intended that they should be the centre of the whole system, which would have been by far too great a tax upon their condescension. On the contrary, it was a part of the family tactics that whenever this species of literary centralization took place in the small drawing-room, a musical centralization was simultaneously to be organized in the large one. Of this, the fair Theodosia was the presiding genius. Not but that Theodosia was literary too; but being excessively musical into the bargain, she divided her time between learning as much of Italian as was necessary to her songs, and practising them and their accompaniments on the pianoforte.

This gave her the right to consider herself as *prima donna* in the musical part of the establishment, but also as the Italian scholar, *par excellence*, a double pre-eminence which rendered her of great importance in her own family, as well as throughout the whole extended circle of their acquaintance.

When the accomplished young lady perceived that Mr. Marchmont had forsaken his favourite standing position in the larger room, for his favourite lying position in the smaller one, she immediately uttered the usual note of preparation for a review of her musical forces; and no

sooner did she run her fingers over the instrument, than all the young ladies who had, or fancied they had, a taste for music, fluttered up to the pianoforte; while all the young gentlemen who could sing a little, or flute a little, or fiddle a little, or turn over a page of music in the right place, all fluttered after them. And then began a critical survey, for the hundredth time, perhaps, in some instances, of Miss Theodosia's musical library; and there might be heard little indistinct warblings of favourite airs in one place; and there might be seen little graceful white-gloved runnings over of difficult passages—not on the keys, but on the leaves, in another. And if young gentlemen wished to flirt, they flirted; and if young ladies wished to whisper, they whispered, unheard by chaperons, and perfectly justified by custom.

While all this was going on, entirely according to rule in one place, display of a higher order was preparing in another. By degrees the startling stare-traps uttered by Mr. Marchmont, and the lively or sentimental rejoinders of his dramatic friend, Mr. Marvel, drew round them all the highest intellect in the company; and then, to biting jest, and high-toned moral satire, were joined philosophical discussion, and some of those noble flights of unrestrained thought, for which Mr. Marchmont was so deservedly celebrated.

On the other corner of the sofa selected by this gentleman as his cathedra for the hour, sat Mrs. Gibson, her long back supported by sundry cushions piled against its elbow, and her admiring eyes turned full upon the singular and very animated countenance of her eloquent friend. Several ladies had drawn chairs forward, so as to form a semi circle round him, while many others, among whom where the three most pre-eminently intellectual daughters of the house, stood near. Almeria, indeed, the youngest, and, next to her mother, the most enthusiastic of the family, continued to balance her slender person sideways on the back of the sofa, and thereby secured to herself the same advantage of gazing in the speaker's face, as her mamma herself enjoyed. Mr. Marvel, who continued to sustain that distinguished part in the conversation which consists in exciting by seeming opposition the most daring propositions and most startling theories, was stationed exactly behind Mrs. Gibson, amusing himself very gracefully with the tall pole of a screen, which he sometimes seemed to sustain, and sometimes seemed to sustain him, with an easy elegance that produced an excellent effect. Near to this gentleman, and modestly hid behind him, stood Charles Chesterfield, his whole soul abiding in his eyes and ears, and feeling as if the moments then passing over him, were of more value than all the years he had ever lived before. The rest of the listeners sat or stood as accident or convenience dictated; but as it was an understood thing in the family that Mr. Gibson did not quite belong to the very particularly select committee whose proudest privilege was thus to hang upon the inspired rhapsodies of Mr. Marchmont, he divided himself in about equal portions between the two rooms, and might be seen alternately indicating with his inverted thumb the wonders of both, to such of the company as especially belonged to neither.

"That you, Marvel, of all men in the world, should doubt the steady undeviating progression of man towards the perfection which some dream of in a divinity, is astonishing!" said Mr. Marchmont, so

placing himself as very nearly to deposit one foot on the sofa, and shading his eyes with his hand as if more steadily to peruse the countenance of the friend he addressed.

"Nay, my friend, you go too fast for me," replied Mr. Marvel, holding up both hands as if to deprecate the fiery advance of the orator. "I know by experience that it is pretty nearly impossible to listen to you on any theme, without becoming in the end convinced that you are right. But you should have some mercy on those who are too earthly dull, to scale the heavens at a leap, like yourself."

"Gracious heaven, Marvel! Do you want a logical induction to prove to you that man has within himself the elements of all that constitutes what religionists have erected into a divinity?"

"That might prove a troublesome want, good folks; so you had better take the philosopher's advice, and do without it if you can," said a young woman dressed almost like a quaker, who, seated on a very low ottoman on the other side of the chimneypiece, appeared busily engaged in cutting out horses and dogs in paper, by the aid of a pair of waxlights, with a green shade over them.

This interruption caused the conversation to pause for a moment, which might not however have been the case, had not Charles, startled by its unexpected tone, thrust forward his head to look across the chimney-piece, and reconnoitre the speaker.

"Oh! for heaven's sake don't stop!" exclaimed Almeria; "it is only Marianne's fun."

Mr. Marchmont, indeed, appeared too much at home to take any great notice of so idle an observation, and proceeded.

"To convince the idea of an intelligence superior to one's own, is impossible; and those who affect to do so are false to nature, and to truth. Did I believe in such a doctrine, I would cease to exist within four-and-twenty hours. But I have no faculty within me to lead to such a belief."

"Then what a much cleverer fellow the frog was, when he looked at the ox," said Marianne. "However, if it saves you from bursting, it is a great blessing."

"Magnificent idea!" exclaimed Mrs. Gibson, with a sigh that seemed to relieve the fulness of a heart bursting with admiration, and with her eyes so steadily fixed on the face of the philosopher, as to make it evident that she could not have heard the remark of her malapert daughter. "How little, how pitiful," she continued with emotion, "do the ordinary feelings and opinions of common men appear after words like these! And to what elevation may not the incommunicable mind hope to attain, when it has power to generate and bring forth thoughts thus challenging divinity?"

Charles Chesterfield would have given the world to have asked the philosopher for an explanation; for perfectly certain that he could not really mean what his words seemed to imply, he felt a burning anxiety to discover the hidden sense which the more finished education of the rest of the company evidently revealed to them. But it would have been vastly easier for him to have construed off hand the most difficult passage in Pindar, than to have shown forth his doubts and his ignorance in such a presence. He therefore continued to stand,

silently gazing on the group before him, and carefully treasuring every word that met his ear, determined, should what followed fail to elucidate what had gone before, to transmit the whole to Mr. Westbrook, nothing doubting that the deep learning of that excellent divine would throw light upon what seemed now to be hid in perfect darkness. In his own heart he believed that Mr. Marchmont was bringing forward some forgotten doctrine of the pro-Platonic school, with which Mr. Westbrook had not thought it necessary to make him acquainted; and though he scrupled not to confess to himself that such notions were idle enough to justify eternal oblivion, he could not help feeling a little vexed, nevertheless, at finding the learning on which he had so prided himself insufficient to help him through the first conversation he had listened to in London, though so many of the weaker sex appeared capable of comprehending all its abstruse allusions perfectly.

"Marchmont!" cried Mrs. Gibson, suddenly changing the theme, either from the urgent necessity of hearing her own voice, or from the wish to exhibit the versatile powers of her friend, in whose hands, as she well knew, every subject was sure to

"suffer a *fine* change
Into something rich and strange."

"My dear Marchmont! tell me something more, I entreat you, about that delightful Pendergrass, whose divine poems you reviewed so admirably last week. Conceive! that an American should come and flash upon us in this way, like a thunderbolt from heaven! Is it not marvellous?"

"I think not," replied Mr. Marchmont; "neither will you think so, either, my dear Mrs. Gibson, profoundly enlightened as you are, if you will give the subject a little fair consideration. Is not the fact perfectly analogous to the universal order of nature? whose operations, thank Heaven! we are beginning to understand, without being obliged to have recourse to persons having their heads thatched with horsehair. *O qual piacem*! as your lovely Theodosia would say, to remember that we have, at last, thrown aside our blinkers, and dare to look around us, without fear of starting!"

"Oh, you erratic comet!" exclaimed Mrs. Gibson, while all the little circle welcomed the charming phrase, with an approving smile. "Where have you got to, now? and what have heads, thatched with horsehair, as you deliciously describe our bygone pedants, to do with the question of American poetry?"

"An immense deal, charming lady! an enormous deal!" replied Mr. Marchmont, suddenly sitting upright, and placing the forefinger of his right hand on the thumb of his left, as if about to enumerate a succession of proofs.

"An unknown quantity," said a clear but very quiet voice from the other side of the fireplace.

Mr. Marchmont fell back into his reclining position.

Mrs. Gibson looked grievously annoyed, and exchanged a glance with Almeria, who, bending forward till her lips were almost close to the critic's ear, said in a whisper heard by very few beside himself,

"Don't vex mamma by minding her! Go on."

Remaining still for a moment, not as if silenced, but with an aspect of profound meditation, Mr. Marchmont looked up into the face of the young lady who had spoken to him as if he did not see her, but was looking through the space she occupied to some object far beyond her, and at length said, addressing Mrs. Gibson,

"Did you ever watch the action of a spring, when a weight which is heavily pressed upon it is withdrawn?"

"Oh, yes!" replied the lady, with a sort of volant admiration, that seemed ready to take wing, and fly off in whatever direction he might please to indicate.

"Well, then, you have seen it start up as if instinct with new life and power. Such is the action of long-crushed genius on the other side of the Atlantic at present. Learning, such as pedants teach and schoolmen value, has found no genial soil in the free, unshackled region of the brave new world. They scorn the long and tedious process by which, till a new light broke in upon us, we sought to distil upon the intellects of each successive race the hoarded thoughts and old-world speculations of those who went before. Absurd! as if the youthful vigour of each new-born age did not out-value, a hundred and a hundred fold, the musty lucubrations embalmed by superstition, and enshrined in dust, of those who were dead and rotten two thousand years ago? This pitiable reverence for antiquity is now, happily, passing from the earth for ever; but as long as it held unbroken sway in Europe, it weighed upon the bright young spirits of America with a sort of intellectual tyranny, in very close analogy to the political chains from which, long ago, praised be the Gods! they so nobly emancipated themselves. It has taken them another half-century to render their literature as free as their citizens."

"And their negroes," said the tiresome paper-cutter.

"Another half-century," resumed Mr. Marchmont, not appearing to hear her. "But at length the conquest is complete, and the poets of the United States now pour forth their inspired strains, unshackled by any laws, save what themselves have made."

"Admirable! Is he not rich to-night?" said Mrs. Gibson, aside to Almeria; but happily in a whisper so distinct, as to be heard by all: and thus encouraged, not a voice failed to murmur, like the timid echoes of softly undulating hills in the distance, "admirable!"

While Mr. Gibson made his way up to the pianoforte, his thumb pointing backwards the whole time, and his head rising and falling in what seemed a very mysterious manner to the uninitiated, but which to the better informed, said quite as plainly as any words could have done, "There never was any thing equal to him! No, never in the world." Had not Miss Theodosia herself been in the very act of singing one of Grisi's most difficult songs, it is probable that at least some of the musical circle might have been seduced by these eloquent gesticulations to join themselves to the literary one; but this particular song was of course a treat that could not be given up, and only three young ladies, and one young gentleman, who had neither been asked to play or to sing, migrated.

"And you think Mr. Pendergrass the first among this emancipated phalanx?" said Mr. Marvel.

"Decidedly," replied Marchmont.

"Oh! Mr. Marchmont—could you not recite a few stanzas to us?" said Almeria, beseechingly.

"Assuredly, if you wish it, fair girl!" replied the critic, turning his eye, however, upon her more important mamma, to ascertain whether his doing so would accord with her wishes.

"Do you look doubtingly at me, Marchmont?" exclaimed Mrs. Gibson. "Is it indeed possible that you should not know the delight it would give me? My little Almeria and I are generally of one mind in these matters."

"Be it so, then," he replied. "I will give you some lines, as yet unpublished, which he sent to me last week, to know if I advised their being added to the new edition. I know not how it happens, but I never read any very beautiful poetry without its adhering to me, like a part of myself as it were."

"A sort of chemical affinity," said Marianne, looking up from her work, and fixing her eyes for a moment on the face of Mr. Marchmont.

He bowed to her as if greatly flattered, and went on. "I can always repeat what I greatly admire, without making any effort whatever to commit it to memory. The lines I am now going to recite, are on a Star, and, in my opinion, show an originality of thought which leads instantly to the conclusion that they are the genuine, unsophisticated product of a new world. They are entitled,

'*Lines on a Star seen at midnight after drinking tea with a very beautiful young Lady.*

'Bright candle in an everlasting stick!
How soothingly thy trembling rays descend
Upon a heart from o'erwrought feeling sick,
Whose leaping pulses towards madness tend!

Ah! I have touched her!—As the temperate bowl
Innoxious filled wholly with total tea,
From her hand passed to mine, my phrensied soul
Caught from that touch celestial ecstasy!

Yes! I have touched her! Let the golden strings
From whence thy native harp, oh, glancing Star!
Its soft accords to lessen startless flings,
Sending their music on the winds afar.

Let its sweet notes the blissful truth convey,
In sounds eternal as the theme I sing,
That tea thus handed, with dear coy delay,
Can rapture, such as God's might envy, bring.

And tears shall fall the while. And innocent sighs,
Such as babes breathe upon a mother's breast,
Shall fan the air till the wild fever flies,
Leaving the storm-swept heart once more at rest.'"

As he repeated the last plaintive stanza, the voice of Mr. Marchmont sunk into a still small whisper, which seemed an echo to the delicate thought it expressed; one moment of impressive universal silence followed, broken at length by a soft chorus of female sighs, and in one or two instances by that sort of blowing by the nose which accompanies weeping.

"I ask no stronger proof of the power of this transatlantic genius," said the critic, throwing up his arms as in triumph, "than its effect on such an audience as this. I would reject the judgment of the merely learned, I would reject too the judgment of mere natural feeling, unrefined by an acquaintance with the thrilling literature of the day. But here we have hearts and minds precisely in the state best qualified to pass sentence on the productions of intellect. In truth, I mark it as one of the most promising features in the intellectual aspect of the eventful epoch in which we live, that its literature, however soaring, or however profound, is not of the dry hard nature that tends to indurate our hearts against the passions which constitute the lifeblood of existence. Out on the doctrines of the heavy icebergs, who would make us believe that passion leads to sin! Rather would I, that the green sod should instantly be heaped upon this heaving breast, and crush it at once into eternal sleep, than live with the sparkling current of my blood restrained by precept!—Women!—wax-lights!—wine!" he continued, as his widely-opened roving eye fixed itself on a tray containing sundry decanters, sandwiches, and tartlets, which (if a literary dinner had not preceded the evening coterie) always appeared at rather an early hour. "These form the atmosphere in which man loves to live!"

"You shall not move, Marchmont!" exclaimed Mrs. Gibson, starting from her reclining posture, and laying her hand upon the great man's arms, "I never like you so well as when you are lounging upon this dear sofa. Why have table-castors, but to run? Push that table over, some of you. There's dear creatures! Almeria! step after William, and tell him to bring the liqueur-chest and hot water. Do I not know your wants and wishes, Marchmont?"

"And do you not know how to spoil me, Mrs. Gibson?"

"How is it possible to pet you beyond your deserts, while you minister to our enjoyments as you have done this evening? But tell me, dear friend, is it beyond reach of hope that we should see this gifted Pendergrass here? I have no words to tell how I should feel at beholding the author of those heart-searching words,

'and innocent sighs,
Such as babes breathe upon a mother's breast.'

The purity—the elevation of thought—the sweet simplicity—the ineffable tenderness, all combine to lap the spirits in elysium!"

"And is not that about '*celestial ecstasy*' very fine, mamma?" said Almeria, in a soft murmur, seemingly intended only for her mother's ear.

"Admirable, my love. Sit down Mrs. Bates. Sit down Miss Fortingale. Mr. Embsby, you can find a corner there by Almeria. The Marvel must not be separated from the Marchmont. They are flint

and steel to each other. Oh! there is more room yet at this dear little table! It is positively elastic, and has an especial propensity to stretch itself at the approach of talent."

"Does it shrink, mamma, before the want of it?" said Marianne, rising. "At any rate there is no room for me," and so saying, she took up the shaded stand which held her two waxlights, and walked off.

Meanwhile such of the party as modestly deemed themselves not sufficiently gifted to produce a favourable effect upon the elastic table, silently withdrew themselves to the other room; and some others edged in the corner of a chair, and one leg, in order to show that they were of those for whom the little sentient table was sure to be large enough. Poor Charles alone seemed at a loss to know where to go, or what he ought to do. The effort of walking from the corner wherein he had hitherto stood ensconced, and passing conspicuously round the bright constellation which surrounded the magic table, was greatly too much for his courage; yet to stay and listen, unlicensed, to all the wit and wisdom about to flash in rapid coruscations from the stars which formed it, was not to be thought of! His conscience told him that in acting thus, he should be little better than a thief, who, "from a shelf the precious diadem stole, and put it in his pocket." His embarrassment was most painful, and gladly would he at that moment have exchanged all the glories of Mrs. Gibson's back drawing-room, for a seat on the bank of turf in the orchard at Maplebury, beside his own little humble worshipper, Bessy.

Whether his shyness or his honour would have got the better in this struggle had it been continued, can never be known; for Marchmont on accidentally turning his head, perceived him and immediately put an end to it, by saying,

"My dear friend, you have forgotten our young stranger! Now then, put your table to the proof, and bid it stretch itself to make room for him."

This command was instantly obeyed; and with the more promptitude, perhaps, because it was quite out of the common way for Mr. Marchmont, while enjoying the petting of which he had boasted, to give himself any trouble about the accommodation of others; his sagacious friend therefore immediately suspected that her favourite had some especial reason for this remarkable condescension. Nor was she in any degree mistaken.

Marchmont, while his eye seemed directed only towards Marvel, had not failed to observe the ardent, eager, admiring gaze of the young head, peeping from behind him. It was precisely the expression he loved best to see in those who listened to him. Moreover, he had not forgotten that the youth had been presented to him as one vehemently desirous of seeing himself in print, and likewise as being blessed with friends and protectors whose names seemed to promise profitable patronage.

Charles Chesterfield, therefore, not only found himself honoured beyond the reach of hope, by obtaining a seat near the elastic table, but was asked to drink wine by Mr. Marchmont himself, and more than once felt the great man's eagle glance upon him, as he listened to the wonders of his eloquence.

Chap. VII.

A TETE-A-TETE, AND ITS RESULT—CHARLES CHESTERFIELD GROWS MANLY AND INDEPENDENT.

According to the general invitation, or rather order, which he had received, Charles Chesterfield made his appearance very punctually at Sir George Meddows's breakfast-table on the following morning. Miss Meddows was the only one of the family who had as yet entered it, and she received the young man's bashful salutation with more condescension and civility than she had yet shown him. She even put aside the book she was reading, as if to converse with him. But though he saw this, and felt quite certain that he ought to say something, he could not manage it. No single word occurred to him, that he thought proper and fitting for the occasion; and he therefore stood before her, blushing like a rosebud, and as silent as the tomb.

This was not what the young lady intended; and she therefore, after desiring him to seat himself, addressed him with a smile of so much sweetness, that could he have been left alone the moment after, with pen, ink, and paper, it is probable he would have produced something or other, upon lips and eyes, more spirited than all he had ever written on these inspiring subjects before. But it was many minutes before all this gentle condescension produced on Charles the effect intended; or, in other words, it was long before the young man dared trust his nerves with the sound of his own voice.

At length, however, upon Clara's asking him if he still thought he should find any thing in the gloomy streets of London, to atone for the pure air and green fields he had left behind, such an effect followed, as showed she had touched that point in his character, where the shyness of rustic breeding was overpowered by a stronger feeling. It was like finding at last the secret spring by whose agency alone some hidden treasure can be brought to view, when, after in vain touching here, and pressing there, the right spot being found at last, out starts the hoarded wealth before the seeker's eyes.

"Alone!" reiterated Charles, totally unconscious of the freedom required to justify such an echo-like mode of colloquy. "Miss Meddows! Should I ever be driven to consider the country, its blue sky, and its green fields, its scented blossoms — which in truth I fondly love—and its balmy air, should I, Miss Meddows, be ever forced to consider these as blessings only to be enjoyed by sacrificing those which have already opened before me in London, I should learn to tremble at their name, and shudder at every idle image of rural beauty which memory might suggest."

Not only the words, but the manner of this vehement speech, startled the young lady considerably. The countenance of Charles Chesterfield, though as yet a little too blooming in its sunny freshness to suggest any idea of great refinement, was, nevertheless, exceedingly handsome. Though with no pretensions whatever to be accounted as one of those "sublime sort of Newton-faced men" for whom some ladies are inclined to feel a decided partiality, he had fine regular features, and, better still, considerable power of expression; so that when looking at him, as Clara Meddows did at that moment, while his whole soul was in his eyes, and the most genuine enthusiasm animating his countenance,

it was impossible not to acknowledge that he was both handsome and intelligent. She felt surprised, and probably looked so; for without quite losing the animation which had for a while so completely overthrown his timidity, he added, "Forgive me, Miss Meddows! I did not mean to frighten you by the impetuous expression of my feelings, and nothing but the great kindness of your manner could have led me to express them at all. It is difficult, I believe, amidst circumstances so very new as those in which I find myself, to speak of one's real feelings without falling into this error."

"Sincerity can never be an error, Mr. Chesterfield," she replied, "but I should betray the want of it, did I not confess that I still feel doubtful of the wisdom of your preference of the town to the country."

"I, too, love sincerity, Miss Meddows," he rejoined, very ingenuously, "and it is for that very reason that I own so freely the preference I avow. It seems to myself almost unnatural that a few, a very few hours, spent with a man of extraordinary intellect, should make me feel for him as I do. I would rather cultivate this man's society, though the doing so should contemn me to find my home where I could never see the sun, than be debarred from association and fellowship with him and his, though I should gain thereby the brightest heaven and the purest air that God ever gave to man."

All this, though uttered very rapidly, was not got through without abundance of blushes, and such vehement palpitation of the heart as he had never felt before. "Whether for good or for evil," thought Clara, "it is clear that this poor youth is destined to fret his hour upon the stage to which my father has transported him! Can it be," and the idea brought with it such pleasure as made her eagerly cherish it,—"can it be that in this business I have mistrusted my poor father wrongfully? Can it be that, having no such vile thoughts as I suspected, he has seen in this boy that which I see now? If so, he may have been led solely by his habitual love of speculation to invite him hither, in the belief that he really had talents which might push their way to fortune."

For the moment which it took for these meditations to pass through the active brain of Clara, her companion remained with his eyes almost unconsciously fixed on her face; for, as her own bright glances were for the interval settled upon the carpet, he was so far enabled to forget himself and his timidity as to look steadily at her, which, in truth, he had never done before, having ever turned his own eyes from encountering hers, with the startled shyness of a young leveret, who bounds away in terror the instant he encounters a human glance.

But now that at last he did really venture to contemplate her face, wonder seemed to conquer fear, and a feeling made up of curiosity and admiration, caused him to speculate as he gazed upon the possibility of approaching to such a degree of acquaintance with her as might enable him to submit to the "divine intelligence" he read upon her brow, the outpouring of his muse. The sudden start which her looking up occasioned, might have convinced her, had she thought about it, that his revery had been as active as her own; but the new, and very pleasant view which she had now taken of the young man's sudden introduction to the family, made her too anxious to atone to her father, in the person of his guest, for the evil thoughts with which she charged herself, to permit her to remark it, and with still increased friendliness of

manner, she said, "And who was it, Mr. Chesterfield, who pleased you so greatly at Mrs. Gibson's party last night?"

"It was Mr. Marchmont," he replied, colouring with eagerness, and literary pride, at having such a name to mention.

Had Clara cared a little more about Charles Chesterfield, she would have heaved a sigh perhaps at hearing this name; but, as it was, she only knit her beautiful brows the least in the world, and replied,

"Oh! the editor of the *Regenerator*."

"Yes, I believe that is the name of the work. I know he is editor of a weekly publication in very high estimation. Mr. Gibson was kind enough to whisper this to me, but I did not catch the name very distinctly."

"The *Regenerator* is his paper," rejoined the young lady, "at least if you are right as to the name of the gentleman."

"In that I am sure I have made no mistake," replied Charles eagerly, "for it was repeated very often. Do you know him, Miss Meddows?"

"No, I do not," was the reply.

Charles longed to tell her that if her charming countenance did not belie the soul within, the sooner she made the acquaintance the better; but even had he had the boldness to utter such a speech, there was no time for it, for at that moment Mrs. Longuéville entered, and in a minute after, Sir George Meddows himself.

Mrs. Longuéville's first movement on seeing young Chesterfield, was a very stiff one; which even before it had passed away, was singularly enough contrasted with the bland smile which the recollection of her brother's instructions concerning him produced.

"*Good* morning, Mr. Chesterfield," said she, in mood the second. "We quite missed you at breakfast yesterday." Then sweeping past him, and placing her cheek close to that of Clara, as if to receive half a French salute, she whispered in her ear, "What an incredible bore!" in mood the first.

"That's right, Charles! we have got you again, have we?" cried Sir George, joyously saluting the shoulders of the young man with his spread hand, as he entered. "Are you not a fine fellow? and did I not prophesy rightly? Just one day and a quarter in London, and two invitations already! Ring the bell, Clara—I am famishing—settling accounts ever since nine this morning."

Charles flew to the bell with new-born alacrity, of which Clara's condescension was the mother. She bowed to him as she placed herself at the table, while her father exclaimed,

"Oh, to be sure—I had forgot—that is quite right, Charles—nature has made you a genius, and we must make you a gentleman."

Poor Charles coloured deeply at his implied deficiencies; but the coffee and rolls entered, every one became occupied, and he felt almost at ease as he half bowed, half nodded, a smiling assent to Clara, when she held out a cup, and said,

"Sugar, Mr. Chesterfield?"

"We have a dinner to-day, haven't we?" demanded Sir George.

"Yes, papa, the Wilmots, Beaumonts, and Wakefields were invited for to-day, before we left town at Easter—and," pulling out from her bag a little ivory tablet, "Lord Icelington, Captain Tolwell, and Sir William Crawley also."

"Does not Dalrymple dine here?" asked Sir George sharply. "I hope you have neither of you been rude to him? It struck me that he went away very early last night. You do not think he is affronted at any thing, Amelia, do you?"

"Indeed, no!" replied Mrs. Longuéville. "I think it is quite too impossible. I am sure you are always kindness itself to him, Sir George."

"And I would have every body else kindness itself to him," returned the baronet. "What on earth, Clara, could induce you to omit sending him a card for to-day?"

"It was not omitted, papa," said Miss Meddows, colouring, "and I dare say he intends to dine here."

"Upon my word, Clara, for a girl so thoroughly well brought up as you have been, you have the very oddest way of doing and saying things; but it's no matter—if the invitation was sent, it is all very well. Chesterfield, here is an egg, if you like to have it—I shall not eat another. I say, Charles, what do you mean to do with yourself to-night?"

"I know of nothing for to-night, Sir George."

"No? that's unlucky, too; because, my dear fellow, you'll observe it is rather a particular sort of party that I expect here to-day, and I don't think it would suit you to be one of them at all. You would find it a monstrous bore—such formal quizzes! But I'll tell you what you can do though, and no bad notion either—you shall stick to the solidities at luncheon to-day—there's always mutton-chops, or beef-steaks, or something of that sort you know, about two o'clock—and then, if you have a mind, you can go into the pit of one of the playhouses to-night. I'll ask Dalrymple to let his valet go with you—he is out of livery, you know, and a very decent fellow to look at, with a fifty times smarter-looking coat, my dear boy, if the truth must be spoken, than your own, Charles."

Miss Meddows coloured, and cast a glance at her father that certainly did not speak approbation. Charles Chesterfield too changed countenance—but this time it was no blush of shyness that altered his complexion. He became considerably paler than usual; and as he remembered how very little the lessons or the converse of the good vicar had prepared him for the companionship of grooms, he was strongly urged by the best part of the spirit within him, to sacrifice all the hopes which the protection of Sir George fostered, by boldly telling him that his proposal showed such ignorance of the gentle craft to which, though with all humility, he conceived himself to belong, that the only way to answer it was, by withdrawing himself from his presence for ever. How far such a reply might have effected the future destiny of the young man, it is impossible to say; for it was not written in the book of fate that it should be spoken. From her father, the eyes of Miss Meddows turned upon Charles, and there was enough of sympathy in their expression both to sooth his anger and satisfy his pride. He returned the glance by one that said very plainly, "I thank you," and then his colour again changed, and once more with the glowing cheeks of a country lad, whose shyness left no power either to resent or to reason, he replied,

"No thank you, sir, I had rather stay at home—in my own lodgings

I mean," he added quickly, "for I wish to spend this evening in writing to my family."

"That's very well then," said his patron, perfectly satisfied; and after a little unmeaning talk between the brother and sister, for Clara did not speak another word, the breakfast-table broke up, Sir George retiring to his library, Mrs. Longuéville to her boudoir, and Clara to a small third drawing-room which was held to be very sacredly her own. Sir George was the first to leave the room, and before Mrs. Longuéville had quite followed him, Clara, who alone had not yet risen from her chair, said, "Mr. Chesterfield, before you go out, let me have the pleasure of introducing you to my morning sitting-room. If you have made no other engagement for two o'clock, I can give you a ticket for the Royal Institution, where you would hear a lecture that would, I think, interest you."

Mrs. Longuéville stood still as soon as her niece began to speak; and therefore heard, as the young lady intended she should, every word she said. Charles replied with equal simplicity and earnestness, "I am very much obliged to you."

"Come then!" added Clara, "I will show you the way to my sanctum."

So saying, she rose, and slipped on, Charles following her; while Mrs. Longuéville, her eyes wide open in unmitigated astonishment, stood aside to let them pass, exclaiming in an undertone, "*Incroyable!*"

Arrived in her sitting-room with her surprised but greatly flattered companion, Miss Meddows neither seated herself nor invited her guest to be seated; but having given him the promised ticket, and explained to him the nature of the institution, she took from her bookshelves a very conveniently-arranged map of London, which a sharp-witted observer might perhaps have guessed from its evidently untouched condition, had been procured on purpose, and pointing out with very patient goodnature the situation of Albemarle-street, and its relative position both as to Bruton and South Moulton streets, said, "This map will, I think, enable you, with very little trouble, to find your way about London. Do keep it, Mr. Chesterfield. Good morning."

It was very judicious, and quite right in the young lady, to make the ceremony of dismissal thus clear; for the feeling of fear, very nearly amounting to dislike, which Charles had previously conceived towards the haughty-looking beauty, was fast melting away before her pitying kindness; and instead of wishing to get out of her way as speedily as possible, as heretofore, he would very fain have sat down once more in her presence, and led her to speak again as she had spoken in the morning. But there was no danger that he should mistake her farewell for a permission to stay, neither did he; but after silently holding the ticket and the map in his hand for one moment, as if meditating how much he might express of the feelings that filled his heart, he said, with a *naïveté* that well became him, "Indeed, and indeed, this is very kind of you, Miss Meddows!"

It *was* very kind, and seasonably so, for without this agreeable circumstance the day would have been very shapeless and very melancholy to poor Charles. As it was, he did very well; not troubling the substantial luncheon of St. George, which would have interfered with

the lecture, but with a spirit of independence, of which he felt rather proud, he entered a shop as he returned from Albemarle-street, whose window showed forth the promise of a dinner, and then returned to his lodgings with a sufficient stock of pleasant meditations and happy feelings, to last him till he went to bed. One subject, and certainly not the least important, of these meditations, was the promised notice from Mr. Marchmont, respecting the time when it would suit that gentleman's convenience to grant him the hoped-for interview, for the purpose of discussing the great subject of his literary hopes and wishes.

But though the day wore away without his receiving this, Charles bore the delay extremely well. He really did wish to write to his mother, and to Bessy, and to his venerable friend, Mr. Westbrook, and as he had much more to tell than his promised frank could possibly contain, the employment, while it lasted, was such as very effectually to chase away every feeling of *ennui*. Moreover, there had been much in Mr. Faraday's lecture to employ his mind in a manner altogether new to him, and the pleasant remembrance of Miss Meddows's altered manner so completely filled up every interval, that, instead of finding the hours lag, he was greatly surprised when he heard his landlady's clock, on the staircase, strike eleven.

(To be continued.)

SKETCHES OF MODERN CHARACTER.

No. I.

THE LADY PATRONESS.

By Mrs. Gore.

A Lady Patroness is a woman preferred above her sex, in deference to those influences of rank, fortune, or fashion, which entitle her to fleece the opulent for the benefit of the indigent; a chartered mendicant at second hand: a privileged beggar in the service of the less privileged poor. High station and a low mind are indispensable to the success of such a vocation; a vocation more rarely embraced for conscience sake, than at the instigation of some active philanthropist, who plays upon the weakness of the great lady, and engages her services in behalf of more deserving persons. He assures her that the "importance of her ladyship's name—the influence of the high estimation in which her ladyship is held by the public—the attraction of her ladyship's beauty, wit, or accomplishments," cannot fail to draw purchasers to her bazaar, or subscribers to her list; whereupon the idle woman of fashion renounces her devotion to the *sacro santo far niente*, and becomes transformed into a woman of business;—an inditer of begging letters, not liable to the prosecutions of the Mendicity Society;—a canvasser, reversing all ordinary forms of corruption.

That species of moral courage which the profane call impudence, is

a first-rate requisite in the Lady Patroness. She must be as fearless in attack as steady in defence. *She* must NOT "bear her faculties meekly;" but brandish her coronet like a weapon of offence, in order to accomplish her purposes. A moderately important personage venturing to beset your privacy with petitions for Poles, or tickets for benefit concerts, would be dismissed as a bore, or insulted as a nuisance. But a begging marchioness!—a gaberlunzie woman having all the glories of the Herald's College emblazoned on the panels of her carriage!—No resisting such an appeal!—No denying a petitioner whose tall footmen with their cocked-hats and gold-headed canes, seem prepared to knock you down in case of resistance.

The world is still deceived by ornament;

and so fine a lady has only to look fierce and persevere, to extract the sovereigns from your purse, and keep the strings of her own, Gordianly knotted.

The Lady Patroness is usually selected from among those noble matrons between thirty and threescore years of age, who are destitute of offspring upon whom to wreak the irritabilities of their leisure; Countesses who have no daughters to manœuvre for; Viscountesses who have no aspiring sons with electioneering interests to be kept up; busy, stirring souls, never weary of writing three-cornered notes to their intimates, and four-cornered to the destined victims of their beneficent spoliations; eloquent missives enclosing concert-bills, tickets for fancy fairs, bazaars, or balls;—cajoling or bullying, according to the temper or station of the recipient. Some tact is of course indispensable in the composition of these appeals.

The begging-letter impostor whose seal bears the impress of a coronet, is, or ought to be, aware that the rich director's wife in Portland-place, or the Irish member's in Eaton-square, must be addressed in a very different tone from the poor little ensign of the Coldstream, in his lodgings in Bury-street, St. James's. Mrs. Crœsus must be wooingly entreated;—must be melted with civilities;—must be bamboozled by a list of honourable and right honourable subscribers, whose high-sounding benefactions are intended to point out the amount of her expected gratuity. She must be made to imagine that the patronage of bishops and archbishops, duchesses or ministers of state, will be unavailing to the highly-deserving institution suing for her patronage, unless *her* most respectable name be added to the catalogue of its well-wishers. Five guineas' worth of *her* influence in the eyes of the world will do more for the bankrupt dispensary, or the widow of some foreign fiddler, than the hundreds or fifties of less deserving patrons. And after perusing with suitable respect, the "*Madamina il catalogo è questo*," how can Mrs. Moorshedabad, or Lady O'Donahoo, do less than enclose a check on their husband's banker in return, admitting the eloquence of the Lady Patroness to be irresistible?—

With some ambitious cornet of the household brigade, slender guardsman, or much-enduring clerk in the Treasury, she assumes a loftier attitude; "presents her compliments," as she would present a pistol to his breast, and bids him "stand and deliver" his one-pound one, or *withstand* her at his peril. The apprehension of forfeiting his annual sixteenth of one of her ladyship's dinners (including turtle,

spring chickens, green goose, and the company of the beauty or wit in vogue), determines the poor fellow to submission. He swallows Signor Humbuginbach's concert, for the sake of the hock and claret by which he humbly trusts it will be washed down; or subscribes his sovereign (a mighty mite to a young gentleman rejoicing in an income of 180*l.* per annum, washing included) for the benefit of the missionaries of Owhyhee, secretly hoping that her ladyship will be pleased to reward his munificence with an opera ticket or so, in the course of the season. But if, after presenting her compliments to him on the Saturday, the Lady Patroness choose to cut his acquaintance—the unkindest cut of all—in Kensington-gardens on the Sunday, the subscriber has no title to complain. In appealing so familiarly to his feelings, like Thomas Thumb in the tragedy, her ladyship

Did her duty, and she did no more.

She was civil only in her vocation—gracious only as a Lady Patroness.

In London life, patronesship is a matter of election. Among the two thousand noble or wealthy ladies whose names are supposed to lend grace to a subscription, or whose equipages seen waiting at the private door of a Hanover-square bazaar, are known to increase the congregation of powdered footmen and wiggy body-coachmen, it is something to be solicited as sponsor for the nursling institution, or starveling charity-school. In the country, on the contrary, it is a thing of inheritance. The great lady of any neighbourhood, whether a seventy-four duchess, or a gunbrig baronet's wife, becomes, as a matter of course, patroness of whatever attempts are to be made on the indulgence of the provincial public; nay, even the mayor's lady in a country town, must ascend the throne by right divine, failing higher branches in the succession.

If a benefit play be bespoken (the tragedy of "Hamlet" or of "Macbeth" for instance, with the parts of the royal Dane, or disloyal Thane omitted by particular desire), she must occupy the box of honour for the exclusive enjoyment of the float of tallow-candles, in order that the Mrs. Diapers and Miss Figs of the Market-place, may be persuaded to vouchsafe the light of their countenances and the price of their tickets. The playbills must be headed under the immediate patronage of—no matter who—the greatest lady of the place; or the Brummagem Macready will open his mouth, and the manager his doors in vain. No Lady Patroness—no receipt! Again, you might as well have the plate at a cathedral-door placed on a kettle-trivet, as in the hands of a pew-opener or churchwarden. A polite congregation loves to bestow its shillings and sixpences upon a charmer in a lilac satin-pelisse, with French flowers in her bonnet. The Lady Patroness never looks more exquisite than when standing in the porch of an old country-church, receiving the copper contributions and courtesies of the poor old women in their red cloaks, who are willing to sacrifice their weeks' tobacco towards rebuilding the organ-loft, without surmising that the cost of the whole undertaking does not equal the value of the Brussels lace veil of the lady who smiles so eloquent an appeal to their magnanimity. The harangue from the pulpit, the private badgering of the parish-clerk, had failed to convince them.—But

who is to resist the elegance and affectation of the Lady Patroness?—

There are necessarily Lady Patronesses of all sorts and sizes, sects and opinions. The serious Lady Patroness,—the great lady of Exeter Hall,—the Madonna Laura of the Petrarchs in buzz-wigs,—the blue of Rivingtons and Hatchards,—is the Hecuba of the tribe. A degree of respectability is attached to her rustling skirts, which ought to render them arrow-proof against the shafts of ridicule, even as the mail of a crusader—or the scales of a crocodile. Her charity, unlike the charity that begins at home, is of the comprehensive species that wafts an obolus from Indus to the Pole, in order to furnish missionaries for the dusky tribes of heathenesse, and a maintenance for the still darker tribes lacking employment in the overstocked market of piety in Great Britain. Seldom, it is true, do we hear of these comfortable dames taking out two pence and giving them to the host, in behalf of some needy wayfarer of the laity: more rarely still, of their exercising their influence in society for the benefit of some victim of its injustice, its pride and prejudice. When slanders and scandals darken the atmosphere, they are fain to let the wicked world have its way; unless when that way can be invaded by the thousand-parson force of prejudices stronger and more powerful still; crushed by the Thor-like hammer of a hierarchy, or brought down by the long rifle of a backwoodsman, taking his sly aim from behind the whited wall of evangelism. Devoid of all pretence to the heavenly meekness of genuine Christianity, the serious Lady Patroness *is* "puffed up," "vaunteth herself," and (under correction), "*doth* behave herself unseemly."

Then comes the political Lady Patroness; the distributor of election ribbons, and other party gewgaws; the accredited monsterer of nothings inaudible in the gallery, lisped by the pap-boat members. Instead of the heaps of tracts damp from the press, which moisten the carriage-cushions of the serious Lady Patroness, the morocco swabs of the political Lady Patroness are encumbered by the dog's-eared pages of some dry pamphlet,—the last "striking effort" of the newest man of genius forced into bloom in the succession-house of her party. By vocation a fetcher and carrier of paper place-traps, she takes care to have the useful passages scored in pencil by the author, for the benefit of the minister's private secretary; and the objectionable ones scored in red ink by the minister's private secretary, for the instruction of the aspiring author. Not unfrequently, said author in his proper person usurps the place of his work, and is dawdled about in morning visits from house to house, in those environs of Grosvenor-square or Carlton-terrace, which enshrine the penates of the great men of Downing-street.

Next follows the literary Lady Patroness; a variety of the lion-feeder,—but that her lions are fed, like courtiers,—"promise cramm'd!" The literary Lady Patroness is a jackal to the annuals and other miscellanies of polite literature. She it is, who provides a place in the alms-houses of the arts, for Lord Thomas's verses, or Lady Sarah's sketches; thereby eliciting the eternal gratitude of the editor, proprietor, printer, and binder of the golden library of the tabbies. She it is, whose conversazione confers immortality on the unknown epic, and

crowns with bays the prose of the poet and the poets of the prosy. Whereas the serious Lady Patroness is "an old woman clothed in gray," the literary one is usually a young one enrobed in cerulean blue. Mild as Helicon, she eschews the noisy gabble of her political rival, who always appears to be over-talking a debate; and is measured in her dicta, and few and far between in her arbitrements, even as the solemn minute-guns of a quarterly review, compared with the squibbing of a daily paper. Her gentle dulness recoils from the hurry and bustle of the great lady of the hustings; and "like the fat weed that rots itself at ease on Lethe's wharf," she is usually to be found lolling dozily on the cushions of her boudoir, with the last volume of her latest *protégé* drooping from her hand! Never, however, does she fail to avail herself of your visit, to victimize you in favour of some subscription work, or theatrical benefit,—enabling you to see Shakspeare murdered in cold blood, at the cost of two pounds two per hour. She is sure to have some Miss Seraphina Snobbs—some virgin tragedy—"some orphan muse" to intrust to your sympathies. As a counterbalance to the enormous weight of advice wherewith she loads her unoffending *protégés*, she heaps up for their credit the halfcrowns and half-sovereigns extorted from her friends, to be lumped in the subscription list as "9*l.* 11*s.* 4*d.* collected by the Right Honourable the Countess of Indigo;" beating out the gold of others into thin leaf, in order to gild the pill of her bitter counsel.

Last comes the fashionable Lady Patroness,—the dispenser of gentility,—the fountain of honour to the nobodies,—the grandee who buoys up with empty bladders the novice wading a first attempt in that sea of troubles, the ocean of the great world. We speak not of the Lady Patronesses of Almack's. Every body who knows any thing, that is, any body who knows every body, is aware that Almack's is an elective monarchy, an irresponsible sovereignty;—that its chief magistrates are great unpaid, whose labour, like virtue, is its own reward;—and whose reward, like virtue's, is too apt to be pain and grief. Those ædiles of the *beau monde*, therefore, who, after giving themselves such infinite trouble, find it so difficult to give satisfaction to the wicked and perverse generation of fashionable life, ought to be sacred objects in the eyes of the profane.

The fashionable Lady Patroness, meanwhile, whom we would render a fixed figure for the hand of scorn to point its slow unmoving finger at, "is the *would*-be fine lady who tenders her services to the *will*-be fine lady, to help her up the ladder of west-end notoriety;"—who makes out visiting lists for those who want to visit every body, and whom nobody cares to visit;—who "weeds" the acquaintance of people whose drawing-room is an uncultivated waste reclaimed from the brickfields;—who hints a fault and hesitates dislike, whenever the giver of balls suggests the name of an untitled friend;—and insists that the whole tribe of country cousins shall be cut, without conscience or compunction:—"The creatures are used to it."

The fashionable Lady Patroness has an overflowing list of mantua-makers, milliners, hairdressers, and the general commissariate of the toilet, all "by appointment to" her noble self, and consequently unrivalled,—for such recommendations act as a discount to be abstracted from her bill. She is to be served quicker and cheaper than other customers,

in consideration of the number of family coaches she brings in succession to the door. It is true her pet shoemaker is little better than a cobbler,—but then he is "such a civil creature;"—her court dressmaker little better than a sempstress,—but then she is "so wonderfully cheap;" and so omnipotent is the power of puffing in this our age of charlatanism, that by dint of praising and pushing them on, the cobbler and sempstress undertaken by the fashionable Lady Patroness, if they do not learn to make shoes or gowns, invariably contrive to make fortunes.

The fashionable Lady Patroness is a pearl, richer than all her tribe; the only Lady Patroness who is seen to fatten on her vocation. The missionaries and dispensaries,—the under secs and pamphleteers,—the ballad-mongers and annual-spinners, give in return for the exertions of *their* protectresses the breath of praise in exchange for the breath of praise—incense for incense, or, as Lear hath it, "nothing for nothing." But the fashionable Lady Patroness obtains solid pudding in exchange for *her* empty praise. The fashionable Lady Patroness has a corner kept for her at the dinner-table for which she has engaged the French cook, and invited the English guests. She is implored to come and meet the duchess whom she has manœuvred into gracing the feast with her presence. She is assured that she must be at hand to do the honours of the ambassador who is to do her particular friends the honour of eating their turtle and venison. She must taste the hock purveyed by her own purveyor; she must give her opinion of the ice tickled up by a Gunter of her own invention; she must witness the first attempt out of livery of the clodpole she has disciplined into butlership: she must help to take the shine out of the service of plate for which she furnished the design. Nay, some of the forced peaches must be placed in her carriage which were provided half-a-crown apiece below market price, by the fruiterer who furnishes her own unrivalled desserts. She must be at hand to set forth the merits of the three courses, with a theatrical aside of

> Que ça est bon! Ah! goutez ça!—
> This jelly's rich,—this malmsey's healing;

and all "furnished at the inexplicably low price of one pound seven-and-sixpence a head, by a very clean, honest, little man, whom I employ for all my own dinners, and who is getting on so wonderfully that he will not undertake so much as a *fricandeau* under six weeks' notice!"

Such is the dainty dame in whom officiousness becomes a virtue, per force of the exigencies of lady patronesship. Such the charming extortioner who, like a brilliant parasite plant entwining a tree to its perdition, ruins one with caresses. Her kindness is a gnawing worm,—her friendship a perpetual blister. Like the daughters of the horse leech, her cry is "Give, give, give!"—an appeal difficult to *forgive* when repeated with such "damnable iteration." She will not leave to her victims so much as the virtue of generosity to call their own; rendering them unwilling benefactors of the humble poor,—unwilling acquaintances of the presuming rich.

But *basta!* another word, and this our miscellany would be repudiated for ever from the good offices of that "besetting Botherby" the fashionable Lady Patroness.

A TALK ABOUT TALKING.

"Ergo nihil parlant, nisi sit parlare bisognus."—Merlin: Cocalius.

"Socrate a préféré la cigue à la gêne de contenir sa langue."—Lettres du Roi de Prusse.

It has been well observed that a man repents a thousand times in his life of something that he has spoken; rarely, or never, of having held his tongue: and Pythagoras thought nine years of taciturnity barely a sufficient preliminary to enable his scholars to speak to some purpose. Epictetus, likewise, was a great encourager of silence, recommending a paucity of talk as a notable virtue: to say nothing of the monks of La Trappe, who, perhaps, should rather be taken, as testifying in favour of speech, than against it, inasmuch as their silence is a matter of self-denial and penance, a voluntary abstinence from what they esteem an enjoyment. We may therefore apply to their practice the Terentian maxim, *tacent, satis laudant.* Be that however as it may, the advocates of the silent system are not wanting in numbers, weight, or dignity, to uphold the superiority of the eldest daughter of night.

It may, then, be thought disrespectful to high authorities, if we venture to call such dogmas in question; but we must, nevertheless, make bold to express a suspicion that speech is not without its use, or, at least, that if talk be no better than an infirmity, it is a very natural one. These very recommendations of silence, indeed, whatever their author's may have thought, appear to us no other than indirect eulogies on the gift of the gab: first, as being a thing too precious to be wasted, and, next, as indicating the greatness of its use by the manifold dangers of its abuse,—two incidents ever closely coupled in the eternal nature of things.

To those who are accustomed to pride themselves on their humanity, and to plume themselves on being the lords of the creation, it is enough to hint that speech is the distinguishing characteristic of the species. Linnæus has properly defined man, *Homo loquens sapiens;* the one being a clear consequence of the other: for, as we all know, *logos* is good Greek for discourse, and for reason too; whence it follows, "as ready as a borrower's cap," that to talk is reasonable, and that it is reasonable to talk.

Against this definition of Linnæus, there is nothing to be concluded from the chattering of pies or parrots, or from the vocal performances of the talking canary. Between human eloquence, and the dicacity of the parrot, which "wants discourse of reason," there is all the difference in the world; and if it be objected that very many unfledged bipeds are in the habit of repeating other people's jargon, without more comprehension of the meaning, than "pretty Poll's," the circumstance only proves the great fact of the imperfection of all natural systems. The distinctions of species are artificial, and often awkward, attempts at following nature, who proceeds by shadings so gradual and insensible that panting logic toils after her in vain. It may therefore be quite impossible, in certain cases, to trace the line, where the *homo sapiens loquens* ends, and the *psittacus garrulus* begins; and yet the de-

finition shall remain for all ordinary purposes sufficient and satisfactory.

Most writers who would show their wit by running down the faculty of speech, affectedly oppose discourse to action. *Macbeth* is made to say, "No boasting like a fool; this deed I'll do, before the purpose cools," and another author has worked the thought into a general phorism:

> "And still says sly old Hodge, says he,
> Great talkers do the least, d' you see."

The fallacy of the conclusion will become evident, when you reflect (which, reader, it is to be hoped you do sometimes) that speech is itself an action. The prerogative lawyers of old have decided that writing is acting, and letters are but the representatives of sounds. If, therefore, there is any force in that other law maxim, *quod facit per alium facit per se*, speech must be as much action as libel writing. Speech has, in itself, all the parts of a perfect action; the deliberate volition, (as when a man *will* be a bore, and tear the buttons off your coat to force you to listen)—the agent—the patient (*i.e.* the button owner)—and the end or object. What more would you wish for?

The objects of speech are as many as the objects of human desire, and if it be true that most men will do any thing for the carrying a purpose, it is equally so that they will say any thing. In public life the speakers have sufficient motives for their unbounded flux of tongue, and rarely "air their vocabularies" without knowing why. Lawyers speak for their fee, actors for their salary, parliamentary candidates and charlatans to sell their wares, and M. P.s *in esse*, to please their constituents. Criminals at the gallows talk (when they are permitted to speak), in order to gain a moment's delay; while auctioneers, on the contrary, are verbose, to come the sooner to the end of their business. In private life, those persons are commonly thought to be the most profuse talkers who have the least to say, and who talk to the least purpose; but this is an error: they talk, *pour le plaisir de s'écouter*, for the love of hearing their own "sweet voices;"—as good a reason as any other. In the case matrimonial, the parties talk to obtain the last word: travellers in stage-coaches talk to insinuate their own consequence to their temporary companions; and ladies talk in their opera-boxes to show that they are rich enough to pay for what they do not care to enjoy. We must therefore protest, with all our energies, against the antithesis between talking and doing; and against the proverbial denunciation of "idle discourses," two words which involve a positive contradiction. Silence may be idle, and many, indeed, make contemplation an excuse for a sound nap; but discourse is, by the force of the term, activity, and talkers are most industrious personages. It is worthy of remark, *à propos* to this activity, that the tongue is the only voluntary muscle, which, like a steam-engine, is not liable to fatigue; a fact of which we have an apt illustration, in the instance of the two lovers who "sat on a hill, and talked for the length of a whole summer's day, but never could talk their fill."

Further, it is no small evidence of the dignity of speech, that, while it is the attribute of men, it is of the very essence of female nature. On

this point, Anacreon (who ought to have known better), fell into a grievous error. It was not, as he asserts, beauty, which the gods bestowed as an armour on the sex, but a well-balanced tongue; and how serviceable a weapon that may be, we leave to the whole male family of the Sneaks to declare. On this head, we never could tolerate the grumblings of husbands; for we hold most potently that nature has made nothing in vain. With less than an unlimited liberty of speech, wives would be no match for the selfishness of man; and the parable of the unjust judge is but a type of those male, or malcontents, who would deprive their *chastes moitiés* of their sole defence, for no better reason than that they may have, as the sailor said of the methodist preacher, "all the jaw to themselves." Besides, the advantage sought is but a cowardly advantage; for when all is said, the pepperings from the small shot of female eloquence are great only to little men. A wise man, like Socrates, or a brave man like —— (the example is wanting), must feel that,

"Parlar di donna non fè mai gran danno;"

or, to speak in the vernacular, that hard words (in the mouths of the ladies) "break no bones."

All things considered, there is some room to doubt, whether the ladies have so very much the advantage in respect to talk, over the men. Whatever, at least, may be their potentialities in the way of argument, they do (as a matter of fact) use them with more discretion than is usually supposed. The really determined female assertors of their own way, trust implicitly to their conscious pertinacity of purpose, letting their husbands talk as they please without contradiction; and, whatever may be said of the *copia verborum* with which some wives make good their own will, the inexperienced may take our words for it, that a lady is never so much to be dreaded, as when she makes no reply whatever to an objection. Be it also observed that while the women stand in the undisputed possession of a superior command of their parts of speech, they have ever yielded to the other sex the exclusive occupancy of the garrulous professions. Here and there we may read of a female professor, and a woman now and then holds forth in a quakers' meeting; but, excepting Portia, who ever heard of a female advocate? Preaching friars, too, were common enough in the Catholic church, but there was never a foundation of preaching nuns. The only females who have arrogated to themselves a right of public speaking, are the itinerant fishwives, who recommend their flounders and mackerel to a discriminating public by the exertion of their lungs; but these are so far from an example, that they are universally repudiated by the sex, as an exception and a disgrace.

Sappho, who must have known something of her own sex, so far from considering their volubility as a nuisance, has put down their prittle-prattle as among the greatest of their charms.

"Blest as the immortal gods is he,
The happy youth who sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while,
Softly speak, and sweetly smile."

Now, speaking all the while, would be no joke, if the ungallant notions of of the gentlemen went for any thing; but we must allow that when ladies indulge in a lecture, nothing in it is half so provoking, as the softness of its tones. No, if we must be thwarted in the career of our humour by female elocution, in the name of Pity let the accents correspond with the thoughts; and if a wife is to be in a passion, let her say so at once, and not shoot out her most envenomed arrows as if they were sugar-plums,—it is adding insult to injury.

One great argument in favour of speech will be found in the universal admiration it excites. If eloquence was the glory of Greece and Rome, it is equally so of the red nations of America; many of their chiefs might be fairly placed on a line with the Ciceros and the Burkes of civilized life; nay, some of them have even approached the greatest orators of the common council, the conventicle, or the debating society. It must, indeed, be admitted that the savages, as we call them in our self-sufficiency, confine their oratory to great occasions; in the common intercourse of domestic life; being rather partial to the *voies de fait;* whereas in all classes of civilized society, talking is a principal occupation.

If two savages have any little disputes about *meum et tuum*, they fight the matter out, and the verdict is in favour of the survivor; but it is the boast of civilization, that men proceed in such cases by the intervention of law—that is to say, by the talking of well-feed lawyers; and if the matter can but be gotten into the court of chancery, the conversation may outlast many generations of forensic loquacity. So, too, in the constitutional governments of Europe, public business is carried on (that is impeded) by means of discussion; and he is thought to be the greatest statesman, who can hide his three grains of reason in the greatest number of bushels of words. To be ready in debate, is a distinguished merit; to make a clear and able statement, is an useful power; to make a confused and puzzling one, is a qualification in still greater request; but he who can talk against time, and keep the members from their beds till six in the morning, without committing himself to a single definite proposition, is the man of men, the saviour of his country, the admiration of his own party, and the envy of all others.

In high life, the *causerie* of the *boudoir* is a very leading pleasure; while a good talker may be always sure of his dinner, go where he will. The ladies of Rome were accused by Juvenal of a coarse preference for gladiators and military men: "*ferrum est,*" he says "*quod amant;*" but this is obviously the common blunder of mistaking the exception for the rule, besides being in open contradiction with the *una laboranti* charge, and the weighings of Virgil and Homer in the wordy balance. We have little doubt that the real lady-killers in Imperial Rome, like those of Imperial London, were the men who figured best in conversation; that is, who could upon occasion listen the most attentively, when called on and feed and animate a *tête-à-tête* with an endless assortment of small talk.

One great recommendation of speech is, that it is independent of capital, and as accessible to the poor as to the rich; and if the rich are favoured in this respect, it is rather in the quality than the quantity of

their discourse,—except in as far as they have more time to talk at their disposal. That, indeed, is a serious consideration; and the poor are well aware of it, rarely losing an opportunity, when it does occur, for fetching up their leeway. You will never follow two artisans in the street, without overhearing one of them doggedly at work, victimizing his friend with an inexhaustible story: nor will you pass the open windows of a public-house, without the most positive internal evidence of the conversational powers of its visiters.

The exceptions to this universality of loquaciousness, are few and inconsiderable. The one which will most readily suggest itself, is the smoking-club, which is a truly Pythagorean assembly; and the discourse, like an auctioneer's advertisement, is nothing but puff, puff, puff. "I spoke last," was the indignant reply of a master of the yard of clay, when rebuked unjustly for his taciturnity. To expect speech under such circumstances, is most unreasonable; and if there be any one not satisfied with the enjoyment of his weed, but determined to have a noise into the bargain, we must refer him, as the only course, to the use of an hubble-bubble,—which, for continuance and monotony, comes as near to human garrulity as can be expected of any thing mechanical.

Next to the smoking-club, we may rank the whist-party, where, according to proverbial wisdom, talking spoils conversation. The discourse is not indeed limited to yea, yea, nay, nay; but in the rigour of the game, the intercourse between partners does not extend beyond "can you one" and "my king:" while in the way of exclamation, the one word "trump," when the odd trick is in question, excites a greater sensation, than Canning's best speech, or Sheridan's brightest *bon mot*.

There is, moreover, another exception by no means to be omitted in our enumeration,—that of the *tête-à-tête* matrimonial. Why it should happen that husbands make bad talkers, or why those, more especially, who are particularly entertaining abroad, should, on returning to their families, so frequently "hang up their fiddle," we are not prepared to explain: but the fact (as the French say) subsists; and like other actualities, must have a sufficing cause, if we possessed but the wit to discover it. To be sure, in contracting to maintain a wife in sickness and in health, there is no absolute stipulation to maintain her in conversation also; but, still, though there is no legal obligation, there is a moral one, equally binding on honourable minds: and the more so, because lovers are such pleasant company to each other; and because this very conversableness is the identical quality which seduces most ladies into the married state. It was doubtless a knowledge of the usually silent condition of matrimonial intercourse, that led the Parisian, when asked why he did not marry the lady to whom he had been for years devoted, to reply, "*Où, donc, passerai-je mes soirées?*"

In the matter of the silent meetings of the quakers, we have to observe only that these are, in reality, no exceptions to the universal tendency to talk, inasmuch as the parties are waiting merely for the spirit, which is to set their tongues loose; and if they are not talking, it is clear they are thinking what they shall have to talk about. And this, so far from a reproach, we advance as among the highest merits of the sect; heartily wishing that all other holders forth, lay and cle-

rical, professional and voluntary, would learn to hold their tongues, when they are not duly provided with the materials of discourse. The world would be all the merrier,—ay, and the wiser, too, for the forbearance.

There is still another contingency in which talking is by no means essential to human happiness, and that is, when we are enjoying the luxury of a good dinner. However economically nature has in some instances laboured to make one organ perform two functions, it is not the less a law that we can only perform one of them at a time; and the attempt to speak when engaged in the act of swallowing, is a service of eminent peril, to say nothing of the merely unpleasant consequences. "For lips," as Mr. Moore has judiciously observed, "though lovely, must yet be fed;" and when engaged in that interesting occupation, they should sedulously observe the golden rule of *Hoc age*. There are moments, also, at table (and the truth cannot too often be expressed), when a regular talker is a regular bore; if, therefore, not for your own sake, *favete linguis*. for that of your reputation. It is an offence not to be pardoned, the forcibly turning a friend's ideas from the "green velvet" of his turtle-soup, that he may listen to some fool-born jest; the wasting the first sprightly runnings of his good appetite, by distracting attention from a well-timed haunch, to an ill-timed question. We therefore put it to the conscience of the ladies who indulge in hot luncheon (if a regular luncher can have a conscience upon any point), to abstain from all conversational claims on her next neighbour, at least during the first course. Because they have eaten a capital dinner at three o'clock, and "can no more," is that a reason why they should spoil the meal of an honest man who has earned an appetite by abstinence, and a canter round the ring? No matter, indeed, how hardly he may have laboured to qualify for a capital feed (and *sudavit et alsit* applies to this case, as well as to every other mode of greatness), if he be seated next an equivocating diner who coquets with her soup and salmon, there is an end of his enjoyment! We see him with our mind's eye, at this very moment, all apparent attention to his tormentor, with his spoon midway in air between his plate and his lips, while he is in reality contemplating the opportunity of the first pause, to intercalate a morsel of sustenance; and watching for a cough, or a respiration, before the soup is cold, or the plate snatched from before him untouched, by a too fussy attendant.

The first half-hour at table, then, should be sacred to Harpocrates; but that sacrifice to human infirmity being over, nothing is more necessary to present enjoyment and future comfort, than a gay and cheerful conversation at mealtime. It would be a sound dictum of Piron's, that *les morceaux caquetés se digèrent plus aisément*,—if there were no better reason for it, than that talking prevents a too rapid procedure, which not only shortens pleasure, but positively disturbs the healthy concoction of the food. As a sudden calamity will produce a positive indigestion, so nothing is more favourable to the due action of the organ, than a flow of cheerful and lively ideas, and nothing more likely to impare its functions than a silent melancholy. On this account, if any thing unpleasant occurs in the household, a wife should keep it to herself, till dinner is over, and thoroughly di-

gested; and a husband should not speak of losses in the city when the family meal is under discussion. The Greeks had a proverb to express this malapropos: το εν φακη μυρον, which may be interpreted, putting pepper in your acorn-tart. To neglect the rule, is not merely to risk a dangerous fit of dyspepsia; but is the nearest road to a separate maintenance, or a visit to Doctor's Commons.

On account of the digestion, much more than on that of the servants, politics should, in all companies, be reserved till the dessert, and a light reciprocating, shuttlecock and battledoor interchange of amenities alone be permitted before the cheese. Hence also the propriety of a graduated ascending scale of mirth, tending at first rather to a placid hilarity, than to obstreperous laughter; and exercising, rather than shaking the diaphragm. Remember that if inextinguishable laughter be the property of the immortal gods, the gods, in their infinite beatitude, have no digestions to spoil. This is a point requiring great nicety. In the very best (that is the most exclusive) circles, the caution is usually overdone. In them, it is *mauvais ton* to address an opposite neighbour at table, or to disturb the solemn gravity of the scene, by speaking above the breath. This is certainly supremely fine; but it is also (*absit invidia*) supremely dull; and not improbably, one among the causes which render the high aristocracy so liable to gout. As a general rule, we would recommend a total abstinence from all wit, as long as the soup and fish are on the table;—a pithy remark, or a short pleasantry may accompany the *entrées*;—but no "palpable hits" should be ventured, at the very earliest, till the *pièces de résistance* have been tested and removed. Before the second course is called for, the company have not wound up their courage to a hearty laugh, and if called on prematurely to respond to the joker, they resent it almost as an injury.

With the removal of the first course, indeed, a decided attempt on our sympathies may be cautiously ventured. It seasons the glass of wine *de rigueur*, which then, should pass between the guests; and "in houses where things are so-so," it operates an acceptable diversion, by drawing off attention from the slow and uncertain movements going on between kitchen and dining-room.

Agreeable conversation being (as we have shown) the last best result of a refined civilization, it is little to be admired, that good conversers should not be quite "as plenty as blackberries." Although to converse pleasantly may require no knowledge of a transcendental and penetrating character, yet it implies a considerable range of information, and a refined *tact* in its application. The current subjects of discourse in good society are perpetually varying; and what was matter for conversation yesterday, is not necessarily so to-day. The most experienced practitioner who has absented himself for a time on the continent, or at his estate in a remote country—nay, if he have but taken a month's grousing, or stalked a deer with Mr. Scrope in the far north, must, on his return to town, take time to learn what are the reigning themes of the day, or he will find himself infallibly voted a twaddle. Last year, geology had *la parole*; this year the run was on the Daguerrotype; and Heaven knows what may be the staple of the ensuing season. Pleasant personalities, it will perhaps be thought, must ever be a sure card; and a little gentle scandal at all times a welcome topic.

Granted; but the question still remains as to the proper persons to *serve out*, the reigning subjects for quizzing,—who is the last levanter,—the last rat,—the last man who has made himself scarce, and retired on his keeping to Boulogne. The public funds are not so liable to fluctuation as the attention of the club-houses; and the man who should attempt to gain the ear of society for "him that died on Wednesday," or to talk of Taglioni when the omnibus is occupied with Cerito, is no better than a lost mutton. He might as well hold forth on the greatest-happiness principle to a French actress, or read the Missionary Society a lecture on the first philosophy.

There are few things more difficult to define than a good talker,

> "'What speech esteem you most?'—'The king's,' said I;
> 'But the best words?'—'Oh, sir, the dictionary.'"

The talker is a species that evades description; and it is much easier to say what are not, than what are his merits. Nay, the qualifications may be set down as varying with time, place, and circumstance. The good talker of Belgrave-square has no resemblance to the *beaux esprits* of the Minories. The former shines, rather through the happy temperament of many good dispositions, than by the prominence of any one: the latter must possess something more salient and demonstrative.

In the perfectly *bon-ton* circle, it is easy to be too brilliant: of the good talker, as of the good writer, it may be said, *urit enim fulgore suo;* and this not through the envy, but the indolence of the auditory. Whatever keeps the understanding painfully on the stretch, and taxes the comprehension too severely, disturbs the happy equanimity of the company; and the offender is at once set down as underbred. A lively jester, or an indefatigable story-teller, who would make his fortune in bar society, or at a House of Commons dinner-party, would dazzle instead of shining, in a more aristocratic assembly. Much, therefore, depends on the audience. It will never do to discuss the funds with a fine lady, or to canvass a casuitical case of ethics at Crockford's. We recommend this reflection to all young fellows of colleges, fresh from the universities; who having been for years nourished with quiddities and mannerisms, are apt, on coming to town, to give out their local jests, to talk of Tom Such-a-one of this college, or Doctor Somebody the head of that house,—most illustrious notabilities whom nobody knows beyond the jurisdiction of the proctors—and to wonder that what made the fortune of a wine-party at Trinity, or Christ-Church, falls as flat as a flounder in Baker-street or Bloomsbury-square. This oversight is also a favourite failing with fox-hunters: thereby meaning not gentlemen who hunt for amusement, but they who make following the hounds the one business of their lives,—absolutely the most one-idead persons in existence, and the most persevering monopolists of conversation.

With them also we must range the stage-struck retailers of green-room anecdotes, who are hand-and-glove with the actors, and call them by their Christian names. But beyond all endurance is the nuisance of those who have arrogated to themselves the title of *serious*, and who drag religion on the *tapis* upon all occasions, or, as they phrase it themselves, "in season and out of season." It

is among the most mischievous mistakes of the day, to imagine that the world is a mere arena for theological discussion. There is no case in which the sensibility of the heart is more easily blunted by overworking the head, and in which familiarity is more effectual in breeding contempt. Your unwearied lecturers of both sexes should reflect that it is a law of nature for the overstrained bow to break; and they who have scripture-texts eternally in their mouths should recollect, that when the seventh day was service, the other six were left for the purposes of our natural being.

One of the worst defects of a talker, and against which the best cannot be too much on his guard, is that of for ever being on parade. One or two of the best-informed and cleverest conversation-men upon town (we will not name), contrive to render themselves the most intolerable nuisances, by seizing on the company and pinning them down like a bull-dog, by their ears; suffering no one else to open their mouths, and allowing attention no moment of repose. No matter how excellent the anecdotes, how piquant the witticisms, if the talker thus thrusts them on unwilling ears,

> "Just as the Scotchman does his plums,"

his auditors will be ready to exclaim,

> "Que tu n'es qu'un babil importun,
> De l'esprit, si l'on veut,—mais pas le sens commun :"

and what is far worse the master of the house will forget to ask such a man, the next time he purposes to be pleasant.

Nor is it enough to avoid monopoly, and to give and take freely in society; even when we have legitimate possession of "the speaker's eye," and take the lead without any show of violence, it is necessary before all things to consult brevity. *Tout genre est bon hors l'ennuieux;* and nothing is more fugitive than the attention of a mixed company. A good talker is essentially sensitive on this point; and the moment he catches a wandering eye, he hastens to a conclusion, even at the risk of concluding nothing. Once to be thought a proser, is to be routed horse, foot, and heavy dragoons: the reputation sticks through life.

Brevity, amongst its many advantages, ensures simplicity; but affectation is an extinguisher of the first class. *Recherche* implies effort; and the man who speaks *per far effetto*, very rarely succeeds in attaining his end. From all this, the conclusion is immediate, that the main ingredient of good conversation, the fundamental basis which governs its harmony, is good sense. There is, however, another quality more easy to command, and no less essential—good nature. *Persiflage*, and even a *leetle* calumny, will in particular coteries, as we have inferred, pass for wit, and will occasionally be forgiven in good society; but raillery for the sake of railing, is in the long run offensive, even in the worst. It is besides ill policy to make an enmity which lasts for life, for the sake of a laugh that lasts but for a minute.

We need scarcely add a word of warning against pedantry; the word itself carries with it its own condemnation. With Drs. Parr and Johnson, and with every hair of their portentous perukes staring us in the face, we deliberately declare our conviction, that too intimate an acquaintance with books is oftener an impediment than a help to good conversa-

tion. The merest man of the world who has seen a good deal of it, though his discourse may be shallow and barren, will make his way better in general society, than an *Helluo librorum*. Your walking encyclopædia is admirable for occasional consultation; but if once opened in a social circle, the deuce of it is, that he is not so easily shut again when you have done with him. You must not only have his truth, but his whole truth, and nothing but his truth, even though it should exhaust the Bodleian. The best talkers, however, are a happy mixture of both books and the world, and that, perhaps, is the reason why they are so extremely rare.

We need not warn any one capable of finding his way to a decent board, against the irremissible sin of idle questioning. *Per contutorem fugito*, is the wise maxim of Horace, who gives a sufficient reason for his advice, *quia garrulus idem est*;—but there is a still better; namely, because of all the bores that infest society an unpitying questionist is, at once, the stupidest, and the least tolerable. But we are fast approaching towards an infringement of one of our own rules, and are within an ace of spinning our yarn too fine. Passing, therefore, over many other particulars, as "too tedious to mention," we shall conclude with a notice of one quality, which is an absolute *sine qua non* to shining in any society—a modest assurance. No matter what may be a man's other qualifications; let him be an amalgamation of Luttrell, Sydney Smith, Dr. Johnson, and Conversation Sharp, in one—if he have one single grain of bashfulness, he will infallibly pass for no better than a nincompoop. Never yet did mortal doubt of his own competence to amuse his company, and to tell his story, or plant his hit effectually, without amply justifying his own augury: whereas, it is marvellous what a confident air and a self-centred assurance will do in giving circulation to a mere *niaiserie*. "Many a time and oft," and even in better companies than usually assemble "on the Rialto," we have known an excellent jest, or an original observation thus hesitatingly put forward by a shy and timid discourser, to drop unnoticed by all, save some professional veteran, who, immediately seizing on the still-born abortion, has breathed into it the life of a more confident delivery, and unblushingly appropriated it, in the very face of the baffled proprietor.

Thus it happens, as in many more important occasions, that success begets success; and that the reputation of former achievements becomes the cheap instrument of future triumphs. Let no man therefore, who is addicted to nervousness, and who has not repeatedly convinced himself that he is beyond the reach of a small-beer estimate of his own abilities, enter upon the career of a professed talker. Whatever may be his stock of trade, however advantageously he may have exploited it in his own domestic circle, he will infallibly break down, the first time he comes in contact with a rival, who has been dipped in the Garonne, or has saluted the blarney-stone in the province of Munster.

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LINES ON SEEING MISS G*** IN A FANCY COSTUME AT THE CALEDONIAN BALL AT ALMACK'S.

Gay creature of the elements!—fay,—sprite,
What'er thou art, of earth, or sea, or air,—
Fold thy light wings, restrain thy fitful flight,
That we may wonder at a thing so fair.

Tell us, bright being! from what lily's leaves
Did thy fair features steal their spotless hue?
Was thy form moulded by the hand that weaves
And gems the gossamer with transient dew?

What means this antique guise,—this quaint array?—
Is it a mockery of thyself and us?—
Wherefore a grandame's stately charms display
Traitress! to take the reason prisoner thus?

She smiles and answers not,—but flits aside,
Wayward and brilliant as a glancing thought!
The snowy foam cresting the summer tide
Of moonlit seas is not so purely wrought!

What dreams of love lie sleeping in those eyes,—
What beams of hope those varying looks adorn,—
Oh! why should clouds of sorrow e'er arise
To dim the lustre of so fair a morn!

Nay! fly not, gentle sylph! repose awhile
On yonder rose,—while from the admiring crowd
Thine every word, thine every radiant smile
Evokes bewildering plaudits,—"deep, not loud."

She starts!—the music's clang dissolves my spell!
She moves,—with graceful glide and blushing brow!
Gay creature of the elements!—farewell!—
Heaven hath a brighter sphere for such as thou!

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF PETER PRIGGINS,*

COLLEGE SCOUT AND BEDMAKER.

Part XVII.

"Hi'm very appy has hall that here's hover," said Dusterly, as I finished reading to him the MS. of "The School and College Career of the Honourable A. N. Nincompoop."

"*A maw osey*," said Mrs. P., nodding at Dusterly approvingly; "*a jay day raisons.*"

"Then put hem hin ha puddin, marm," said Dusterly. "Capital heatin, plum-puddin, hain't hit, Broome?"

"I am sure I have good reason to be glad," continued my wife, contemptuously disregarding Dusterly's error; "for, independent of the horrid waste of time and *lickures* at the Shirt and Shotbag, I confess *I* think the papers *tro gro*, and too full of slang to please or interest *les dam.*"

"Why has for d—n," said Dusterly, "hi don't recollect habove one d—n hin the ole consarn, and when a gentleman—let halone ha hobscure hindividual—his hin a passion, hit comes hout nateral like."

"Mrs. P. alludes to the ladies," said I, "and I plead guilty to the charge of inserting much that may justly be termed *slang*—of the better sort, perhaps, inasmuch as it is university slang—but how can I avoid it? If I am to paint my characters to the life I must observe the Horatian precept,

'Descriptas servare vices'—

for instance, if Mr. Eupheme

'Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba,'

I must put such words into his mouth, or it is not the real Mr. Eupheme who speaks. If, again, an undergraduate, like Mr. Nincompoop,

'Juru neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis,'

I *must* make him take the law into his own hands, and thrash an offending townsman instead of bringing him before the authorities.

——'sibi convenientia finge,'

says Flaccus, and I—"

"Let's ave hall that here hin Henglish, if you hain't no objection," said Dusterly.

—"am determined to follow his advice," I continued, "by letting all my characters speak in the way most natural and agreeable to themselves. If there be any thing objectionable in it, let the blame lie on their shoulders, not on mine."

"Disactly," said Dusterly.

"But I really think," said Broome, "that, however amusing our last papers may prove to those gentlemen who cannot fail to appreciate the fidelity of our descriptions, the ladies, who form no inconsiderable

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* Continued from No. ccxxxvi., page 505.

portion of the readers of the *New Monthly*, would not be much entertained by them."

"*Jenny swee par pour oon*," said Mrs. P., "there's too much rigmarole Latin and Greek in 'em for me. A little pure Parisian, Peter, *I* think would be more acceptable to *les dam*."

"Ow horfully that woman does swear!" said Dusterly.

"I confess," said I, "that, next to the consideration, '*hic liber* MŒRET *Sosiis*,' which is important to a man who has a sick wife, a large small family, and a much smaller income, my object in publishing my life and times was more particularly to amuse my old masters and other university gentlemen, by recalling to their minds those scenes of which each might truly say for himself

——'pars magna fui.'

If, however, I have inadvertently committed the grave offence—*delictum* immense—of neglecting the ladies, I will endeavour to make the only atonement in my power, by writing a chapter for their especial entertainment.

I believe it is Addison who says, "We know the highest pleasure our minds are capable of enjoying with composure, when we read sublime thoughts communicated to us by men of great genius and eloquence." Now I beg to assure the feminine readers of the *N.M.M.*, that, as I have neither genius nor eloquence, they must not expect to receive the "highest pleasure" from me. I shall endeavour to amuse them by recounting a simple but sad tale, and if I fail in exciting a sympathetic feeling with my heroine's griefs in their kind hearts, they must, in mercy, attribute it to a want of romance, which can scarcely be expected to reside in the breast of a bedmaker. I beg to assure them I have never undertaken the *pathetic line* for the "Minerva press," and have "no connexion with any other house" but the very excellent one of Mr. Colburn.

Having made these prefacial remarks, which I consider absolutely indispensable, I will give a plain and simple narration of

THE FATE OF AGNES FIELD.

In the little village of Merton, within an hour's walk of Oxford, resided one Ephraim Field. He was a cripple, and much deformed in person. Being unfitted for hard labour in the field, which was the common occupation of the sons of the soil of Merton, he was placed by his parents under the tuition of a tailor. The shopboard seemed to fit him and he seemed born purposely to fit the shopboard. Being the only manufacturer of masculine indispensables in the village, he, of course, got all the custom of the place. Farmers, in those days, regarded the quantity rather than the quality of broad-cloth, and as Ephraim gave them plenty, both in longitude and latitude, they acquitted him of the crime of cabbaging, common to all tailors, and patronised him accordingly.

Ephraim, moreover, was exceedingly civil when he was sober, and as he never got fuddled except on a Monday—which, I believe, is a red-letter day with the craft—the odds were six to one in favour of his customer's being treated with civility. When he was "in his cups," or, as

he expressed it, when he "had his little hat on," no tailor, pugnacious as tailors naturally are, was more belligerent than he was. Over his ale he first became argumentative, then didactic, and, finally, abusive. He was wont to irritate his companions in the tap of the little public-house by treading on the tender part which every man has in his character. He would tax Giles with being a *porcher*,—Robin with being caught in the fact of monopolizing all the eggs for his own use. Bob was accused of selling his master's corn, and Bill with deducting from the weight of the churned butter. These accusations being, somehow or other, partially founded on fact, produced a great deal of irritation in the parties against whom they were brought. When, however, they threatened to inflict corporal punishment on their accuser—these fine, manly specimens of the labouring classes, were deterred from doing so by his saying,

"Ah! you cowards! lick a poor cripple—do."

This appeal to the sympathies of his fellow-men never failed in its effect, and the only punishment inflicted on him was turning him out of the alehouse. This, perhaps, was the severest that could be inflicted upon him, for he lost his beer and pipe, and the village-boys came regularly every Monday evening round the door of the public to see Ephraim turned out, and jeered and pelted him with all sorts of missiles to the door of his cottage; showing their delight by loud cheers at the impotent manifestations of revenge displayed by the poor cripple.

Ephraim had no one at home but a sister, almost as deformed as himself to console him for the ill-usage he experienced on these occasions. He meditated on this, and resolved to have a wife. To the great surprise of the villagers he selected the prettiest girl in the place for the object of his addresses, and, to their greater surprise, carried off the prize against all the well-formed, strapping fellows, his rivals.

This is certainly one of the few anomalies in the nature of things, that I, Peter Priggins, could never account for, that the uglier and more deformed a man is, the greater marital success he has with the fair sex. It may seem an extraordinary assertion to make, but it is a fact, that the four ugliest fellows I ever knew in my life, married four wives, each and every one of them with plenty of money for their marriage portion, and good looks in the bargain. Let any body else account for it—I cannot.

The fruits of this marriage were four fine children; the eldest was a boy, and with him more particularly my story has to do.

Ephraim, junior, was a well-formed, handsome lad, "favouring his mother," as it is termed, more than his father. He displayed great talents in acquiring his A, B, C, but still greater in stitching broadcloths, and singing the popular tunes of his day. This talent was elicited by the man who dwelt in the next cottage, who was by profession a cobbler, or, as he was registered (for he was a freeholder), a cordwainer—but by trade, a fiddler.

Geoffrey Sewtight—for such was his name—disregarded the apothegm that "the cobbler should not go beyond his last." He left his wife whom he had instructed in his profession, and his journeyman to look after the "heeling art," and betook himself to fairs, races, and rustic hops, where he was a welcome visiter, and earned a great deal of money. He was careful withal, and Mrs. Sewtight always welcomed

Geoffrey home, both because she loved him, and because he brought home the wherewithal to purchase her Sunday elegances in dress beyond the capabilities of her poorer neighbours.

Geoffrey was, however, too deep for his wife; for, knowing her taste for finery, and the waste to which such a taste leads, he concealed from her the real amount of his earnings. Her surprise, therefore, was very great when he told her that he intended to send their eldest son, Geoffrey, junior, to London, for the purpose of apprenticing him to a first-rate boot and shoe maker, who required the enormous sum of 50*l.* for teaching the boy his business, and keeping him in eatables, drinkables, and sleepables for seven years.

Ambition is not confined to royalty. It is a vice—if such it be—shared by heroes, senators, and public orators, with the smallest artisans in this our sublunary world.

Ephraim Field, senior, was "struck all of a heap" as his wife assured her friends, when he heard that Geoffrey Sewtight was going to bind his son 'prentice in London. To think that he—the tailor of the village—should be obscured by the cobbler! and that cobbler a fiddler at fairs!

He neglected to keep St. Monday for six months, and worked harder than any one would have believed his little misshapen body could have allowed him to work. His wife, appreciating his motives for this unusual abstinence and exertion, aided and abetted him in his task by presiding over the waistcoating department herself, and keeping Ephraim, junior, strictly to the gaitering and button-sewing,—on part of the business—allowing him to practice psalmody over his work, by way of alleviating the severity of his task.

What was Ephraim senior's motive for thus neglecting the alehouse and adhering to the needle as faithfully as the needle adheres to the pole? Simply that he might save enough to enable him to put Ephraim, junior, 'prentice to a first-rate tailor in London, in order that he might eclipse his neighbour's son—Geoffrey Sewtight, junior.

All his laudable efforts, however, did not suffice. Fiddling was more profitable than fitting out the outward man, and the raw material—catgut and horsehair—was not so expensive as broadcloth. Fiddling, moreover, was "ready money," while tailoring was cavalierly treated by long credit!

Ephraim was about to resume his old habits in despair, and had made up his mind to have a regular jollification at the alehouse with all his hard-earned savings, in spite of the exhortations and imprecations of his wiser better half; when fortunately for him and the family, the little church of Merton was vacated by the incumbent for a better living, and given to a gentleman who was remarkably fond of music.

The first Sunday he did the duty, Mr. Gamut was dreadfully shocked at the awful amalgamations of flat, sharp, and natural notes, which proceeded from the singing gallery, "accompanied" by a screeching clarinet and a grunting bassoon. He wisely considered that such a horrible din must be any thing but an acceptable mode of offering up praise and thanksgiving, and resolutely determined to offend the singers, who thought—and do think—themselves of much greater im-

portance than the parson, by introducing a hand-organ, and teaching the children of the village a series of plain tunes in which the congregation might join. Of course, the singers left the church; Mr. Gamut, however, was not to be deterred by such a rebellious proceeding. He persevered in teaching the school children, and his efforts were rewarded by having a choir, which drew larger congregations than had ever been seen in Merton church before. "The singers," then, seeing their absence was totally uncared for, offered their services to sing seconds and basses, and even to accompany the hand-organ with their instruments; but this Mr. Gamut very properly and very positively declined.

Amongst the most promising pupils, indeed, the most promising of all, was Ephraim Field, junior. He was possessed of a very clear and powerful voice. His ear was not only quick in catching and retaining tunes, but in detecting the slightest discords. Mr. Gamut, though he would gladly have kept him to lead his choir at Merton, nobly—for a noble act it was in so enthusiastic a musician—offered to get him a chorister's place at New, Magdalen, or some other college. Old Ephraim would not consent to this. He had been in the habit of expressing his contempt for fiddlers in particular, and musicians in general, and was determined his son should be a tailor—a first-rate tailor, and nothing but a tailor.

Mr. Gamut, though disappointed at first, and displeased at having his liberal offer rejected, upon consideration, allowed that old Ephraim, like Hercules of old, had displayed great prudence in his "choice." Choristers, he knew seldom or ever got any thing in afterlife, beyond a paltry chaplaincy with a small living attached to it; whereas he had heard of several tailors who had amassed large fortunes, ridden in their own carriages, and even had "Sir" prefixed to their names.

Mr. Gamut, therefore, very kindly lent old Ephraim 25*l.* to make up the sum which the first-rate tailor in London required for initiating young Ephraim into the mysteries of cutting out and using the goose. He also strictly charged the boy to work hard at his trade, but by no means to neglect his music; holding out to him, as an inducement to persevere, the office of parish-clerk *in prospectu*.

Ephraim's first employment, after he was settled in his master's house, and had arranged his mattress under the counter, was to seek for his old neighbour and schoolfellow, Geoffrey Sewtight, who had been in London nearly six months. The meeting was mutually agreeable; and as their tastes were very similar, their intimacy ripened into a warm and lasting friendship. They both worked very hard all day, and saved every shilling they gained by working over hours. The money thus accumulated was spent in attending the theatres, in the gallery of which they became notorious as the noisiest and severest critics; harmonic meetings at musical taverns and spouting clubs, or as the members themselves call them, "debating societies."

I must not detain the reader by detailing all that occurred to them in the seven years of their apprenticeship. At the end of that period both of them had acquired such skill in their respective trades, that their masters offered them high wages to remain with them as journeymen. Both were so improved in music and singing, that they often

earned a good dinner and a guinea for exerting their talents for the amusement of "great public meetings" at some of the great taverns. Both, too, were so much altered in personal appearance, that no one would have recognised in the two well-grown and well-dressed young men, the little dirty tailor and cobbler boys that used to run half-ragged about the little village of Merton.

"Geoffrey," said Ephraim to his friend one Sunday as they were taking their accustomed walk towards Hampstead-heath, "master has made me a very handsome offer to remain with him as principal cutter-out, and has even hinted at a prospect of a partnership if I go on steadily and well."

"My master too," replied Geoffrey, "has made me the same offer, only with a condition annexed to it, which renders it impossible for me to accept it."

"Indeed!" inquired Ephraim, "what may it be?"

"Why that I should take unto myself as a wife his disagreeable red-headed daughter. She has been showing her partiality to me for some time by frequenting the shop more than usual, and bringing me, with her freckled fingers, the best cups of tea and the thinnest pieces of bread-and-butter."

"Don't you like her then?" asked Ephraim.

"You have never seen her," said Geoffrey, "or you would not ask such a question. Her head is exactly like a new-tiled house-roof, and her eyes resemble a ferret's. Then she sings,

'Oh, come to me, my love,'

a note and a half too sharp, all day long."

"Heugh!" said Ephraim, shuddering—his teeth being set on edge at the very notion. "Give her up Geoff., there can be no harmony in a wedded life with a woman that sings out of tune."

"I have already resigned the partnership with her and her father, Ephraim, and as I have saved a little money, I think of setting up in Oxford on my own account."

"It is curious enough that I should have been thinking of doing the same," said Ephraim; "and as Mr. Gamut, to whom I have repaid the 25*l.* he lent my father to apprentice me, approves of the plan, and offers his assistance if any money is required, I shall go down at once."

"Then," said Geoffrey, "adieu to carrots and the copartnership! I will go with you, and I'll tell you what we will do. We will take a small house in Oxford—Mr. Gamut will doubtless be responsible for the rent—and will club our little means to furnish a double shop, and a couple of bedrooms. We can get some old woman just to scour and clean up for us; neither of our trades requires any great stock."

"Agreed," said Ephraim, closing the bargain by giving Geoffrey a hearty shake of the hand. "Besides we may get situations as singing-men in some of the quires, and with such an introduction and attention to our business, we may get on pretty well with the University gentlemen."

"There's only one objection that I see," said Geoffrey, shaking his head.

"What's that?" inquired Ephraim.

"Why! we can't stand tick," said Geoffrey.

"True," said Ephraim; "but we will try our luck, and help one another along."

The two young men then went to "The Spaniards" and had their frugal pint of porter. They afterwards returned to London and apprized their masters of their intentions. Each parted with his young man with regret, sincere wishes for his welfare and a small present. Miss Carrots, we regret to say, tossed her red head in a very unbecoming manner, and refused to wish Geoffrey "good-bye;" at which he was not very much grieved.

On the following morning, at an early hour, having packed up their clothes and forwarded them by waggon, they set out to walk down home. They reached Merton on the second day, and presented themselves to the eyes of their astonished and delighted parents. On the Sunday following they surprised the natives and Mr. Gamut by singing an anthem in a way that had never been heard in Merton church before. The congregation were delighted with the performance of their young friends, and the reverend gentleman was so pleased, that after church was over, he spent the whole evening in old Geoffrey's cottage in singing sacred music, and left them late at night with a promise to assist them in their plans of setting up in business, and to obtain for them appointments in a college choir.

Mr. Gamut was as good as his word. In the course of the week following, in the window of a small house in Pennyfarthing-street appeared two cards—one bore in large letters the words

EPHRAIM FIELD,
TAILOR AND CAP AND GOWN MAKER,
From
LONDON.

The other was inscribed,

GEOFFREY SEWTIGHT,
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
From
LONDON.

Within might be seen, on one side, the sleeveboard, goose, and other paraphernalia of the tailoring department; and on the other, bradawls wax-ends, lasts, and boot-trees, with other implements necessary for enabling gentlemen and ladies to walk in comfort and respectability.

In a short time afterwards, two of the singing-men of St. Mark's College, who were fond of sacrificing to the "God of Beer"—if there be such a Cerevisian deity—in returning from Sandford, where they had been pouring plentiful libations to their favourite divinity down their own thirsty throats, fell into the lock-pool at Iffley, and, as neither could assist the other, were both drowned.

Their places, through the interest of Mr. Gamut, were filled by Ephraim and Geoffrey. The talents displayed by these young men

soon introduced them to the lovers of music in the University and city, and their quiet and respectable demeanour gained them many friends and customers.

At the end of four or five years they had, by prudence and economy, laid up sufficient money to justify them in marrying. Ephraim had been for some time engaged to a respectable young woman, a governess in a family near Oxford, where his services in taking a part in private concerts had been often required. Geoffrey had also lost his heart to a buxom lass, the daughter of a farmer near Merton.

The house in Pennyfarthing-street was given up. Ephraim took a large and showy house in the High-street and furnished it perhaps too handsomely, but his future bride had been used to handsome furniture, and he thought his means justified him in going to a little additional expense on her account. Geoffrey removed to a comfortable place in Broad-street, and was satisfied with fitting it up neatly but plainly for his "future," who knew nothing of the elegances, and cared only for the real comforts of a home.

They were both married on the same day, in the church of their native village by their friend and patron Mr. Gamut, who composed and set to music, an epithalamium, which was sung upon the joyful occasion by the gentlemen of the choir of St. Mark's. Their exertions were rewarded by a seat at the wedding-feast which had been prepared at Mr. Gamut's expense in a barn belonging to the newly-married Mrs. Sewtight's father.

I must now narrate the events of many years in a very few sentences. Both our friends had prospered in business beyond their expectations. Mrs. Sewtight was in the habit of presenting her husband with an additional branch to the family olive-tree every year regularly. Those Malthusian abettors, measles, smallpox, and hooping-cough, had blighted and destroyed a few of the tenderest offshoots, but nine vigorous arms still remained attached to the parent trunk.

Mrs. Field, who was naturally weak and delicate in constitution and had been rendered still more so by the sedentary nature of her early employments, gave birth to several sickly children, all of whom survived but a few days after their birth with the exception of one—the eldest.

Agnes, as she was called after her mother, was now about sixteen years of age. She was tall, but not too thin, and exceedingly graceful in her manner and deportment. Her face was one of those lovely ones that are seldom seen but on canvass; indeed, it closely resembled the Magdalen's of Correggio. Her skin was so fair as to permit the blue veins to be seen distinctly under its surface. Her fair hair, which fell in natural tresses on her neck, was parted on her forehead, and confined there by a plain band of velvet. When perfectly quiescent, she might have been said to be too pale; but upon the slightest excitement, either mental or bodily, a lovely colour pervaded her cheeks, resembling in its tints those faint but beautiful colours that are seen only in the landscapes of Claude Lorraine, when the early sun is represented as just rising to bestow his brightness and his warmth upon the earth.

Upon this fair creature's education Mrs. Field had spared no pains.

Her hours, by days and nights, were consumed in meditating plans for her benefit; being pure in heart and simple-minded herself, it is no wonder that her daughter resembled her in those qualities; being sincerely religious, without the outward affectation of superior piety, she instilled into her child's guileless bosom those seeds of religious veneration for the Christian religion, which bade fair to ripen into the fruits of an incorruptible faith. Being also a woman of considerable classical acquirements, and thoroughly acquainted with the languages of the continent—a knowledge which she had gained by spending four or five years abroad with the family whom she first served as nursery governess—she was fully competent to instruct her child in those indispensable branches of knowledge—for such they are considered in these days of dear schools and cheap literature.

In one point, both mother and daughter closely resembled each other. They both entertained an enthusiastic passion for poetry and tales of fiction. The imaginary sorrows of fictitious heroes and heroines excited their sympathies far more forcibly than the real but unpoetic griefs of those who dwelt with and around them. They lived in a little world of their own creation. An indulgence in sedentary pursuits, and an unwillingness to go abroad and associate with those of their own grade of life, to whom from education and habits they were unsuited, produced a species of morbid sensibility, which rendered them unfit for the common duties of their station, and tended to weaken still more their far from healthy and vigorous constitutions.

In music, Agnes and her mother both excelled; but it was in the purest and chastest music of the schools of Italy and Germany; the simple and beautiful ballads of their own country were neglected, as not giving scope enough for that morbid sensibility to which I have before alluded. Ephraim, therefore, who was fond of a plain English, Scotch, or Irish melody, in vain attempted to instil a taste for his favourite airs into his daughter's breast. The consequence of this was, that excepting for the simple but sublime strains of Handel, Haydn, and other composers of sacred music, the father and child had no common love or interest as far as their attachment to music went.

In Geoffrey's family, with whom alone, Agnes and her mother associated familiarly, for "Old Lang Syne's" sake, the necessary business and occupations of real life produced very different results. Mrs. Sewtight was naturally an uneducated — or rather one-sixteenth-educated woman, who looked upon a knowledge of housewifery, plain needlework and plain cooking as the *summum bonum* of human acquirements. The female children, therefore, were sent to school, when they were old enough, for a year or two's instruction in writing, reading, and samplers, and then set to house-work and stitchery at home.

The boys were also drilled in commercials, and bound to some useful trade as soon as they were old enough to wield the instruments of it. The eldest boy, Reuben—so named after Mr. Gamut, the founder of the family prosperity—was, at Ephraim's express request, placed under his care and brought up to his trade. He intended, as he had no son of his own, to leave his flourishing and profitable business to the son of his earliest friend.

Reuben and Agnes were not thrown so much together as two young persons, living under the same roof, might naturally be supposed to be. Excepting at meal-times, Mrs. Field and her daughter were rarely seen by the rest of the family; their hours were spent in the study of Agnes, where books, music, and drawing occupied their whole time.

Reuben looked upon both of them as beings of a superior order; and when joked about the "pretty Agnes," by the men and boys employed in the business, resented the bare mention of her name in conjunction with his own in a manner that made them hesitate to repeat their witty observations. No intimacy, beyond sitting in the same pew, and reading out of the same prayer-book in St. Mary's church, and taking an evening's walk round Christ-Church meadow on a Sunday, had taken place between them. To say that Reuben did not think Agnes very pretty and too ladylike for him to dream of as a wife, and that Agnes did not think Reuben a fine, stout, superior young man for his situation, but without a spark of enthusiasm or poetry in his composition, would be false.

Each liked the other very well, but they had not seen enough of each other, nor had they any feelings in common to inspire them with sufficient passion or attachment for each other, to produce a bud of affection which might be cherished and ripened into love.

Geoffrey and Ephraim were not so very intimate as they had been; for when the former saw himself surrounded by so large a family of children, dependant entirely upon himself for support, he gave up his situation as a singing-man at St. Mark's, and ceased to assist at concerts and musical meetings. He found that his business required all his attention, and that music parties and bootmaking did not harmonize together. He therefore wisely resigned the more agreeable, to adhere to the more profitable occupation of the two. Ephraim, on the contrary, finding that his foreman carried on the business quite to the satisfaction of his customers, and knowing that his wife and daughter were not particularly anxious for his company in the study, increased the circle of his associates, and gave himself up entirely to the enjoyment of melody and the good things of this world.

Among the new companions of Ephraim, and to whom he had been introduced at a glee-club, which held its harmonic meetings at the houses of the members in succession, was one Mr. Humidus Boskey, a gentleman by profession an apothecary, by practice a comic songster, and a frequenter of low public-houses. The medical profession in Oxford is more rigidly kept to its legitimate uses than it is in other towns generally. The apothecary and accoucheur does not presume to intrude into the practice of the surgeon, nor has the surgeon bad taste enough to prescribe as a physician. Mr. Humidus Boskey, had he stuck to his business, as he ought, might have realized a handsome income by compounding and dispensing medicines, spreading plasters, and manipulating boluses and babbies—but he had a soul above rhubarb, and disdained the healthy but laborious occupation of pounding drugs in a mortar. He left such low and degrading pursuits to his assistant and half-starved apprentice; and on the nag that ought to have jogged from door to door to enable him legally to charge for "medi-

cines and attendance," he charged the imaginary foes of his country as a yeomanry-cavalry officer, and the fences of the farmers as a hunter of foxes and a courser of hares.

Mr. Humidus Boskey, moreover, was a shot, and kept a brace of pointers—on the victuals which his apprentice, who was to be treated as "one of the family," ought to have had—and a brace of spaniels for cover-shooting. He got permission to shoot over a great deal of unpreserved ground from the farmers, whom he attended—or rather professed to attend—by giving them a plain dinner and a hearty reception, and sending them home as intoxicated as himself on market-days. Enormous were the powers of imbibition possessed by Mr. Humidus Boskey! Beer, wine, brandy, gin, punch, or toddy, it was all one to him. He drank and sung, then sung and drank again. He not only drank himself, but was the cause of drinking in others. His "Come, just one more glass, and I'll sing you a new comic song," was irresistible. The *pressé* invariably yielded to the "voice of the charmer," and resigned himself to melody, grog, and intoxication.

It is a great misfortune to be able to sing a good song—especially a comic one—to any man who is not perfectly independent in his circumstances and unmarried, or paid for doing it professionally. His company is courted, and habits of jollifying and keeping late hours are engendered, which generally prove fatal to success in business and family comforts. Mrs. Boskey used to say that her husband was "an angel abroad, but a devil at home:" that he was the soul of harmony in the houses of other people; but the moment he came into his own home, "hung up his fiddle behind the door," and caused discords most inharmonious. Such metaphorical modes of describing the inattentions of company-loving husbands are, I believe, common to neglected wives of the class in which Mrs. Boskey ranked. It certainly was trying for her to know, that while she and her six children were forced to put up with short commons of breast-of-mutton-pie for dinner, and untoasted single Gloucester for supper, her husband was revelling in "fish, soup, and hot joints every day," and broiled bones and other devilries every night.

One little sketch of Mrs. Boskey's nightly comforts—which I beg leave to state is no caricature—will give the reader an insight into the manner and character of her harmonious husband.

The clock has long since struck twelve. The children are all in bed, and the house is perfectly quiet. Silence is unbroken, except by the painful and monotonous tickings of the aforesaid clock, and a weak half-stifled cry from "the babby," which, being put to bed with the trolloping maid-of-all-work, wakes up now and then and misses its mother. The mother sighs when she hears the cry, but dares not go to her infant, lest her husband should come home in her absence, and be kept waiting at the door for a few minutes. She sits half asleep, with her feet on the kitchen fender, before a little bit of fire not sufficient to afford warmth to any thing but the kettle which is placed upon it to be kept hot for Mr. Boskey's final tumbler of "bran'y-a-war'er," as he pronounces it when tipsy. She is enveloped in a large cloak, and her arms are wrapped up in her apron to ensure that warmth which the fire re-

fuses to give her. On the little table by her side are several little dip-candle ends in a snuffer-tray which she burns in succession by the help of the tin saveall which stands in the one brass candlestick. *The* book is also near her in which she has been searching for consolation and hope in her bitterness until the fatigues of the day have overcome her, and her eyes refuse to do their office.

She listens habitually to every step that passes, hoping it may be her husband's. The door of the kitchen is left open, that the first sounds of his footsteps may reach her, and that she may not fail to hear the night-bell ring by which Mr. Boskey chooses to make his return known to her, in order that the neighbours may fancy he has been called up in the night to a patient. The sugar and the bottle of brandy stand also ready for the manufacture of the glass of grog, which he facetiously designates as his "nightcap."

Slowly and lingeringly pass the minutes. Nature exhausted bids her seek repose, but she dares not. Slumber, however, she does, against her will, but rouses herself from the painful state of drowsiness by poking the few sparks that remain in the grate, putting a fresh bit of candle on the saveall, and taking a few hurried steps along the passage to the street-door. A step approaches, but the tread is the firm footfall of sobriety. Another—the rattle of a lantern, and the calling of the hour, announces the watchman. She returns to her chair, and tries to read again. Again she falls asleep, but to rouse herself again to a painful consciousness that she is committing a conjugal offence.

At length a confused shuffling of feet reaches her ears, mingled with loud laughing, singing, and screeching. She listens, and distinctly hears her husband singing the last verse of his last comic song, in a thick, drunken tone, and his companions hurrahing and applauding him. Then comes a chorus of "We won't go home till morning,"—"Needles and pins, when a man's married his sorrow begins," or some such suitable melody. The night-bell is then rung fiercely, and Mrs. Boskey hearing the "good night, old fellow,"—"good night my boys—*re*markable pleasant evening—very," and the sound of the retreating footsteps of the roysterers, who have discharged the duties of good fellowship by seeing their companion safely at his own door and clinging to his own paling, quickly opens the door with "Is that you my love? Your'e *rather* late, ain't you?" To which Mr. Humidus! replies, snappishly,

"Late, marm, what do *you* mean by late? And if I am late, what's that to you? (Hiccup.) A medical man, marm, can't call his time his own. (Hiccup.)"

Mrs. Boskey knowing it to be useless to remonstrate, bolts the door, and precedes her husband to the kitchen. He manages to follow her by zigzagging and leaning for support, first against the left-hand side of the passage, and then against the right. Then holding on by the back of a chair he stares, first at the clock and then at his wife, with that obliquity of vision peculiar to intoxication, and in a savage, thick tone, inquires,

"Well, marm! how much longer am I to stand here, eh, marm? (Hiccup.) Where's my bran'y-a-war'er? Why the devil, marm, don't you make my bran'y-a-war'er? (Hiccup.)"

"Yes, my dear," replies Mrs. Boskey, in meek tones, "I was only just going—"

"That's always your excuse, marm—always; and a very lame excuse it is. (Hiccup.) But I beg to ask you once more, marm, *are* you going to make my bran'y-a-war'er? Answer me *that*, marm. (Hiccup.) I'll not stand it any longer, marm."

To prove his assertion, Mr. Humidus throws down his hat in a passion, and with difficulty seats himself in his chair. Mrs. Boskey mixes his glass of brandy-and-water as quickly as possible and then inquires—

"Shall I go to bed now, my dear, or shall you want any thing else?"

"Want any thing else? What do you mean, marm? Go to bed? Am I to go to bed in my boots? (Hiccup.) Call this bran'y-and-war'er? I'm afraid, Mrs. Boskey, you're drunk, marm, and can't see. (Hiccup.)"

Mrs. Boskey, knowing what this means, adds a little strength to the draught, and, pointing to the boot-jack, which she had placed ready for use, begs to know if he will draw his boots off now.

"Boots off, marm? How can you be fool enough to suppose that any man after a hard day's work, can see such a very small hole in such a very diminutive boot-jack as that? D—n the thing, take it away, marm!"

He, however, saves her the trouble of doing so by kicking it violently to the further side of the kitchen. Mrs. Boskey then tremblingly asks if she shall pull them off for him.

"In course, marm, unless you wish me to sleep in them," replies Boskey, with difficulty raising one of his legs by clinging firmly to the seat of the chair with both his hands. Mrs. Boskey then, after soiling her fair fingers with a commixture of blacking and mud, with difficulty draws off the boots, and gets abused for nearly destroying his equilibrium and precipitating his oscillating body on the ground.

"Has any body called to-day since I've been out?"

"Only the milkman, Humidus. He says he won't supply us any longer unless we pay up the last five weeks' score."

"Oh! he does—does he? (Hiccup.) And why the devil, marm, don't you pay him then?"

"Why you know, my dear, you have given me no money."

"It's false, marm! it's a lie! it was only this very morning I gave you all the money in the till. Eh, marm?"

"Yes, my dear, just three halfpence, which a little boy paid for an ounce of Epsom salts."

"No matter what it was *for*. What's become of *that*, I should like to know? Your extravagance is unbearable! (Hiccup.)"

"Then the baker says he can't trust any longer. He must have his money—you know he needs it."

"*Kneads* it? *kneads* it? not so bad that, ah! ah! Mrs. B., your a female wag. (Hiccup.) Capital pun, by Jove!—book it for to-morrow's club. Take a little bran'y-a-war'er, Mrs. B., to christen your first joke. Ain't there any left? Well, never mind, let's go to bed, and d—n the baker!"

Mrs. Humidus leads the way with the last bit of dip, and Mr. Humidus, relying on the friendly aid of a stout banister, manages to stumble up stairs and scramble into bed, where, in less than one minute, the somnolency caused by "potations pottle deep" falls upon him, and proclaims its victory over its victim by triumphant snores. Mrs. Boskey undresses herself and fetches the baby from the maid's room. Fondling and caressing it, she cries herself to sleep by the side of its inanimate father.

Such scenes as these were of almost nightly occurrence, and though Mrs. Boskey, like the eels which grew used to being skinned, was accustomed to such brutal treatment, her health and spirits suffered severely. Her female friends, to whom she sometimes revealed the cause of her ill-health and melancholy looks, gave but little credit to her statement, but thought the fault must be all on her side, as Mr. Humidus Boskey was "such a funny and agreeable person, and *so* good-tempered!" Appearances, as the copy-books say, are so deceitful!

With this funny and agreeable gentleman Ephraim Field gradually grew too intimate. But a few years before he would have been disgusted with him. A love of drinking and good fellowship, however, had gradually grown upon him, and he was glad to find any associate who would sit with him, and make one at a little snug dinner, especially if he could take a part in a duet or glee.

To Mr. Humidus the acquaintance of Ephraim was invaluable, and he cultivated it perseveringly. His finances, owing to his neglect of business, and his large family, were generally in a suspicious state, and his exchequer empty. Ephraim, whenever he saw him dull and heard him singing half a tone too flat, divined the cause, and as he had, as he thought, plenty of money, and but very few calls upon him, freely allowed his new-found friend to draw upon him for 20*l.* and 30*l.* at a time, and was satisfied by an I O U for the amount, and the sight of Boskey's reinvigorated spirits.

Mrs. Field and Agnes were not even aware that Ephraim had formed an intimacy with Mr. Humidus; nor, if they had been aware of it, would they have been shocked at it, as, from their retired mode of life, they knew little or nothing of their neighbours but by name. Mrs. Sewtight, also, was too much engaged with scouring the house and her children to listen to or talk tittle-tattle. Mrs. Field, therefore, remained in blissful ignorance of her husband's gradual degradation in society. She was aware that he kept later hours than formerly, but was rather pleased at it than not, as it gave her more time for reading and music with her daughter.

It is possible, had Mr. Gamut been alive, that Ephraim might have been saved in good time from the ruin which impended over him. He however met with his death from his inordinate passion for music.

At one of the grand commemorations, when a concert on a large scale is given in the theatre at Oxford, Mr. Gamut being one of the stewards, was exceedingly anxious that every thing should go off well. On the morning of the first day's concert, the professional who played the triangle was too much indisposed to attend. Mr. Gamut not knowing where to find another professional triangler, volunteered to undertake the instrumental parts for the missing man. Unfortunately

he was placed immediately below an enthusiastic and vigorous kettle-drum player. This gentleman, in the midst of an overture in trying to give additional impetus to a grand "crash," missed his instrument, and hit poor Mr. Gamut so severe a blow on the head, as to knock him, music-stool and all, from the summit to the bottom of a very lofty orchestra.

Every body said the "crash" was the grandest that had ever been heard within the walls of the theatre, though no one was aware that the grand effect had been produced by the fall of Mr. Gamut and his stool just in the right bar of the loudest movement, except himself and the kettle-drum-player. Gamut was delighted with the way in which the overture went off, and if an *encore* had been called, would probably have volunteered a second tumble to have ensured the same success. He felt but little from his bruises as long as the concert lasted, but when the excitement was over, he fell seriously ill, and soon "closed his performances," as he would have expressed it himself "in a solo in *he flat*."

"Ephraim," said Geoffrey Sewtight to his early friend, meeting him in the High-street, as he was carrying a green-baize bag full of boots, shoes, pumps, and slippers to some gentleman's rooms,—"Ephraim, I have been too busy to see much of you lately, but have been very anxious to see you on several subjects."

"Then pray walk in doors, Geoff., we can't communicate here in the street," replied Ephraim; for to say the truth, he was rather shocked at the blue bag and apron of Geoffrey.

"I haven't time, now," said Sewtight; "I am always as good as my word. I promised to bring these goods home at 12 o'clock this day, and St. Mary's is just on the point of striking. I will call, however, as I return."

Geoffrey was as "good as his word" in this instance, and upon entering the elegantly-furnished dining-room of Ephraim, drew a deep sigh and a chair towards the fire.

"Take some lunch," said Ephraim, "a sardine and a glass of Bordo."

"Thank you," said Geoffrey, "but I prefer a slice of bread-and-cheese and a glass of ale."

"Well, what is it you wish to say?" inquired Ephraim, after he had supplied his friend with the luncheon to which he showed what he considered a plebeian preference.

"Nothing agreeable, Ephraim, and therefore I would willingly leave it unsaid; but my real regard for you tells me I should be wrong to hide from you the injurious reports I have heard of you."

"Injurious reports of me!" said Ephraim, amazed and quaffing off his Bourdeaux.

"Yes," said Geoffrey. "I heard this morning that a check of yours, for a small amount too, had been presented at your bankers by that disgrace to his profession, Mr. Humidus Boskey, and refused, as there were 'no effects.'"

"The deuce!" said Ephraim.

"Yes," continued Geoffrey, "and that a bill at three months for 500*l*. had been noted and returned."

"Oh! that's true enough;—the fact is, I leave all that sort of thing to my foreman, and the stupid fellow neglected to enter it in the bill-book; but it's of no consequence, my dear Geoff., I've ten or twelve thousand pounds on my books at this moment," said Ephraim.

"I had rather they were in your banker's iron safe," replied Geoffrey, "but this, though bad enough, may be remedied. I have cash lying by me and can supply you until you get in some of your bills. What I have to draw your attention to, and I am surprised you have not observed it yourself, is the evidently dangerous state of your wife. She called on us with Agnes yesterday, and if she is not in a rapid decline I am mistaken. I never saw a person so altered in my life."

"Oh! you're wrong depend on it," said Ephraim; "she was always delicate, you know—she shuts herself up too much, I must get her out more."

"I hope I am wrong," replied Geoffrey; "but I thought it my duty to mention these things to you. Keep more at home, Ephraim, and look more after your family and your business; give up singing, and that Mr. Humidus Boskey. Excuse my boldness, Ephraim, and command my services at all times."

Thus saying, Geoffrey laid down his knife and the tankard, shook his friend feelingly by the hand, and resumed his green bag.

"Well, Geoffrey, I'll borrow a thousand till I get my bills in," said Ephraim; "for to tell the truth I have overdrawn rather largely at my banker's."

As soon as Geoffrey was gone, Ephraim rang the bell violently. He told the maid who answered it, to send young Geoffrey to him immediately.

Greatly to the surprise of the young man and the whole establishment, the day-book, journal, ledger, cash, and order books were ordered to be carried into the dining-room. Ephraim brooded over the contents of each for some time, surveyed the "silver-plate, cut-glass, and decanters," on his table, cast his eyes over the rich furniture of the room, and shut the books with a deep sigh. He then leant back in his easy-chair, and fell into a profound revery, from which he was aroused by the entrance of Mr. Humidus Boskey, who came into the room singing the chorus of a drinking-song, and suiting the action to the word by pouring out, and tossing off a tumbler of Bourdeaux.

"I am glad you've called," said Ephraim; "I was going to send for you professionally—not for myself, for I never was ill in my life except from a little over-indulgence, which a little brandy and soda-water always remedies. I am told that Mrs. Field is looking ill. You have not been introduced to her, but you will oblige me by allowing me to introduce you now. Observe, I shall not present you as a medical man, but as a private friend. Examine her appearance, and tell me candidly the result of your examination."

Mrs. Field and Agnes were summoned into the dining-room, and introduced to Mr. Humidus, who, being really clever in his profession, and very gentlemanly in his manners in the early part of the day, insinuated himself into the good graces of the ladies, and without her knowing it, managed to put a great many medicinal inquiries to Mrs. Field which gave him an insight into her real bodily ailments.

When the ladies retired, Mr. Humidus offering his hand to Ephraim, begged him not to be shocked, but bear the intelligence, which he felt it his duty to communicate, like a man.

Mr. Humidus then in a very feeling manner, for which no one who had seen him in his cups would have given him credit, explained to his friend his reasons for believing that consumption was doing its cruel task rapidly, and that Mrs. Field's days had dwindled to a very short span.

"Then," said Ephraim, "I must request your constant attendance professionally. Call in this evening, but remember—" and Ephraim shook his head negatively, and put his hand to his lips imitatory of a person taking his glass of wine.

"On my honour—yes!" said Humidus, as he left the room.

Ephraim went up stairs to the study, where he found his wife lying on a sofa, and looking weary and exhausted.

"Agnes, my dear, you look ill."

"I am not well, I believe," replied his wife; "but I cannot say what ails me. I feel listless and unwilling to exert myself. My appetite is not very good, and my nights are sleepless. I confine myself and that dear child too much. We must take more exercise."

"I was going to recommend your doing so," said Ephraim; "but as you feel ill, I wish you would consult my friend Mr. Boskey professionally—he is coming here this evening."

"Oh, yes, with great pleasure," replied Mrs. Field; "I like what I have seen of him very much. He is quiet, and gentlemanly in his manners, and seems to be a very considerate and feeling man."

Having gained his point and chatted with his daughter, Ephraim returned to the inspection of his books, and the result was not quite satisfactory. He dined with his wife and child, and stayed at home all the evening, expecting Humidus every minute. At length he arrived, but not until after Mrs. Field had retired to bed.

Ephraim informed him of this fact, and Humidus nodding a "never mind" to his friend, took a chamber-candle, lit it, and walked pretty steadily up stairs.

Mrs. Field, who was expecting him, extended her wrist to him that he might feel her pulse, put out her tongue, and told him all her ailments in succession.

Humidus said nothing, but held tight to the bedpost with one hand, while he went through the examination of the pulse with the other: and then making a kind of lurch towards the door, muttered to Ephraim loudly enough to be heard by Agnes and her mother,

"DEAD in less than a week, by jingo!"

(To be continued.)

RHYMES FOR THE TIMES, AND REASON FOR THE SEASON.

BY THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.

No. III.

MISS KILMANSEGG AND HER PRECIOUS LEG.

A GOLDEN LEGEND.

"What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold?"
TIMON OF ATHENS.

HER PEDIGREE.

To trace the Kilmansegg pedigree,
To the very roots of the family tree,
Were a task as rash as ridiculous:
Through antediluvian mists as thick
As London fog such a line to pick
Were enough, in truth, to puzzle Old Nick,
Not to name Sir Harris Nicholas.

It wouldn't require much verbal strain
To trace the Kill-man, perchance, to Cain;
But waving all such digressions,
Suffice it, according to family lore,
A Patriarch Killmansegg lived of yore,
Who was famed for his great possessions.

Tradition said he feather'd his nest
Through an Agricultural Interest
In the Golden Age of Farming;
When golden eggs were laid by the geese,
And Colchian sheep wore a golden fleece,
And golden pippins—the sterling kind
Of Hesperus—now so hard to find—
Made Horticulture quite charming!

A Lord of Land, on his own estate,
He lived at a very lively rate,
But his income would bear carousing;
Such acres he had of pasture and heath,
With herbage so rich from the ore beneath,
The very ewe's and lambkin's teeth
Were turn'd into gold by browsing.

He gave, without any extra thrift,
A flock of sheep for a birthday gift
To each son of his loins, or daughter:
And his debts—if debts he had—at will
He liquidated by giving each bill
A dip in Pactolian water.

'Twas said that even his pigs of lead,
By crossing with some by Midas bred,
Made a perfect mine of his piggery.
And as for cattle, one yearling bull
Was worth all Smithfield-market full
Of the Golden Bulls of Pope Gregory.

The high-bred horses within his stud,
Like human creatures of birth and blood,
Had their Golden Cups and flagons:
And as for the common husbandry nags,
Their noses were tied in money-bags,
When they stopp'd with the carts and waggons.

Moreover, he had a Golden Ass,
Sometimes at stall, and sometimes at grass,
That was worth his own weight in money—
And a golden hive on a Golden Bank
Where golden bees by alchemical prank
Gather'd gold instead of honey.

Gold! and gold! and gold without end!
He had gold to lay by, and gold to spend,
Gold to give, and gold to lend,
And reversions of gold in futuro.
In wealth the family revell'd and roll'd;
Himself and wife and sons so bold;
And his daughters sang to their harps of gold
"O bella eta del' oro!"

Such was the tale of the Kilmansegg Kin,
In golden text on a vellum skin,
Though certain people would wink and grin,
And declare the whole story a parable—
That the Ancestor rich, was one Jacob Ghrimes,
Who held a long lease, in prosperous times,
Of acres, pasture and arable.

That as money makes money his golden bees
Were the five per cents, or which you please,
When his cash was more than plenty—
That the golden cups were racing affairs;
And his daughters, who sang Italian airs,
Had their golden harps of Clementi.

That the Golden Ass, or Golden Bull,
Was English John with his pockets full,
Then at war by land and water:
While beef, and mutton, and other meat,
Were almost as dear as money to eat,
And Farmers reaped Golden Harvests of wheat
At the Lord knows what per quarter!

HER BIRTH.

What different dooms our birthdays bring!
For instance, one little mannikin thing
Survives to wear many a wrinkle;

While Death forbids another to wake,
And a son that it took nine moons to make,
Expires without even a twinkle!

Into this world we come like ships,
Launch'd from the docks, and stocks, and slips,
For fortune fair or fatal;
And one little craft is cast away,
In its very first trip in Babbicome Bay,
While another rides safe at Port Natal.

What different lots our stars accord!
This babe to be hail'd and woo'd as a Lord,
And that to be shunn'd like a leper!
One, to the world's wine, honey, and corn,
Another, like Colchester native, born
To its vinegar, only, and pepper.

One is litter'd under a roof,
Neither wind nor water proof,—
That's the prose of Love in a Cottage—
A puny, naked, shivering wretch,
The whole of whose birthright would not fetch,
Though Robins himself drew up the sketch,
The bid of "a mess of pottage."

Born of Fortunatus's kin,
Another comes tenderly usher'd in
To a prospect all bright and burnish'd:
No tenant he, for life's back slums—
He comes to the world as a gentleman comes
To a lodging ready furnish'd.

And the other sex—the tender—the fair—
What wide reverses of fate are there!
Whilst Margaret, charm'd by the Bulbul rare,
In a garden of Gul reposes—
Poor Peggy hawks nosegays from street to street,
Till—think of that, who find life so sweet!—
She hates the smell of roses!

Not so with the infant Kilmansegg!
She was not born to steal or beg,
Or gather cresses in ditches;
To plait the straw or bind the shoe,
Or sit all day to hem and sew,
As females must, and not a few—
To fill their insides with stitches!

She was not doom'd for bread to eat
To be put to her hands as well as her feet—
To carry home linen from mangles—
Or heavy-hearted, and weary-limb'd,
To dance on a rope in a jacket trimm'd
With as many blows as spangles.

She was one of those who by Fortune's boon
Are born, as they say, with a silver spoon

In her mouth, not a wooden ladle:
To speak according to poet's wont,
Plutus as Sponsor stood at her font,
And Midas rock'd the cradle.

At her first *début* she found her head
On a pillow of down, in a downy bed,
With a damask canopy over.
For although by the vulgar popular saw,
All mothers are said to be "in the straw,"
Some children are born in clover.

Her very first draught of vital air
It was not the common chameleon fare
Of plebeian lungs and noses,—
No—her earliest sniff
Of this world was a whiff
Of the genuine Otto of Roses!

When she saw the light—it was no mere ray
Of that light so common—so every-day—
That the sun each morning launches—
But six wax tapers dazzled her eyes,
From a thing—a gooseberry bush for size—
With a golden stem and branches.

She was born exactly at half-past two,
As witness'd a timepiece in or-molu
That stood on a marble table—
Showing at once the time of day,
And a team of *Gildings* running away,
As fast as they were able,
With a golden God with a golden Star
And a golden spear in a golden Car
According to Grecian fable.

Like other babes at her birth she cried,
Which made a sensation far and wide,
Ay, for twenty miles around her;
For though to the ear 'twas nothing more
Than an infant's squall, it was really the roar
Of a Fifty-thousand Pounder!
It shook the next heir
In his library chair,
And made him cry, "Confound her!"

Of signs and omens there was no dearth,
Any more than at Owen Glendower's birth.
Or the advent of other great people:
Two bullocks dropp'd dead,
As if knock'd on the head,
And barrels of stout,
And ale ran about,
And the village-bells such a peal rang out,
That they cracked the village steeple.

In no time at all, like mushroom spawn,
Tables sprang up all over the lawn;

Not furnish'd scantly or shabbily,
But on scale as vast
As that huge repast,
With its loads and cargoes,
Of drink and botargoes,
At the Birth of the Babe in Rabelais.

Hundreds of men were turn'd into beasts,
Like the guests at Circe's horrible feasts,
By the magic of ale and cider:
And each country lass, and each country lad,
Began to caper and dance like mad,
And even some old ones appear'd to have had
A bite from the Naples Spider.

Then as night came on,
It had scared King John,
Who considered such signs not risible,
To have seen the maroons,
And the whirling moons,
And the serpents of flame,
And wheels of the same,
That according to some were "whizzable."

Oh, happy Hope of the Kilmanseggs!
Thrice happy in head, and body, and legs
That her parents had such full pockets!
For had she been born of Want and Thrift,
For care and nursing all adrift,
It's ten to one she had had to make shift
With rickets instead of rockets!

And how was the precious Baby drest?
In a robe of the East, with lace of the West,
Like one of Crœsus's issue—
Her best bibs were made
Of rich gold brocade,
And the others of silver tissue.

And when the Baby inclined to nap,
She was lull'd on a Gros de Naples lap,
By a nurse, in a modish Paris cap,
Of notions so exalted,
She drank nothing lower than Curaçoa,
Maraschino, or pink Noyau,
And on principle never malted.

From a golden boat, with a golden spoon,
The Babe was fed night, morning, and noon;
And altho' the tale seems fabulous,
'Tis said her tops and bottoms were gilt,
Like the oats in that Stable-yard Palace built
For the Horse of Heliogabalus.

And when she took to squall and kick,
For pain will wring, and pins will prick,
E'en the wealthiest nabob's daughter;—

They gave her no vulgar Dalby or gin,
But a liquor with leaf of gold therein,
Videlicet—Dantzic Water.

In short, she was born, and bred, and nurst,
And drest in the best from the very first,
To please the genteelest censor—
And then, as soon as strength would allow,
Was vaccinated, as babes are now,
With virus ta'en from the best-bred cow
Of Lord Althorp's—now Earl Spencer.

HER CHRISTENING.

Though Shakspeare asks us, "What's in a name?"
(As if cognomens were much the same),
There's really a very great scope in it.
A name?—why, wasn't there Doctor Dodd,
That servant at once of Mammon and God,
Who found four thousand pounds and odd,
A prison—a cart—and a rope in it?

A name?—if the party had a voice,
What mortal would be a Bugg by choice?
As a Hogg, a Grubb, or a Chubb rejoice?
Or any such nauseous blazon?
Not to mention many a vulgar name,
That would make a doorplate blush for shame,
If doorplates were not so brazen!

A name?—it has more than nominal worth,
And belongs to good or bad luck at birth—
As dames of a certain degree know,
In spite of his Page's hat and hose,
His Page's jacket, and buttons in rows,
Bob only sounds like a page of prose
Till turn'd into Rupertino.

Now to christen the infant Kilmansegg,
For days and days it was quite a plague,
To hunt the list in the Lexicon:
And scores were tried like coin by the ring,
Ere names were found just the proper thing
For a minor rich as a Mexican.

Then cards were sent, the presence to beg
Of all the kin of Kilmansegg,
White, yellow, and brown relations:
Brothers, Wardens of City Halls,
And Uncles—rich as three Golden Balls
From taking pledges of nations.

Nephews, whom Fortune seem'd to bewitch,
Rising in life like rockets—
Nieces whose dow'ries knew no hitch—
Aunts as certain of dying rich
As candles in golden sockets—

Cousins German and cousin's sons,
All thriving and opulent—some had tons
Of Kentish hops in their pockets!

For money had stuck to the race thro' life
(As it did to the bushel when cash so rife
Pozed Ali Baba's brother's wife)—
And down to the Cousins and Coz-lings,
The fortunate brood of the Kilmanseggs,
As if they had come out of golden eggs,
Were all as wealthy as "Goslings."

It would fill a Court Gazette to name
What East and West End people came
To the rite of Christianity:
The lofty Lord and the titled Dame,
All di'monds, plumes, and urbanity:
His Lordship the May'r with his golden chain,
And two Gold Sticks, and the Sheriffs twain,
Nine foreign Counts, and other great men
With their orders and stars, to help M or N
To renounce all pomp and vanity.

To paint the maternal Kilmansegg,
The pen of an Eastern Poet would beg,
And need an elaborate sonnet;
How she sparkled with gems whenever she stirr'd,
And her head niddle-noddled at every word,
And seem'd so happy, a Paradise Bird
Had nidificated upon it.

And Sir Jacob the Father strutted and bow'd,
And smiled to himself, and laugh'd aloud,
To think of his heiress and daughter—
And then in his pockets he made a grope,
And then, in the fulness of joy and hope,
Seem'd washing his hands with invisible soap,
In imperceptible water.

He had roll'd in money like pigs in mud,
Till it seem'd to have enter'd into his blood
By some occult projection:
And his cheeks, instead of a healthy hue,
As yellow as any guinea grew,
Making the common phrase seem true
About a rich complexion.

And now came the Nurse, and during a pause,
Her dead-leaf satin would fitly cause
A very autumnal rustle—
So full of figure, so full of fuss,
As she carried about the babe to buss,
She seem'd to be nothing but bustle.

A wealthy Nabob was Godpapa,
And an Indian Begum was Godmamma,
Whose jewels a Queen might covet—

And the Priest was a Vicar and Dean withal,
Of that Temple we see with a Golden Ball,
And a Golden Cross above it.

The Font was a bowl of American gold,
Won by Raleigh in days of old,
In spite of Spanish bravado;
And the Book of Pray'r was so overrun
With gilt devices, it shone in the sun,
Like a copy—a presentation one—
Of Humboldt's "El Dorado."

Gold! and gold! and nothing but gold!
The same auriferous shine behold
Wherever the eye could settle!
On the walls—the sideboard—the ceiling-sky—
On the gorgeous footmen standing by,
In coats to delight a miner's eye,
With seams of the precious metal.

Gold! and gold! and besides the gold,
The very robe of the infant told
A tale of wealth in every fold;
It lapp'd her like a vapour!
So fine! so thin! the mind at a loss
Could compare it to nothing, except a cross
Of cobweb with bank-note paper.

Then her pearls—'twas a perfect sight, forsooth,
To see them, like "the dew of her youth,"
In such a plentiful sprinkle.
Meanwhile, the Vicar read through the form,
And gave her another, not overwarm,
That made her little eyes twinkle.

Then the babe was cross'd, and bless'd amain,
But instead of the Kate, or Ann, or Jane,
Which the humbler female endorses:
Instead of one name, as some people prefix,
Kilmansegg went at the tails of six,
Like a carriage of state with its horses.

Oh, then the kisses she got and hugs!
The golden mugs and the golden jugs.
That lent fresh rays to the midges!
The golden knives, aud the golden spoons,
The gems that sparkled like fairy boons,
It was one of the Kilmansegg's own saloons,
But look'd like Rundell and Bridge's!

Gold! and gold! the new and old!
The company ate and drank from gold,
They revell'd, they sang, and were merry;
And one of the Gold Sticks rose from his chair,
And toasted "the Lass with the golden hair"
In a bumper of golden Sherry.

Gold! still gold! it rain'd on the nurse,
Who, unlike Danäe, was none the worse;
There was nothing but guineas glistening!
Fifty were given to Doctor James,
For calling the little Baby names,
And for saying, Amen!
The Clerk had ten,
And that was the end of the Christening.

HER CHILDHOOD.

Our youth! our childhood! that spring of springs!
'Tis surely one of the blessedest things
That nature ever invented!
When the rich are wealthy beyond their wealth,
And the poor are rich in spirits and health,
And all with their lots contented!

There's little Phelim, he sings like a thrush,
In the selfsame pair of patchwork plush,
With the selfsame empty pockets,
That tempted his daddy so often to cut
His throat, or jump in the water-butt.—
But what cares Phelim? an empty nut
Would sooner bring tears to their sockets.

Give him a collar without a skirt,
That's the Irish linen for shirt,
And a slice of bread, with a taste of dirt,
That's Poverty's Irish butter,
And what does he lack to make him blest?
Some oyster-shells, or a sparrow's nest,
A candle-end and a gutter.

But to leave the happy Phelim alone,
Gnawing, perchance, a marrowless bone,
For which no dog would quarrel—
Turn we to little Miss Kilmansegg,
Cutting her first little toothy-peg
With a fifty guinea coral—
A peg upon which
About poor and rich
Reflection might hang a moral.

Born in wealth and wealthily nursed
Capp'd, papp'd, napp'd, and lapp'd from the first
On the knees of Prodigality,
Her childhood was one eternal round
Of the game of going on Tickler's ground
Picking up gold—in reality.

With extempore carts she never play'd,
Or the odds and ends of a Tinker's trade,
Or little dirt pies and puddings made,
Like children happy and squalid;
The very puppet she had to pet,
Like a bait for the "Nix my Dolly" set,
Was a Dolly of gold—and solid!

Gold! and gold! 'twas the burden still!
To gain the Heiress's early goodwill
There was much corruption and bribery—
  The yearly cost of her golden toys
Would have given half London's Charity Boys
And Charity Girls the annual joys
  Of a holiday dinner at Highbury.

Bon-bons she ate from the gilt cornet;
And gilded queens on St. Bartlemy's day;
  Till her fancy was tinged by her presents—
And first a Goldfinch excited her wish
Then a spherical bowl with its Golden fish
  And then two Golden Pheasants.

Nay, once she squall'd and scream'd like wild—
And it shows how the bias we give to a child
  Is a thing most weighty and solemn;—
But whence was wonder or blame to spring
If little Miss K.,—after such a swing—
Made a dust for the flaming gilded thing
  On the top of the Fish-street column?

HER EDUCATION.

According to metaphysical creed,
To the earliest books that children read
  For much good or much bad they are debtors;
But before with their A B C they start,
There are things in morals as well as art,
That play a very important part—
  "Impressions before the letters."

Dame Education begins the pile,
Mayhap in the graceful Corinthian style,
  But alas for the elevation!
If the Lady's maid or Gossip the Nurse
With a load of rubbish, or something worse,
  Have made a rotten foundation.

Even thus with little Miss Kilmansegg,
Before she learnt her E for egg
  Ere her Governess came, or her Masters—
Teachers of quite a different kind
Had "cramm'd" her beforehand, and put her mind
  In a go-cart on golden castors.

Long before her A B and C.
They had taught her by heart her L. S. D.
  And as how she was born a great Heiress;
And as sure as London is built of bricks,
My Lord would ask her the day to fix,
To ride in a fine gilt coach and six,
  Like Her Worship the Lady May'ress.

Instead of stories from Edgeworth's page,
The true golden lore for our golden age,

Or lessons from Barbauld and Trimmer,
Teaching the worth of Virtue and Health
All that she knew was the Virtue of Wealth,
Provided by vulgar nursery stealth
With a Book of Gold Leaf for a Primer.

The very metal of merit they told,
And prais'd her for being as "good as gold"
Till she grew as a peacock haughty;
Of money they talk'd the whole day round,
And weigh'd desert like grapes by the pound,
Till she had an idea from the very sound
That people with naught were naughty.

They praised—poor children with nothing at all!
Lord! how you twaddle and waddle and squall
Like common-bred geese and ganders!
What sad little bad little figures you make
To the rich Miss K, whose plainest seed-cake
Was stuff'd with corianders!

They prais'd her falls, as well as her walk,
Flatterers make cream cheese of chalk,
They prais'd—how they prais'd—her very small talk,
As if it fell from a Solon;
Or the girl who at each pretty phrase let drop
A ruby comma, a pearl full-stop,
And an emerald semi-colon.

They prais'd her spirit, and now and then,
The Nurse brought her own little "nevy" Ben,
To play with the future May'ress,
And when he got raps, and taps, and slaps,
Scratches, and pinches, snips, and snaps,
As if from a Tigress or Bearess,
They told him how lords would court that hand,
And always gave him to understand
While he rubb'd, poor soul,
His carroty poll,
That his hair had been pull'd by "a *Hairess*."

Such were the lessons from maid and nurse,
A Governess helped to make still worse,
Giving an appetite so perverse
Fresh diet whereon to batten—
Beginning with A. B. C. to hold
Like a royal play-bill printed in gold
On a square of pearl-white satin.

The books to teach the verbs and nouns,
And those about countries, cities and towns,
Instead of their sober drabs and browns,
Were in crimson silk, with gilt edges;—
Her Butler and Enfield and Entick—in short
Her "Early Lessons" of every sort,
Looked like Souvenirs, Keepsakes, and Pledges.

Old Johnson shone out in as fine array
As he did one night when he went to the play;
Chambaud like a beau of King Charles's day—
  Lindley Murray in like conditions—
Each weary, unwelcome, irksome task,
Appear'd in a fancy dress and a mask—
If you wish for similar copies ask
  For Howell and James's Editions.

Novels she read to amuse her mind,
But always the affluent match-making kind
  That ends with Promessi Sposi,
And a father-in-law so wealthy and grand,
He could give cheque-mate to Coutts in the Strand;
  So along with a ring and posy
He endows the Bride with Golconda offhand,
  And gives the Groom Potosi.

Plays she perused—but she liked the best
Those comedy gentlefolks always possess'd
  Of fortunes so truly romantic—
Of money so ready that right or wrong
It always is ready to go for a song,
Throwing it, going it, pitching it strong—
They ought to have purses as green and long
  As the cucumber called the Gigantic.

Then Eastern Tales she lov'd for the sake
Of the Purse of Oriental make,
  And the thousand pieces they put in it—
But Pastoral scenes on her heart fell cold,
For Nature with her had lost its hold,
No field but the Field of the Cloth of Gold
  Would ever have caught her foot in it.

What more? She learned to sing, and dance,
To sit on a horse, although he should prance,
And to speak a French not spoken in France
  Any more than at Babel's building—
And she painted shells, and flowers, and Turks,
But her great delight was in Fancy Works
  That are done with gold or gilding.

Gold! still gold!—the bright and the dead,
With golden beads, and gold lace, and gold thread
She work'd in gold as if for her bread,
  The metal had so undermined her—
Gold ran in her thoughts and fill'd her brain,
She was golden-headed as Peter's cane
  With which he walked behind her.

HER ACCIDENT.

The horse that carried Miss Kilmansegg,
And a better never lifted leg,
  Was a very rich bay, called Banker—
A horse of a breed and a mettle so rare,—
By Bullion out of an Ingot mare,—
That for action, the best of figures, and air,
  It made many good judges hanker.

And when she took a ride in the Park,
Equestrian Lord, or pedestrian Clerk,
  Was thrown in an amorous fever,
To see the heiress how well she sat,
With her groom behind her, Bob or Nat,
In green, half smother'd with gold, and a hat
  With more gold lace than beaver.

And then when Banker obtained a pat,
To see how he arch'd his neck at that!
  He snorted with pride and pleasure!
Like the Steed in the fable so lofty and grand,
Who gave the poor Ass to understand,
That *he* did'nt carry a bag of sand,
  But a burden of golden treasure.

A load of treasure?—alas! alas!
Had her horse but been fed upon English grass,
  And sheltered in Yorkshire spinneys,
Had he scour'd the sand with the Desart Ass,
  Or where the American whinnies—
But a hunter from Erin's turf and gorse,
A regular thorough bred Irish horse,
Why, he ran away, as a matter of course,
  With a girl worth her weight in guineas!

Mayhap 'tis the trick of such pamper'd nags,
To shy at the sight of a beggar in rags,
  But away, like the bolt of a rabbit,
Away went the horse in the madness of fright,
And away went the horsewoman mocking the sight—
Was yonder blue flash a flash of blue light,
  Or only the skirt of her habit?

Away she flies, with the groom behind,—
It looks like a race of the Calmuck kind,
  When Hymen himself is the starter:
And the Maid rides first in the fourfooted strife,
Riding, striding, as if for her life,
While the Lover rides after to catch him a wife,
  Although it's catching a Tartar.

But the Groom has lost his glittering hat!
Though he does not sigh and pull up for that—
Alas! his horse is a tit for Tatt,
  To sell to a very low bidder—
His wind is ruin'd, his shoulder is sprung,
Things, though a horse be well-bred and young,
  A purchaser *will* consider.

But still flies the heiress through stones and dust,
Oh, for a fall, if fall she must,
  On the gentle lap of Flora!
But still, thank Heaven! she clings to her seat—
Away! away! she could ride a dead heat,
With the Dead who ride so fast and fleet,
  In the Ballad of Leonora!

Away she gallops!—it's awful work!
It's faster than Turpin's ride to York,
  On Bess that notable clipper!

She has circled the Ring!—she crosses the Park!
Mazeppa, although he was stripp'd so stark,
  Mazeppa couldn't outstrip her!

The fields seem running away with the folks!
The Elms are having a race for the Oaks!
  At a pace that all Jockeys disparages!
All, all is racing! the Serpentine
Seems rushing past like the "arrowy Rhine,"
The houses have got on a railway line,
  And are off like the first-class carriages!

She'll lose her life! she is losing her breath!
A cruel chase, she is chasing Death,
  As female shriekings forewarn her:
And now—as fearless as blood of Guelph—
She clears that gate, which has clear'd itself
  Since then, at Hyde Park Corner!

Alas! for the hope of the Kilmanseggs!
For her head, her brains, her body, and legs,
  Her life's not worth a copper!
                Willy-nilly,
                In Piccadilly,
A hundred hearts turn sick and chilly,
  A hundred voices cry, "Stop her!"
And one old gentleman stares and stands,
Shakes his head and lifts his hands,
  And says, "How very improper!"

On and on!—what a perilous run!
The iron rails seem all mingling in one,
  To shut out the Green Park scenery!
And now the Cellar its dangers reveals,
She shudders—she shrieks—she's doom'd, she feels,
To be torn by powers of horses and wheels,
  Like a spinner by steam machinery!

Sick with horror she shuts her eyes,
But the very stones seem uttering cries,
  As they did to that Persian daughter,
When she climb'd up the steep vociferous hill,
Her little silver flagon to fill
  With the magical Golden Water!

"Batter her! shatter her!
Throw and scatter her!"
Shouts each stony-hearted chatterer—
  "Dash at the heavy Dover!
Spill her! kill her! tear and tatter her!
Smash her! crash her!" (the stones didn't flatter her!)
"Kick her brains out! let her blood spatter her!
  Roll on her over and over!"

For so she gather'd the awful sense
Of the street in its past unmacadamiz'd tense,
  As the wild horse overran it,—
His four heels making the clatter of six,
Like a Devil's tattoo, play'd with iron sticks
  On a kettle-drum of granite!

On! still on! she's dazzled with hints
Of oranges, ribbons, and colour'd prints,
A Kaleidoscope jumble of shapes and tints,
And human faces all flashing,
Bright and brief as the sparks from the flints,
That the desperate hoof keeps dashing!

On and on! still frightfully fast!
Dover-street, Bond-street, all are past!
But—yes—no—yes!—they're down at last!
The Furies and Fates have found them!
Down they go with a sparkle and crash,
Like a Bark that's struck by the lightning flash—
There's a shriek—and a sob—
And the dense dark mob
Like a billow closes around them!

* * * * *
* * * *

"She breathes!"
"She don't!"
"She'll recover!"
"She won't!"
"She's stirring! she's living, by Nemesis!"
Gold, still gold! on counter and shelf!
Golden dishes as plenty as delf!
Miss Kilmansegg's coming again to herself
On an opulent Goldsmith's premises!

Gold! fine gold!—both yellow and red,
Beaten, and molten—polish'd, and dead—
To see the gold with profusion spread
In all forms of its manufacture!
But what avails gold to Miss Kilmansegg,
When the femoral bone of her dexter leg
Has met with a compound fracture.
Gold may sooth Adversity's smart;
Nay, help to bind up a broken heart;
But to try it on any other part
Were as certain a disappointment,
As if one should rub the dish and plate,
Taken out of a Staffordshire crate,
In the hope of a Golden Service of State—
With Singleton's "Golden Ointment."

HER PRECIOUS LEG.

"As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined,"
Is an adage often recall'd to mind,
Referring to juvenile bias:
And never so well is the verity seen,
As when to the weak, warp'd side we lean,
While Life's tempests and hurricanes try us.

Even thus with Miss K. and her broken limb,
By a very, very remarkable whim,
She show'd her early tuition:
While the buds of character came into blow
With a certain tinge that served to show
The nursery culture long ago,
As the graft is known by fruition!

For the King's Physician, who nursed the case,
His verdict gave with an awful face,
And three others concurr'd to egg it;
That the Patient to give old Death the slip,
Like the Pope, instead of a personal trip,
Must send her Leg as a Legate.

The limb was doom'd—it couldn't be saved!
And like other people the patient behaved,
Nay, bravely that cruel parting braved,
Which makes some persons so falter;
They rather would part without a groan,
With the flesh of their flesh, and bone of their bone,
They obtain'd at St. George's altar.

But when it came to fitting the stump
With a proxy limb—then flatly and plump
She spoke, in the spirit olden;
She couldn't—she shouldn't—she wouldn't have wood!
Nor a leg of cork, if she never stood,
And she swore an oath, or something as good,
The proxy limb should be golden!

A wooden leg! what, a sort of peg,
For your common Jockeys and Jennies!
No, no, her mother might worry and plague—
Weep, go down on her knees, and beg,
But nothing would move Miss Kilmansegg!
She could—she would have a Golden Leg,
If it cost ten thousand guineas!

Wood indeed, in Forest or Park,
With its sylvan honours and feudal bark,
Is an aristocratical article.
But split and sawn, and hack'd about town,
Serving all needs of pauper or clown,
Trod on! stagger'd on! Wood cut down
Is vulgar—fibre and particle!

And Cork!—when the noble Cork Tree shades
A lovely group of Castilian maids,
'Tis a thing for a song or sonnet!—
But cork, as it stops the bottle of gin,
Or bungs the beer—the *small* beer! in—
It pierced her heart like a corking-pin,
To think of standing upon it!

A Leg of Gold—solid gold throughout,
Nothing else, whether slim or stout,
Should ever support her, God willing!
She must—she could—she would have her whim,
Her father, she turn'd a deaf ear to him—
He might kill her—she didn't mind killing!
He was welcome to cut off her other limb—
He might cut her all off with a shilling!

All other promised gifts were in vain,
Golden Girdle or Golden Chain,
She writhed with impatience more than pain,
And utter'd "pshaws!" and "pishes!"
But a Leg of Gold! as she lay in bed,
It danced before her—it ran in her head!
It jump'd with her dearest wishes!

"Gold—gold—gold! Oh, let it be gold!"
Asleep or awake that tale she told,
And when she grew delirious:
Till her parents resolved to grant her wish,
If they melted down plate, and goblet, and dish,
The case was getting so serious.

So a Leg was made in a comely mould,
Of Gold, fine virgin glittering gold,
As solid as man could make it—
Solid in foot, and calf, and shank,
A prodigious sum of money it sank;
In fact 'twas a Branch of the family Bank,
And no easy matter to break it.

All sterling metal—not half-and-half,
The Goldsmith's mark was stamp'd on the calf—
'Twas pure as from Mexican barter!
And to make it more costly just over the knee—
Where another ligature used to be,
Was a circle of Jewels, worth shillings to see,
A newfangled Badge of the Garter!

'Twas a splendid, brilliant, beautiful Leg,
Fit for the Court of Scander-Beg,
That Precious Leg of Miss Kilmansegg!
For, thanks to parental bounty,
Secure from Mortification's touch,
She stood on a member that cost as much
As a Member for all the County!

(*To be continued.*)

A QUARREL WITH SOME OLD ACQUAINTANCES.*

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

(5.)—ANTI-SPECULATORS.

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

Not so: save in the estimation of those who would rather sit ingloriously at home, listening to the solitary chirper as he bewails the loss of his mate, than dash onward into the fields of glorious enterprise, content with the risk of returning empty-handed, so that they secure the chance of a double capture. He is no true sportsman who would not forego the one sure bird for the brace that he has a fair prospect of bringing down. The poor in spirit pocket their small winnings and decamp, while the bold player throws for the double stake. This bird-in-the-hand principle militates against all speculation—all adventure. It tends to induce people to stop short at the halfway house and be satisfied, lest they should encounter an obstacle further on in the road, and miss the shabby entertainment they may otherwise secure. To him who has studied the art of catching the two in the bush, the one in the

* Continued from No. ccxxxvi., page 555.

hand is at best worth only half as much. He has but to take aim, and they are his; he has but to lodge upon their tails some grains of salt, and they are bagged. Moreover there is this great addition to the advantage of acquiring a double treasure: The value of the "one in hand" is known—it is a tomtit perhaps—perhaps it is a barn-door relic of the last century, or a snipe in a consumption. Now the "two in the bush" may be birds of paradise. Who can say what they will not be? They are yet to be caught; and they may be Venus's doves, or a pair of geese with golden eggs—or descendants from

"The bird of Jove
With thunder in his train."

Great deeds had never been done, great fame never achieved, if the giant hand had been satisfied with the one flutterer it held fast, and failed to stretch itself forth to seize the two, that, although they

"Dallied with the wind and scorn'd the sun,"

soared not so high but that the wings of hope could follow; and when a lofty and daring hope leads, success is seldom far behind. If wisdom, and enterprise, and patriotism, had always preferred the one bird caught to the brace that invited the catcher, our teachers, the philosophers, had left off at the first lesson, and sitting down with the fame of a single volume, had shunned the risk of answering themselves and of writing their works into obscurity; our merchants had kept their hard-earned wealth at home, instead of casting it out upon the waters to be returned to them again a twofold blessing, or just cent. per cent.; and our statesmen and warriors had left the little isle much as they had found it, unconscious of its limitless capacity for triumph over land and sea. Careless about the two birds in the bush, content to be something and indifferent to captures, Napoleon had remained the little corporal all his days, and the Duke had cautiously sold out after his first battle, lest in the second he should lose his glory as the hero of *one* fight—his bird in the hand. Point out the blockhead who will not win when he may for fear of losing, and recognise in him the image of the noodle who cherishes his sprat through dread of not insnaring the couple of salmon that are already half-out of the river, and actually boiling to be caught. And this, of course, is the counterpart of the idiot, who, instead of sending out the one bird he can boast of, as a feathery seducer to bring back a troop of webfooted brethren following close at its tail-feathers, goes home and dines upon his decoy-duck roasted. No doubt he would have kept Sir Francis Drake at home after his first voyage, as a *rara avis* too sacred to be allowed to go beating about foreign bushes any more; and he would have the coolness to assure you that his own lottery-ticket, which had come up a blank, was worth as much as two tickets, each a lucky number, and not yet out of the wheel!

(6).—FAMILY CONTRADICTIONS.

"Like father like son."

We never found the young Grimaldi much like the old one; nor was Cardinal Wolsey as he grew up, remarkable for any striking likeness to his sire. Nor did Claude Lorraine resemble his, nor Nero his; nor was Cleopatra in all things the image of her mother. The first son was not a bit like the first father.

Nobody can know the old block by the chips. The cut of the family face comprises wonderful opposites, unlikenesses that seem the work of design. The nose paternal is seldom the nose filial. The handsome aquiline has frequently a snub for its eldest-born; and the meek dove's eye becomes a goggle in the next generation. The tall, hardy, fine-limbed veteran looks upon his shrimp of a son, wondering whether he will be mistaken for a man when he is bald; and the father, five-feet high, looks up to his long boy, marvelling when he will come to an end. With mental gifts, the rule of contradiction still obtains. Philosophy begets foolery, and from fools issue wisdom. It is often the fate of genius to leave an illustrious name to a dolt; as it is the fortune of a dolt, still more apparently hopeless, to see in his offspring the enlightener of nations, the enchanter of all ages. He who could never read a book in his life, stares to find his son writing one with an eager and applauding public looking on; while he who is justly reputed to have made half the world wiser, feels himself incapable of communicating a particle of his wisdom to the inheritor of his name. Other shades of difference are discernible where these fail. The son of the mathematician has an inveterate turn for poetry; the author of a fairy-tale and fable hails in his boy a young political economist; and the offspring of the sublime expounder of divinity, goes upon the stage.

With respect to moral qualities, the want of resemblance is commonly as remarkable. The practiser of temperance upon principle, has a five-bottle youth for his son; the miserly gentleman who has starved himself for fifty years, and deems the saving of three-farthings a virtue, bequeaths his hoardings to a lad who could not spend them fast enough if the day were eight-and-forty hours long; the country gentleman's heir insists upon going to sea, the city merchant's becomes a fox-hunter, the clergyman's sets up a gambling-house, the justice's picks pockets, the physician's is a rope-dancer, and the honest man's "young hopeful" wilfully turns scrivener. Every body's experience must furnish examples of these truths; and biography is full of them. Could the life of Junius be written, it would turn out beyond question, that his father was a blab, and could never keep his own counsel. The only facts in favour of the doctrine, "like father like son," that occur to us, are to be found in the peerage. There we see it clearly authenticated, that one nobleman, who was a duke, had a son, who was a duke also; but else how different! "The owl is a baker's daughter," cries Ophelia; and truly between the baker and Minerva's bird, we detect about the same degree of family likeness that is discernible half the world over.

(7.)—HOMO SUM, &c.

"Never meddle with that which concerns you not."

THE cry of "A man overboard!" concerns every body in the ship, for each one feels for himself that he may be the object of similar concern the next hour; and, therefore every heart stirs at the incident, and takes part in the issue, joy or sorrow. But among the crew of life there is not the same consciousness of equal liability to fall into danger and difficulty; and when a calamity is witnessed, the heart is by so much the less apt to feel the trouble as its own; it quiets itself with the re-

flection that such accidents are common and unavoidable, and that it is bad policy to meddle with other folk's affairs. There are always plenty of people to advise this non-intervention. "Why should you interfere? it is no affair of yours." "Why put yourself to so much trouble, when it cannot possibly concern you?" "I can't for my life see why you should be concerned about a matter you have no interest in!" Thus indifference and selfishness are inculcated, under the plea of delicacy, and of the non-interference proper to be observed in the affairs of a stranger.

Meddlers are often marplots—meddling, in some cases, is another word for mischief-making—granted. Quarrels would now and then end as suddenly as they break out, if no peace-lover interposed to mediate between the parties. "I was hurt under your arm," cries the dying Mercutio to his anxious friend, who had interfered to prevent the deadly issue. A man's affairs, however embarrassed, will frequently right themselves and prosper, if his neighbours will but let him alone and not insist upon adjusting them. What so likely to frighten a horse out of a quick pace into his full speed, as a sudden alarm and an injudicious effort to stop him short. Grasp a good swimmer tight by one of his arms, with the view of dragging him in safety to the shore and the chances are that two well-meaning people go down where no life was in danger. When slanderous tongues have been secretly busy with a character, it is sometimes difficult, perhaps impossible, to act in the character of advocate without doing as much mischief as the accuser; and it is exceedingly provoking, all must feel, to be knocked down with the shield which a clumsy-handed benevolence intends to throw over you.

All this admitted, the principle of meddling remains still uncondemned, and the censure is confined to that busy, curious, impudent, and injudicious interference which constitutes the social system of every little village in the land. People will meddle fast enough, where there is no chance of their doing any good, and a dead certainty that it will cost them nothing. But when meddling becomes a virtue, the old maxim starts to recollection, and leads to the discovery that the matter does not concern them. It is a convenient plea for the coward, who pulls up at the roadside to witness some interesting act of cruelty or oppression, and then drives on without a warning word or a smack of his whip, quite satisfied in his conscience that it is no affair of his. Or for the selfish son of the till, where his gains are ever increasing, who looks on, with his hands in his pockets, jingling the small change there, while some famishing wretch crawls by on the fruitless expedition to obtain relief; he thinks the parish officers might do something if the poor woman can contrive to live till she finds them out, and then, reflecting that he is not the overseer this year, and that the case doesn't concern him, turns into his shop to give short weight to a customer. Such, too, is the sheltering plea of the many, who, while—we will not say a man's, but a maiden's fame, and her peace, and her life, are being insidiously whispered away—coolly listen to the lie, leave it unanswered, and insinuate it into the ear of the next comer, with "This is what they do say, but what can you and I do in these delicate matters? Capital maxim that of our knowing old forefathers—'Never meddle with what doesn't concern you.'"

(8).—SELF-DEPRECIATION.

"Every one thinks his own geese swans."

EVERY proverb-maker thinks his own fallacies truths; his own folly wisdom; very likely. But society, nevertheless, is thickly sown with self-depreciators—with people who cannot divest themselves of the uncomfortable belief that their swans are geese. We are acquainted with a gentleman who thinks his own wife the ugliest woman alive. There are scores (at least) of such modest husbands in every city. This ought to settle the question. The same lady, seen out of his own house, the lawful property of another, would not be destitute of all grace in his eyes. "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view," by concealing the defects, or at least rendering them less conspicuous than they become on a nearer examination. The very face looks fairer, because we see it only in its best seasons, looking calm and smiling; the manner and the style of dress seem altogether different, for the private habit of slovenliness is unwitnessed; the temper appears thoroughly amiable, for the lady has not yet been caught in the sullens. How often is the cry heard in families, father and mother for once joining in sentiment, that they hear other people, to be sure, complaining of their children; but for their parts they must say they never *did* see such unruly and disobedient children as theirs. Yet these are the fond, the partial, the child-spoiling parents who think their geese swans! It would be more correct to say, that they think them goslings of an unpromising sort, and treat them accordingly long after they have grown out of the character. Shakspeare ever keen in his discernment, says,

"That which we have we prize not to the worth."

It is far easier to do justice to others than to ourselves, and what belongs to us. If we exceed in our self-estimate on some points, we fall short of the fair valuation on many more; and

"Would some god the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us,"

numbers of people would cut a better figure in their own eyes than they now do, in spite of the universal reputation for vanity. Conceit, so called, is often nothing more than a resentful assumption, put on to sooth and conceal an unpleasant suspicion of self-deficiency. The fine lady, who when she sees another attracting attention, says, "I can't imagine what people find to admire in her," has another saying, uttered to herself only, in faltering depreciation of her own taste, charms, and acquirements, when compared with the radiance that surrounds her. She may do her best to shine—she may "float double, swan and shadow," and yet feel all the time, quite erroneously, that she is a goose.

Every monarch may boast his millions of modest subjects. Though but few may achieve greatness when they have the opportunity, many might have the opportunity if they were not so modest. They have no confidence in their goose, which they are supposed to have sublimed into a swan; and if a swan it be, the bird dies without uttering a note of music. It has a "bad cold" even in its last moments, and can't be prevailed upon to sing. The verdict should be, not accidental hoarseness, but unjustifiable modesty.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO THE SOUTH OF SPAIN, IN THE AUTUMN OF THE YEAR 1839.*

BY THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY.

The governor gave us another very numerously-attended and splendid dinner on Monday the 28th of October, after the visit to St. Michael's Cave, which was made in grand procession. The various traditions and absurdities about this cave are too numerous to record: one tells you that O'Hara went to the bottom of it, more than any other person ever accomplished before, and there left his hat, sword, and stick. Another assures you that there is a passage to Africa by thence. Let it however suffice for me to add, that judging from the two shafts I saw, and the depth to which they appear to descend, probably no one has ever dared to go very far under ground in this unfathomable cave.

It strikes me that the nearest assimilation to the line of the Gibraltar Rock from the bay, is the parallel feature of the Cintra mountains. There is the same singular perpendicular altitude; the same rugged escarpement of rock; the same terraces at the bottom, with the trees of southern climes, affording beautiful recesses and emplacements for houses or quintas (as called in Portugal) of all denominations and dimensions. But of the two positions to dwell in, Cintra must have far the preference. In Gibraltar you are in a great vessel; in a garrison: and while at that lovely spot, Cintra, you may roam unobserved and unobtruded on in all directions—in the former you are always, as it were *en evidence*.

CEUTA.

Is a very poor town, of the same description as Algesiras; and is most strongly fortified, particularly on the land-side: but it has little or no territory; the Moorish outposts coming close to the town, which stands on a sort of peninsula, with large bays for anchorage-ground on each side of it. There are two cuts through the land; one by a sort of canal, and the other by a ditch forming part of the fortifications of the town, which allows of small-boat navigation from one of the bays to the other. The heights above the town are as steep as the whole line of the African territory, or more so. The governor had his own steed (a very clever barb) saddled for me, with horses for my companions; and mounting himself on his colonel's charger, we filed through all the streets of the town, and then through all the works towards the land-side.

Ceuta is unquestionably very strong, and projects for its capture, such as have been entertained in England, should be well considered; for it is far easier said than done. Of course there was much fanfaronnade amongst the officers who surrounded me as to its strength and powers. One said it was quite as strong as Gibraltar; another

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* Concluded from No. ccxxxvi., page 455.

that they had 1000 guns mounted. Gibraltar has not above 700; and my own eyes comprised the whole of what I saw as within 300 or 400. However, to do the commanding-general but common justice, he seemed to have his garrison in the very best order, that small means, and troops with extremely irregular pay, would allow of. This place is exempt from civic control; all power being exercised by the military law of the despot for the time being. Every kind of supplies to the place pays a heavy tax to the military chest, and therefore the poverty that seemed to exist was not surprising.

TETUAN.

On entering the bay of Tetuan on the morning of the 2nd of November, the weather became extremely lowering, and there was every appearance of storm and rain.

We determined to land, and with great difficulty about two o'clock made the shore. There is a tower at the landing-place commanded by a Moorish Captain Hash, and to which you ascend by a ladder: the individual is as great a character as his mansion is a wonder. This person holds the key of entrance to the Tetuan territory, and his importance is very laughable. Under his close inspection, and through a formidable surf, we were carried out of our boats by bare-legged Moors. Horses, donkeys, and mules were then, by direction of Mr. Butler the consul, in attendance, and the equestrians, asinestrians, and mulestrians, were shortly marshalled under the orders of Captain Hash and the consul into a cavalcade; the rain all this while coming down in torrents, and the winds blowing a gale; and we waded through the deep swamps and mud for five long miles. Every part of our clothing was drenched; and in a state of perfect cold, wet, and misery, we arrived at the city, and about six o'clock p. m. reached the consul's house.

Tetuan is more filthy, uncivilized, barbarous, and bestial than Tangier; the streets are narrower, the Jews' houses more abundant, the starving children more numerous; and the squalid groups resemble apes or oran-outangs rather than human creatures. Amongst such a set one English family alone presents itself to the traveller; and how painfully is this situated! The mother, an amiable person, after sixteen years residence, has nearly forgotten her own language, her husband also speaking it imperfectly: all the young people, most interesting in their appearance, only able to express themselves in Spanish or in Arabic. No masters, no tuition, no religion, no society. Such is the picture of the unfortunate consul's family in the midst of these barbarous people. I should nevertheless be unjust if I did not advert to their general amiability and gentleness, and to the lady-like appearance and conduct of the female part of the family. Mr. —— lived as much like an Englishman as was practicable in this savage place. His house was one of the best in the town; the rent eight dollars per month—about 2*l*. His hospitality and style of living were very liberal and handsome.

The Moorish houses are all open in the centre, or rather they have an inside square, above and below, with a balcony and an arcade: in

the middle of the square are trees, exotics, or curious plants. The doors of the rooms on each story open into the balcony; there are few or no windows: and in chill or rainy weather, and with a bad supply of fuel, the cold, wet, and discomfort that rush in from these portal apertures is horrible; but the mansions seem only built for immoderate heat.

The pacha on our arrival sent an officer with the usual present to persons of rank, consisting of two sheep, twenty-four fowls, and two hundred eggs; and I announced the intention of paying my respects to him on the following day. We set out after breakfasting at the consul's; the ladies were mounted on mules; the pacha sending one for me, covered with scarlet housings, and a fine bridle ornamented with shells. The mule was one of the largest and tallest I ever beheld; and with a saddle singularly high behind and before, it required getting on a ladder to mount. The rest of our party, in column, and with their best dresses, orders, &c., paraded up the high hill to the castle, where we were met by the second in command, and the black Moorish secretary, with a large guard of Moorish soldiers, cavalry and infantry, or rather irregular foot. Our consul had his interpreter with him.

This pacha is the richest in Barbary, but he is also the most sordid. He has only one wife, and two sons, between twenty and twenty-five, very handsome men. These we were introduced to first. Both occupy situations in his establishment; and the youngest had lately taken to himself a wife of twelve or thirteen years of age.

In the great palace there is neither furniture nor establishment. It would probably cost too much to the avaricious Caid, who hoards his wealth in large chests of doubloons, burying them under ground. The place we were received in was the dwelling-house of another person, furnished by the pacha in a more private style. When we entered, he was sitting squat upon the carpet opposite the door, wrapped up in his great white casique; and he exhibited a face like a swelled hog. Though a more powerful chief, he had neither the information nor the intellectual appearance of the Pacha of Tangier. After the usual compliments tea was served: three very low round tables were brought in; on one of them small tea-cups were placed round a tray; on the second were the kettles or rather vases and vessels for making the tea; on the third, having the largest circumference of any, was a very rich old moorish tray of gold, on which stood four immense dishes, consisting of dates and milk, sugared cakes of peculiar niceness, sweetmeats and grapes. The Moors and slaves in abundance served round the tea. His excellency insisted on each taking three cups; no great difficulty, as it might be compared to three table-spoonfuls.

After the repast the ladies went to see his wife and son's wife, who were far superior to the harem at Tangier; the son's wife had very beautiful eyes. The stables and gardens were afterwards shown to us. I saw in the former only one horse of real value; his excellency told me the sultan had given it to him, and that all the others were the sultan's; as much as to say that none were to be asked for purchase. I was unwilling on taking leave to receive the presents without suitable returns; and consulted with the Jew interpreter, Levi, the richest merchant in the place, to know how I should make a compliment to the pacha, as also to the soldiers and attendants; and I mention, to prove

the despotic avarice of these chiefs, that Levi advised me, if I meant to do the thing handsomely, to send, through the black secretary, two pieces of gold, about 10*l.*, and he would report to the chief the amount of my present. Of course I followed this advice, and the next day Levi told me, the pacha had taken about 8*l.* of it for himself, and left two for his people. Such is a Moorish pacha or caid!

We were anxiously pressed to start that day, which to us was next to impossible; but on the 9th we commenced our march, and had hardly a moment to see Malaga.

A fine new pier and lighthouse are building; the bay spreads in a semi-circular basin; the city is built round its base; a noble cathedral stands prominent in the centre of the town, and there is a handsome public walk or, Alameda. The houses of the English merchants are especially large and on a superior scale. They seem to have a great taste for large old carved doors: as an instance; an English commercial gentleman had bought a fine house, which was pointed out to me, and for which he had given 7000*l.* or 8000*l.*, while the street-doors alone had cost 800*l.*; they were of mahogany and richly carved. Another mansion near it, equally conspicuous, had the portals made of old, mahogany, triangular nails as it were, disposed in circles and other figures upon the panels. The inside squares of these mansions had almost universally the Moorish court, and the evergreens and gardens. The interiors are fitted up with matting and handsome furniture.

There is a pretty large English society in this town, and it is said to be an agreeable residence. The consul occupies an excellent house in the Alameda. The most remarkable shop is a manufactory for the famous Malaga wooden figures, representing the costumes of the nation: the most renowned of these are the twenty-one personages of the Bull-Fight. This magazine is worth inspecting. The figures are about three dollars or fourteen shillings each, and are only to be had at Malaga.

The day of the 9th shone with a brilliant sun at our starting on our march. The party mustered at the inn: two coaches, with six mules each, one for the ladies, and the other, of an inferior description, for the servants; together with horses for the gentlemen, and an escort, consisting of a non-commissioned officer and six lancers; and, finally, a baggage-waggon, formed our cavalcade. The consul, as chief manager and director, turned out à l'Espagnol, armed with arquebuse and dagger; however, I must do him the justice to say he spared no effort or apparent zeal.

Our first station was marked out for the Venta Nova, about eight or nine leagues from Malaga. We were however much behind the time of setting out, and after a very laborious march up the high Sierra that hangs over the city of Malaga, found the day closing in upon us without our having accomplished scarce a league of our road. This was ominous for the close of our operations, which turned out most deplorable and unfortunate. The weather changed very much after our departure, and grew worse as the day advanced. Our baggage-waggon was overloaded and could move but very slowly; and then came the knotty point of discussion, whether it was wise to leave our baggage with part of our escort, and trot on ourselves, in order to escape as

speedily as possible from the pelting of the rain and wind. The dread of losing the baggage by an attack from robbers, who might be in league with the muleteers, and overcome a diminished escort, was fearfully debated by the ladies; the impossibility of comfort of any kind without the beds, canteens, &c., which the heavy waggons contained, was also put forward; and in short, though there appeared to me little danger in forming a suitable rear-guard, and making a more rapid movement ourselves, the consul and the ladies decided the point, and slowly we advanced after dark, at the rate of about one mile an hour.

Towards eight o'clock we reached the village of El Colmenar, still two leagues short of our night quarters, where preparations had been made for us; as is absolutely necessary with a large party travelling in Spain. The muleteers were now tired and began to grumble, declaring that neither they nor their beasts could move much further: the storm continued with violence, and all the party were wet and out of humour. The various and clashing opinions in an allied and united force, without a decided general-in-chief, always militates against a prompt and sound decision: much precious time was lost in arguing: many thought the muleteers were manœuvring in order to ensure another day's employment: others believed that if we went on we should be benighted, robbed, and possibly murdered at last. However, the cavalcade unfortunately continued its march. We had progressed above a league over the never-ending Sierra, when the mules entirely knocked up; the heavy mountain we had yet to climb stood threatening before us: the rain and hail pelted with all the fury of the most violent squalls; the wind was so boisterous that it almost blew our coaches over the precipice; our guides and escort, helpless and immovable, crouched under the rock on the side of the road: and thus did our convoy exhibit, in a dark night, at the summit of one of the Apulduxaras, a picture of dismay and woe unutterable, till at length the tempest somewhat abated. If there was discussion before, Babel itself could not go off at score in the way the assembled tongues did now, as to the course we were to pursue. Although mules and donkeys would not move up, it was suggested they would move down; on the other hand, it was proposed to wait, as we had sent to the station, and the people there, foreseeing our dilemma from the black and lowering night, would come back to our assistance. Yet to wait exposed to the blast, with timid women dreaming of robbery and attack, was impossible: so, after much difficulty, we turned our carriages on the narrow way, surrounded on both sides by precipices, and urged our weary frames and still more weary beasts to retrace our steps to El Colmenar.

We succeeded in reaching the posada; on opening its door we found two small rooms and a kitchen entirely filled with Spanish travellers, their mules occupying the back of the premises, and themselves so thickly surrounding the only glimmering of fire they had in the kitchen, that there was not room for one of our party to make way through and get his clothes dried; much less was it possible for our cook to obtain a place for dressing any thing for us to eat; neither did it appear in any manner practicable for our ladies to obtain a hole, however small

and inconvenient, to lie down in. Such is a picture of our first night's bivouac on a pleasure-party in Spain.

The host, unwilling to receive us, declared his inn to be worse than two others in the village: a long and laborious search was therefore made by myself and Captain Lyon through a scattered pueblo, over impracticable pavement, knocking up old women, and alarming the place to such an extent, that they set the church-bells ringing, as they do in all cases when these hamlets are attacked by troops in the night. The whole place was shortly in an uproar. Although we discovered a venta with some little more room, we soon saw that if the carriages were moved down to it we should never get them back again, and there was no possible means of transporting baggage without the carriages in the middle of a dark night; so after an hour's useless search we travelled back, discomfited and harassed, by the light of a single lantern carried by a lancer, over fragments, gutters, and drains, and joined our ladies, who had remained in the carriages waiting most impatiently to know their fate. Finally, there was nothing for us but to turn into the posada again. We experienced at first the greatest brutality; no entreaties would drive the cigar squadron from its position round the fire; no money would bribe them: they were travellers, and paid as well as we, and they would give way to no one. The situation of our ladies had no effect on these ruffians.

In the midst of our despair we heard an approach of voices in an authoritative tone, and an advance of two persons towards the door. These turned out to be the alcalde with his municipality, alarmed at this nocturnal invasion of the hamlet. He discovered by inquiry who we were, and hastened in the handsomest manner to offer his own house and the best accommodation the village could afford. When we declined this from its distance and the lateness of the hour, and only asked sufficient space in the posada, he exhibited to us in a few moments what a Spanish alcalde in the mountains can accomplish. With his stick and his fist, pushing down one and knocking off the hat of another, he cleared every part of the premises before we could look round; turned the mules away: forced the travellers to the other inn: and after a scene as ludicrous as it was advantageous to ourselves, the alcalde and his corporation stood before us like the slaves of the lamp, and only asked what more we required. It may well be imagined what was our relief and joy when one of our ladies was deposited in a small garret, where, with true female ingenuity, she contrived to place her little white bed and toilet-table, while the wet ran in from the roof, and the floor seemed bending under the tread. The other fair traveller took possession of the parlour below, after our excellent cook, with his canteens and free liberty of the fire, had given us a dinner as good as we could sit down to in London. The men occupied the loft in which were corn stores, fruit, and all the winter provisions of the establishment. Such was our billet for the night; with our escort and muleteers making common cause and common fare with us. Through much campaigning and long service I never saw a more wretched bivouac. How the ladies sustained this and further hardships without permanent sufferings, it is difficult to imagine.

It was near nine o'clock the next morning before we could get all

our baggage packed and under way: camp-beds, taken up at night, require much trouble and labour to put up in the morning: and to this was added, preparing breakfasts, stowing provisions, &c. In short, I found it required two full hours to put the column, after a halt, in marching order again. The carts broke down several times with the luggage, the mules fell repeatedly; we had an onerous day through mountain-pass, crag, ravine, and torrents, and did not arrive till very late at Locca. Here, however, we had passable quarters, as the hotel was not bad; and nothing of consequence occurred, save keeping up the character of Locca for robberies, for which it is said to be famous, by one of our silver-spoons being stolen.

Anxious to set out the following morning early enough to reach Grenada, I gave myself uncommon pains to get all off in good time: but when you try the most you fail the most signally. It is true we were on the start at four, and marched at seven; but the same hour in the evening found us still five leagues from Grenada, and horses, mules, &c. in a bad plight for proceeding. Lavellar, the first village on the Duke of Wellington's estate at the Sote de Roma, presented itself. The usual debate occurred as to our course; and the usual indecision, patronized by Mr. ——, the consul, the most undecided of us all. Happily we halted. It was proved to us next day that the road was impracticable, and fatal accidents would have occurred had we gone on. The best peasant's casa in the village was occupied by us, but bad indeed was that best; a kitchen as black as the nether regions, one small room within another, the outer having melons, grapes, and winter food suspended from its ceiling, a loft full of grain and an outer shed, were literally the whole accommodation for two noblemen's families with their establishments; altogether consisting of six guests and ten servants; this is really no exaggeration. One family party took the inner, and the other the outer room, the strangers were in the loft, and the kitchen in common: happily we here again found the advantage of not neglecting it.

Our progress next morning was through the great plain that bounds the Sierra of the Apulduxaras, and on which Grenada is situated. The principal part of this plain which the eye can embrace, forms the property that was conferred, with the title of Duc de Ciudad Rodrigo, on the Duke of Wellington, at the close of the Spanish war. This beautiful estate is one mass of the finest corn lands, and appeared in the highest state of cultivation.

And here I must in some measure do justice to a country I think greatly maligned and vilified, in the representations made to England of its state. We had passed three nights in the midst of the mountain, with a nominal escort, it is true; but they regularly turned off to their quarters the instant they entered the villages. Our party at any moment might have been attacked; and the silver plate and canteens exhibited nightly at our repasts offered ample temptation; whereas we found the peasantry not only kind and civil, but ready to give us every thing we wanted, for but fair remuneration; and I feel perfectly satisfied that with kind words, a good guide, and civility, any party might travel with as great security over Spain and Portugal as in most parts of France. The habit, and supposed necessity, of taking escorts,

affords one means of paying the soldiery; and so long as this system is kept up, there is a reason for enhancing fears and alarms. But once generally dispensed with, all I am sure would be safe without it. At our quarters in the villages we noticed that the families staid up, and were prying and looking all night at our proceedings; but surely it was as natural for them to be suspicious of our servants, as for us to be on the *qui vive* about them.

The farmers in the province of Grenada are industrious, hardworking people: their houses are abundantly stored with provisions; they themselves are well clothed, have oxen as well as mules at command, and their climate is so heavenly, that in this, if in any thing, lies their misfortune. It induces such an absolute cheapness of subsistence as to beget indolence; and Spaniards in the pueblos, both men and women, pass days after days with a bit of a paper cigar in their mouths, or looking out of door or window, and positively without making any exertion from morning till night.

I have mentioned the miserable state of the roads in this, as indeed in most parts of Spain, with the exception of a few of the Estradas Reales; but this is not so great a disadvantage to the country as would appear at first sight. The inland commerce, in Russia kept up by swarms of little carts, is here managed by crowds of mules, donkeys, and packhorses. These are, like locusts, perpetually moving; and so ingeniously are they loaded, and so expert are the muleteers, that except from the slow pace and consequent length of time occupied by a journey, with an average stock of patience, travelling in Spain is not disagreeable.

The road from Malaga to Grenada is little cheering; being one uninterrupted range of the highest mountains and passes. After Locca you descend to some picturesque valleys, where ilex, cork, and olive-trees abound; and wherever there is a sheltered vale, or a piece of good soil, you are sure to perceive that flourishing vineyards have taken possession of it.

GRENADA.

We entered the renowned city of Grenada on the 12th November; our lodgings had been provided by the consul at the best inn, which I must say was bad enough, especially the accommodations and rooms.

This place is certainly inferior as a town to Seville, but no place I have yet seen equals the beauty of Cadiz. It is quite evident, however, from the moment you drive through the streets of Grenada, that it has not the style, the wealth, or what I should designate the *savoir vivre* of Seville. The streets, except one or two, are narrow and very dirty. The pavement is execrable, and very difficult to walk upon without being accustomed to it; the shops are poor, and range chiefly in one bazaar-sort of establishment; but the articles are not good, nor is any kind of *virtu* to be procured in the place.

The black mantilla for ladies, and the black suit and cloak for the men predominate here, which gives a gloomy look to the numerous crowds that congregate for the purpose of discussion and news. The most striking features of the town are, the cathedral, and the Alameda

or great public walk. On approaching from the lower ground to the range or height on which Grenada stands, you see a long and broad mass of white buildings, towering one above another, with Moorish towers, cathedrals, turrets, convents, belfries, flat-roofed houses, &c.; and above these again the walls and various projecting defences of the most wonderful palace or place in the known world—the Alhamra.

It is difficult to select the right designation for this edifice, the masterpiece of the arts, and of human skill. It is more difficult to describe it in detail, and quite impossible to conceive the matchless enchantment of the scene, unless the eye has embraced it.

Of all the writers that have attempted this subject, I believe Swinbourne and Washington Irvine have given the best and most minute description of it; the sketches taken by various British artists will far better instruct the untravelled world than any thing from my pen. I shall therefore only say that I think it combines every thing that can be imagined of the sublimity of human genius with the highest perfection of executive art.

While lost in wonder on gazing upon the *tableau* that is thus presented before you, the mind becomes even more powerfully excited by the thought, that the Moslem power, which created such elaborately wonderful works, taught Europe the marvels of art and science, and preserved so much of the refinements of learning for her use, has vanished from the land like the dreams of its morning, but bequeathing the mighty monuments of a real existence; and now survives only in another clime, and with a barbarous race, that retains but the name of Moors, and the faith of Mahommed. These stupendous masses and piles of building, the churches, the cathedrals and their carvings, the marble columns, hewn apparently from inaccessible mountains, and wrought and finished by the nicest art of the chisel, and the most indefatigable labour, to decorate the interiors; all belongs to that occupation of the Peninsula which it seems so incomprehensible could ever have come to an end.

But to return for a few moments to the Alhamra: it is not a fortress, it is not a palace; but partakes of both. The wall that surrounds it has projecting defences, and is very high. The place is situated as the hills rise about a mile from the lower end of the town. Between the wall and the structure the space is occupied by gardens, beautifully adorned with the orange, pomegranate, and jessamine; vines, verbena hedges, and in short, every fragant shrub under heaven.

Your first entrance within the walled defence is by an old Moorish portal of great antiquity and beauty. You then wind round the ascending mountain to the great doors which form the portals of the Alhamra. Passing these and coming to a flat surface, you are struck with amazement at seeing the ruined façade of one of the finest palaces imagination can paint; the carvings of marble on its exterior surpass belief, and are a perfect prodigy.

This wonderful building has never been finished; and they inform you that Charles V. of Spain erected it as a palace for his horses, saying they should have a finer abode than any Moorish potentate. In the interior court are enormous circular arched galleries, above

and below; in the lower of which the horses were to be established. All this presents now an utterly desolate ruin: but you are conducted on to the great doors of the Alhamra palace, and at once ushered into an oblong open square called the Court of Fishes. I think I have already described the style of these courts, which, of a larger or smaller size, are found in every Moorish edifice. A long reservoir of water, the shape of the quadrangle, with every species of coloured fish, occupies the centre; and round it are innumerable specimens of the shrubs and trees, described so often as of peculiar luxuriance in this climate. Many of the trees here are cut into various forms and shapes, giving the appearance of an old French garden to the small interior parterres. At each side of this court are recesses, or corridors, opening into other spacious halls or saloons. Passing through one of these, they inform you it was the spot where the Abencerrages were successively beheaded. Proceeding to another, it is pointed out as the hall where the ambassadors were received; a third, the hall of justice, and so on. In short, Mr. Matteo, the guide, jabbered his Spanish with such rapidity and fluency, that I must leave others to narrate for the sake of the curious reader what I feel altogether incapable of accomplishing. The predominant and characteristic feature of this court was its infinity of marble pillars of the most beautiful cream-colour, and with often-repeated capitals, supporting the low Moorish arches. Besides these arches, the inlaid ceilings, carvings, and variegated colours of the fret-work, worked in every pattern and form, not only indicate the time, labour, and ingenuity, that must have been employed by the artists, but impart also to the *tout ensemble* an indescribable effect of lightness and beauty. I should not forget to add, that the sides of the rooms are all entirely overlaid with tiles painted with allegorical or scripture subjects, or are also of variegated colours, which gives a look of cheerfulness and gaiety to the apartments.

From the Court of Fishes you enter the Court of Lions, a more spacious and splendid place, and with countless columns and arabesques: in the middle is a large fountain surrounded by carved marble lions, from whose mouths the clear limpid stream irrigates the various beds of the surrounding flower-garden: you are then conducted through successive halls and spacious saloons, and arrive on one story at a long suite of lodging-rooms. These the governor of the Alhamra, who is named by the queen, and has a sort of sinecure, and who attended us in our inspection, declared he was always willing to give strangers, especially English, who would come and reside in the palace, bringing their own beds and cooking utensils. Many of my countrymen, he informed me, had availed themselves of this permission, especially those who have written on the wonders of the Alhamra and the lions of Spain; and I really think any persons or families who love tranquillity and romantic scenes could never do better than pass a summer in such an abode, rent-free, where they could have the most economical living, and in addition a certain society in Grenada: though I will not say of the first or most extensive description.

But to resume: the summit of the Alhamra contains what is denominated the king's and queen's apartments. Here are large marble baths, and the decorations and chiselings more exquisite than even in

the rooms below. They show you a square stone, on which the Moorish queen used always to stand when receiving homage from her company; and this is in an arched space at the top of the building which commands a view, not only of the town of Grenada below, but of the whole surrounding country, with the snow-topped mountains at its side.

I cannot say much for the reception of the English by another resident of Grenada, who in my mind is more particularly called upon to attend to our countrymen. I mean the Spanish general, ———, the chief manager and agent of the Duke of Wellington's fine estate at the Sote de Roma. This officer was intimate with me during the war in the Peninsula, when I saw him repeatedly, and he in fact lived at my table. After an absence of twenty years, he did not ask me to drink even a glass of water in his house; excusing himself by saying there was no wine in Grenada fit to entertain me with.

The general was not deficient in calling upon us and offering himself as a *cicerone* about the place: but it is somewhat curious that whenever he is to call on any English who arrive, he invariably goes in the humblest manner and on foot; but in other cases he and his family never move without their coach and four. This anecdote was related to me, in order to prove the desire General ——— feels to keep his actual wealth and real position unknown to the English, and to his employer, the Duke of Wellington. It is no man's province to interfere in another's private concerns; but a public grant from a country, for pre-eminent services, becomes naturally a subject of general curiosity: and what is spoken of universally at Grenada can be no secret, although it may not all be true. Every one who writes will record; and the record will cause inquiry, denial or confirmation, and reform.

Report alleges that the Duke of Wellington has not received above a few thousand pounds from the income of this estate since it was first granted to him, so long since. Possibly the Duke's known indifference to worldly gain, and his opinion of the unsettled state of Spain, have induced him to make no rigid inquiry or take any steps relative to the property: though some say Lord Cowley formerly, and Lord Clarendon of late, were directed to obtain complete information. Of course the public are ignorant whether this was done.

General ——— arrived about twenty years ago, a poor man, at Grenada: he married a lady of Malaga of no fortune; he is now the third richest man in the province; has four splendid houses, two at Grenada, town and country, one at Madrid, and one at Malaga; the rest of his establishment, splendid pictures, stable of horses, carriages, &c., are in the same proportion. The estate is said to consist of from 16,000 to 18,000 English acres, of the very finest corn-land in Spain, lying at the foot of the Grenada mountains, and watered by a beautiful river: it has many pretty villages, a very industrious peasantry, and very good comfortable houses, with cork-trees, olives, &c., were it properly cultivated: and from this soil formerly the mulberry-tree alone yielded, from feeding the silkworm, an enormous revenue. General ——— on coming to the direction of the property, is stated to have discarded the old farmers, who used to pay a fixed rent yearly, as in England; and he has contrived, so it is asserted, to farm the whole of

the land, or nearly so, himself; his relations and dependants holding situations under him.

The general further purchases all the oxen, mules, implements, &c., for the estate; and it should be, by this management, the most flourishing property in the world, if all its produce went exclusively to its improvement. It is not easy when the profits, the outfit, and the management are in one and the same hands, to ascertain the fact; but certain it is that all the mills, and every part of the *matériel* that should be kept in order, are in the very worst possible condition; and that the duke's name and management amongst the people in the neighbourhood are universally abused.

A great portion of the wood also has been cut down, and no account of it taken, nor produce paid to the owner: and a circumstance that occurred is worth mentioning here.

General ——— told me the great obligations the duke had been to him for getting the grant managed; that it not only descended to males but females; and that the duke might sell it out and out if he desired. I asked him then what the value of the timber on the property might be? He said that it could not be ascertained, as the peasantry cut down the trees when they chose: and that the law was not respected in this country. I replied that I never thought Spain so bad as that, that the law of private property was not respected. M. —— was present at this conversation but by no means assented to what General ——— laid down. A party went the following day with the general to visit the estate, and I believe had a pic-nic. Some men were seen as they proceeded cutting down trees, and the general was asked what it was for? he answered, for their own purposes, and that they could not be prevented.

In the party coming after the general there were the *gens d'armerie*, or keepers of the property: the same question was put to one of them, respecting this felling the wood, and whether it was done without orders, and at the peasants' own pleasure.

"Oh no—no such thing," said the man: "we, the conservators, are responsible, and are armed for the purpose of preventing any thing whatever being done on the estate without orders from the intendant, who receives his directions from the general."

These facts speak for themselves.

With respect to the value of the estate, I heard it variously estimated at 6000*l.*, 8000*l.*, 10,000*l.*, or 12,000*l.*, a year. I certainly conceive much must depend on its management, and much will always result from the residence of the proprietor, whoever he may be, on the spot. I am apt to think the most accurate estimate may at present be gathered from the following incidental confession of the general. He said he had himself bought the tithes of the estate as a speculation. Now I certainly did not understand why, if the tithes were to be bought, the general did not buy them for the duke: I asked and discovered elsewhere that he gave 2000 dollars a year for the tithes, about 700*l.*; so the rental must be 20,000 dollars, or thereabouts, under the present system and management. It is not true that there is the smallest difficulty in managing now any estate in Spain, any more than in Hampshire. The consul at Malaga, his father now resident in

London, and Mr. —— upon the spot, all, if applied to, will bear ample testimony to the points I have advanced, as resting on solid information; and, having done so, it is not my province to do more than place this record, in relation to so splendid a gift of the crown of Spain, in my journal, in order to show the melancholy management under which it now suffers.

The more I have contemplated this magnificent country, this extraordinary climate, superabundant soil, and bold and sturdy peasantry, the more I am at a loss to understand the causes that make all these gifts of Providence of no avail; and why such a nation should be plunged in a seemingly interminable civil war, devastating the houses, the fields, and the face of the provinces. An acute Spaniard made the two following observations to me: "If we had but six honest men," said he, "and they the ministers, we should have peace, order, and tranquillity; but there are no such persons to be found." Again he remarked, "The climate which you so much eulogise is one cause of our wretchedness; every article of life is so cheap that a Spaniard can live on three halfpence a day, and would rather idle all his time away than undertake any labour."

On the 14th of November we visited the cathedral, magnificent from its dimensions, and from the marble monuments of the Spanish sovereigns, which are exquisitely carved. The painted glass does not equal Seville, neither does the edifice, and the matchless Murillos are wanting; nevertheless it must be admitted that the cathedral of Grenada presents some most interesting objects for contemplation.

The summer-houses in the Alhamra gardens, and the extensive views from the pinnacle of the height immediately facing the Alhamra, were also visited; and, on the following morning, we went in carriages to the convent of Kentuka. This is one of the finest monasteries, with the richest revenue, of those from which the monks have been most unjustly driven, and in the most cruel manner. The surrounding domains have been purchased by a private individual, who now enjoys them. The convent itself is the property of the government. The interior is gorgeous in marble carvings, columns, pilasters, slabs, altar-pieces, with doors of ebony, mother of pearl, and silver, beautifully combined and inlaid. Here in the sacristy they show you a temple of gold, silver, and precious stones; but this temple has now four black wooden pillars to support it, instead of those of massive silver it formerly possessed, and which, you are informed, were carried off as plunder by Sebastiani, when he commanded at Grenada, for which he was removed by Marshal Soult. How far this is really true I cannot vouch; but it is the story of the place.

The sierras, mountain torrents, stupendous crags, and beautiful valleys which we passed in the two days' march from Grenada to Motril it is superfluous to describe. The scenery was far more picturesque than on the road to Grenada. A fordable river, in a romantic pass, afforded subject of merriment and even danger. The lusty muleteers, and other Spaniards, stripped themselves to their waists, to aid their donkeys and mules through the water with their heavy burdens, while those poor animals were almost carried off their legs by the rush of the swollen current as they passed. The way in which the docile and tractable creatures car-

ried up their heavy loads, over broken stones, flints, and sliding fragments, where bipeds could scarcely keep their feet, and in like manner descended the steep and fearful precipice where it seemed as if every step would plunge burden, beast, and rider into eternity, cannot be too strongly expressed, or remembered without wonder.

On the 18th we entered Motril. The posada was so infamously small that it was impossible for all the party to put up in it. I made, therefore, a bold attempt, and calling on the governor insisted upon having a private house. After some time I accomplished this, and separated my establishment from the rest of the party. I had, however, to pay largely for my success, as the unconscionable Spaniard had the effrontery to ask me forty dollars, about 8*l.*, for one night's quarters. I positively resisted this, and got off for twenty, which was also very far too much.

After a prosperous run, with a westerly breeze in the day, and an off-shore wind at night, we discovered the heights and city of Carthagena in the evening of the 28th. It was a close run between the sun setting and our entrance into the bay. By not saving the former you are prevented sending your boat ashore, or getting *pratique*, that is, the bill of health, so as to land any one from the ship that night.

This regulation is adopted with the greatest strictness and severity in all the ports of the Mediterranean. A quarantine officer comes on board, so soon as the vessel arrives in the harbour, and desires to see your bill of health, which you must be furnished with from the place you have last left. He then examines your crew, &c.; and if he finds all right you are permitted to go on shore in your boat; but you cannot sail again without a certificate of the last examination.

Our yacht-sailing captain's crew were so experienced that they never required or wanted a pilot for entering any of these bays or places, but the Spaniards are always determined to force one upon you for the dollars, so we had some squabbling on this subject before we came to anchor: after all, we found we could not land until the following morning, the 21st of November.

Carthagena exhibits a melancholy spectacle of fallen grandeur. It formerly enjoyed the reputation of being the greatest naval arsenal in Spain. The finest feature in the place is doubtless the excavation of an immense basin, which can hold at least fifteen or sixteen line of battle-ships afloat. This splendid dock is surrounded by store-houses, warehouses, and machinery of all kinds for the construction and repairs of ships. But all are now in a state of complete destruction and ruin. With the loss of the Spanish navy, the annihilation of her docks and arsenals has followed. It is melancholy to see in this city the decadence that has ensued. There is now little or no commerce with the port; the houses are inhabited only by persons of very moderate means; and some of the former, like the works on the basin and quays, are tumbling down, while others seem neither in a state of cleanliness nor repair. The shops are miserable, but the market is good; and here, because there was not a large requisition from any military body near the place, all supplies were plentiful.

The English consul was absent. The vice-consul, a Spaniard, conducted us into the house of his chief, which we found comfortable; and

we were provided with all necessaries for our *ménage* during our stay. The captain of the port, an old Spanish officer, was our English interpreter with our nation's vice-consul, the latter not knowing one word of our language. We were taken round the arsenal and the city, but in the latter there is nothing to see.

From Carthagena we proceeded on the 24th to Barcelona. We sailed in company with the Xarifa. The wind was unfavourable and the weather lowering, and we commenced by beating to windward, an operation never agreeable in a small vessel. On the 25th the tempestuous weather continued; and, as the evening fell, became very dusky and thick; the Xarifa hailed the Antelope, and proposed that we should anchor in the bay of Calpe, or Armorica bay. Consenting to this, we came to an anchor at night, but found the sea so rough, and so much swell when the cutter was riding in the bay, that we weighed at two o'clock in the morning of the 26th, and stood out to sea, our first object being to get round Cape St. Martin, when we expected to steer a straight course for Barcelona.

We had no great desire to delay at Alicant or Valencia, having seen enough of the generality of Spanish cities; and there was, we heard, much difficulty in landing at the latter, and going from the beach to the town, which was two miles off. Besides which, that roadstead, with the wind blowing to shore, as happened now to be the case, might place our little cutter in jeopardy. We laboured very hard all day to get round Cape St. Martin, the weather increasing in severity; however we accomplished it, and then bore up towards Peniscola and Tarragona, owing to a change in the wind. Towards dusk the breeze increased so violently that we took in the mainsail, set a trysail, and prepared for a very rough night, the storm coming on to head us more and more.

Towards two o'clock on the morning of the 27th it blew a perfect hurricane: our little vessel, however, gallantly bore up against the violence of the dashing waves, which often covered her with water, and the rush of the seas down the companion-ladder and hatchway of the cabin inspired an awe which (however you are told, or you know, is of no consequence and forbodes no danger,) it is impossible to describe.

To do our commander bare justice, he hardly ever left the helm, and was incessant in his cares and zealous efforts to diminish every inconvenience as far as possible; and I feel satisfied that it was owing to his judgment and skill that we were ultimately brought safe into port, after lying to under trysail for twenty-four hours, in a small yacht of seventy tons, and suffering as much as any unfortunate persons ever suffered in a gale of wind.

This dreadful storm, we learnt afterwards, not only did great damage along the Spanish coast, at Alicant, Valencia, Peniscola, and Barcelona, by destroying chimneys, roofs, &c. of houses, but actually drove on shore H. M. ship the Tribune, then lying at anchor at Tarragona, together with thirty-two other vessels, which were wrecked or destroyed at different ports by the same gale. It was impossible, therefore, for us on landing at Barcelona not to be grateful to Providence for having so well weathered the storm. It ceased towards the evening, and we

went on prosperously on the 28th: the 29th we were becalmed, but made the harbour of Barcelona on the 30th in the morning.

The entrance to the bay adds greatly to the beauty of the place: it is remarkably striking. The city is built in a semicircle, and the houses are far more imposing than those of any other town on the coast. There is a splendid quay, and a rampart fronting the sea, where the esplanade is so wide and extensive as to form a delightful promenade; the two miles north of the port form large harbours with a lighthouse, affording anchorage for all vessels trading with this great commercial depot. Formerly, and when civil war was not the cruel fate of this unhappy land, all kinds of goods were transported hence, by excellent roads to Madrid and the interior of the country; a convenience such as no other town could boast of in the same degree. In addition to the old city, the merchants are now building large modern edifices, like the arcade, which is built in a spacious square with two bold entrance-gates, exactly in the centre of the amphitheatre formed by the town towards the sea. These new buildings will be very superb when finished; and the entrance adds greatly to the appearance of the place, which is bounded by its forests of masts in the Bana, or one side of the bay, while rises proudly on the other the famed fortress of Monjue, admitted to be one of the finest fortifications in existence.

In the new buildings here described, the rich merchants of Barcelona, have laid out their capital, created and brought from South America, from finding, perhaps, at this period no other means of getting interest, or otherwise turning it to account. The large houses are let and taken as soon as built, by Spanish Americans or others; and so full was the city when we arrived, that we found it impossible to get any accommodation but of the most miserable description. The population consists of about 120,000 inhabitants; and added to these there were upwards of 30,000 refugees, who had fled from the seat of war in the mountains for protection, and filled every corner of the city.

We found Mr. Annesly, the English consul, united to Mademoiselle Brockhausen, a Swedish lady of the most interesting and fascinating manners, and both were ready immediately to give up their house, and be of every possible assistance to us; but, declining these offers, we put up with two wretched rooms without fireplaces, and with only braseros, which are as odious as they are unwholesome; and lived thus uncomfortably, to repose from the terrible knocking about we had sustained in the storm. It constantly happens, especially with travellers, when they have entertained great hopes and indulged agreeable ideas of the comforts and pleasures of a place, that the reality falls very short of the expectation; though sometimes the direct contrary occurs: yet Barcelona is a fine town; and had we not been so ill lodged, we might have enjoyed ourselves during our stay.

The consul, Mr. Annesly, gave us as splendid a ball as the city afforded; and all the authorities, civil and military, were invited. Though there were evidently no ladies of the *première noblesse* the party was gay, but the women were dressed in bad French style, and many looked more like Dutchwomen than Spanish; which, after all the descriptions I had heard of Barcelona shapes, and Barcelona walking, rather disappointed me.

At the moment there was a good deal of excitement in the political

and military state of Barcelona and the province of Catalonia. The captain-general, Valdez, had had an action with Cabrera at Solsona: Valdez claimed the victory, but it was very hardly contested; and unless relieving a garrison by throwing in supplies, and carrying off the sick and wounded of the place, both which he certainly effected at Solsona, can be called success, all the rest of the combat told entirely in favour of the Carlists, who, under Cabrera, were daily becoming more formidable. It also seemed hourly more certain that Espartero's army would be confined entirely to defensive operations during the remainder of the winter; and that they would likewise be exposed to continual harass and attack on their long line of occupation, from Cabrera's central position. Placed as Morella was, nearly impregnable by nature, and improved by art, Cabrera possessed the rare advantage of a position from which he could move at any time with a strong force against any weak point of the Duc de Victoria's lengthened line of communication; and after performing some great exploit, or striking a formidable blow, he could re-enter his fortress and fastnesses by the various roads and passes, which, as an active partisan, he held in his own hands.

From all that I could learn or conjecture, it was idle to suppose the war in Spain likely to be brought to an end; on the contrary, deep-settled revenge for the treachery and baseness of Maroto, and for the loss of the Carlist army in the north, seemed to grow up on all sides amongst the Spaniards of the south. The change, however, that now took place in the government of Madrid, and the dissolution of the Cortez, by bringing the Moderados into power and distressing the Exaltados, had great effect, and produced various corresponding changes in Catalonia. General Valdez and General Seoane saw their approaching fate; and about the time of our arrival had sent in their resignations to the Queen's government. Their partisans in the province were filled, of course, with discontent and vexation, and very serious riots were apprehended at Barcelona. Nothing indeed could be more insecure than the actual state of affairs; for notwithstanding that General Seoane had a large garrison to protect one of the greatest depots of commercial riches in Spain, it is a fact that neither the governor nor a single officer could stir out of the place without an escort, so much did they dread the Carlist bands that were hovering continually about.

THE NUN.

Yes! she is sad, depress'd and pale,
And o'er her fair and youthful brow,
A line of care is deeply traced,
That tells us hope has vanish'd now.

Her hands are clasp'd in mute despair,
No murmur, no regret is heard;
But oh! that upcast tear-fraught eye
Reveals a tale which needs no word.

It tells that o'er her gentle mind,
The chilling blight of grief has pass'd,
That youth's fond hopes and fairy dreams
Are now for ever overcast.

Where are her thoughts? Not on her beads,
Which careless and neglected lie;
Not with the convent's pealing bell,
To her, the knell of joys gone by.

No! they are deeply fix'd on one,
To whom her fondest vows were given,
When she was forced the world to leave,
And hope's bright links were harshly riven.

And, is it then Religion's voice
Which sternly bids the Nun resign,
Each loved, endearing, social tie,
And love in grief and silence pine?

No! give it not that sacred name,
To which a harsher one belongs;
'Tis bigotry, whose hateful power,
The holy cause so deeply wrongs.

Religion's precepts, mildly given,
Ne'er bid us worldly joy forsake,
They tell the erring heart to bend;
But oh! they never bid it break.

F. H.

August 30th.

THE WAR WITH CHINA.

BY THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.

"Mistress of herself tho' China fall."—POPE.

"I CAN'T understand it," said my uncle, throwing down on the table the pamphlet he had been reading, and looking up over the fire-place, at the great picture of Canton, painted by his elder brother, when he was mate of an East Indiaman. My aunt was seated beside my uncle, with her cotton-box, playing at working; and cousin Tom was working at playing, in a corner. As for my father and myself, we had dropped in as usual after a walk, to take our tea, which through an old connexion with Cathay, was certain to be firstrate at the cottage. "Why on earth," continued my uncle, "why on earth we should go to war about the Opium business quite passes my comprehension."

"And mine too," chimed in my aunt, whose bent it was to put in a word and put out an argument, as often as she had an opportunity; "I always thought opium was a lulling, soothing sort of thing, more likely to compose people's passions than to stir them up."

My uncle looked at the speaker with much the same expression as that of the great girl in Wilkie's picture, who is at once frowning and smiling at the boy's grotesque mockery of the Blind Fiddler—for my aunt's allusion to the sedative qualities of opium was amusing in itself, but provoking, as interrupting the discourse.

"The Sulphur question," she continued, "is quite a different thing. That's all about brimstone and combustibles; and it would only be of a piece, if we were to send our men of war, and frigates, and fireships to bombard Mount Vesuvius."

"I should like to see it," said my father, in his quietest tone, and with his gravest face, for he was laughing inwardly at the proposed Grand Display of Pyrotechnics!

"To go back," resumed my uncle, "to the very beginning of the business; first, we have Captain Elliot, who wishes to give the Chinese admiral a chop—"

"And a very civil thing of him too," remarked my aunt.

"Eh!—what?" exploded my uncle, as snappishly as a Waterloo cracker.

"To be sure," said my aunt, in a deprecating tone, "it might be a Friday and a fast day, as to meat"—

"As to what?"

"As to meat," repeated my aunt, resolutely. "I have always understood that the Catholic priests and the Jesuits were the first to go converting the Chinese."

"Phoo! nonsense!" ejaculated my uncle. "A chop is a document."

"Well, it's not my fault," retorted my aunt, "if things abroad are called by their wrong names. What is a chop, then, in Chinese—I mean a pork or mutton one—is it called a document?"

My uncle gave a look upwards, worthy of Job himself. He was sorely tempted—but he translated the rising English oath into a French shrug and grimace. My father tried to mend matters as usual. "After all, brother," he said, "my sister's mistake was natural, and womanly—especially in a mistress of a house, who has to think occasionally of chops

and steaks. Besides she has had greater blunderers to keep her in countenance—you remember the needless resentment there was about the 'Barbarian Eye.'"

"To be sure he does," said my aunt, "and why should I be expected to know Chinese, any more than Lord Melbourne, or Lord Palmerston, or Lord-Knows-Who? especially when it's such a difficult language besides, and a single letter stands for a whole chapter, like the Egyptian hieroglyphics."

"But what says the pamphleteer?" said my father, deliberately putting on his spectacles, and taking up the brochure from the table.

"Why, he says," replied my uncle, "that opium is a baneful drug, that it produces the most demoralizing effects on the consumers; and that we have no right to go to war to force a noxious article down the throats of our fellow-creatures."

"No, nor a wholesome one neither," returned my father, "as the judge said to the woman when she killed her child for not taking its physic. But what have we here—a return of our exports to the Celestial Empire?"

"The author means to imply," said my uncle, "that if the Chinese did not chew and smoke so much opium, they would have more money to lay out on our Birmingham and Manchester manufactures."

"Pretty nonsense, indeed!" exclaimed my aunt. "As if the Chinese could smoke printed cottons and calicoes, and chew Brummagen hardware, and cutlery, like the ostriches!"

"I believe it is but a Brummagen argument after all," said my father, "a mercantile interest plated over with morality. It's the old story in the spelling-book—'There's nothing like leather.' The pamphleteer and Commissioner Lin are both of a mind in condemning a drug in which they are not druggists; but how comes it that the deleterious demoralizing effects of the article are found out only in 1840?—The opium trade with China is of long standing—it is as old as—"

"Robinson Crusoe," cried a small voice from the corner of the room, where Cousin Tom had been listening to the discourse and making a paper kite at the same time.

"Robinson Fiddlesticks!" cried my aunt, "boys oughtn't to talk about politics. What in the world has opium-chewing to do with a desert island?"

"He had a whole cargo of it," muttered Tom, "when he went on his voyage to China."

"The lad's right," said my father. "Go, Tom, and fetch the book,"—and Defoe's novel was produced in a twinkling! "The lad's right," repeated my father, reading aloud from the book,—"here's the very passage. 'From Sumatra,' says Crusoe, 'we went to Siam, where we exchanged some of our wares for opium and some arrack—the first a commodity which bears a great price amongst the Chinese, and which at that time was much wanted there.'"

"That's to the point, at any rate," said my uncle, with a nod of approbation to the boy. But my aunt did not so much relish Tom's victory, and on some household pretence, took herself out of the room.

"It is a sad job, this war, and I am sorry for it," said my father, with a serious shake of his head. "I have always had a sneaking kindness for the Chinese, as an intelligent and ingenious people. We have out-

run them now in the race of civilization, but no doubt there was a time when comparatively they were refined and we were the barbarians."

"It is impossible to doubt it," said my uncle with great animation. "To say nothing of their invention of gunpowder, and their discovery of the mariner's compass, look at their earthenware. For my own part, I am particularly fond of old china. It is, I may say, quite a passion —inherited perhaps from my grandmother, with several closets full of the antique oriental porcelain. She used to say it was a genteel taste."

"And she had Horace Walpole," said my father, "to back her opinion."

"To be sure she had," replied my uncle, eagerly; "and the Chinese must be a genteel people. It is sufficient to look at their elegant tea services, to convince one that they are not made any more than their vessels of the commoner earth. You feel at once—"

"That Slang Whang is a gentleman," said my father, "and Nan King a lady, in spite of their names."

My uncle paid no attention to the joke, but went on in a strain to have delighted Father Matthew. "To look at a Chinese service," he said, "is enough of itself to make one a tea-totaller. It inspires one—at least it does me—with the Exquisite's horror of malt liquor and such gross beverages. Indeed, to compare our drinking-vessels with the Chinese, they are like horse-buckets to bird-glasses; and remembering their huge flagons, and black jacks, and wassail bowls, our Gothic and Saxon ancestors must have been a little coarse, not to say hoggish, in their draughts."

"They must, indeed," said my father.

"Now here is a delicate drinking-vessel," continued my uncle, taking up from a side-table a cup hardly large enough for a fairy to get into. "What sort of liquor ought one to expect from such a pretty little chalice?"

"At a guess," replied my father, very gravely, "nothing coarser than mountain dew."

"Yes," said my uncle, with enthusiasm, "to drink out of such a diminutive calyx, all enamelled with blossoms, is, indeed, like to the poetical fancy of sipping dew out of a flower! And then the Sylph to whom only such a cup could belong!—"

"She must have had thinner lips than an Austrian," said my father.

"And what a ladylike hand!" exclaimed my uncle, "for such a Lilliputian utensil would escape from any but the most feminine fingers."

"Her hand must be like her foot," said my father, "which is never bigger than a child's."

"And there, again, we have a proof of refinement," said my uncle. "Walking is generally considered in Europe as a vulgar and common exercise for a lady, and it shows the extreme delicacy of the well-bred Chinese female, that as far as possible she makes a conventional impropriety a physical impossibility."

"And it is somewhat remarkable," said my father, "that the Chinese gentlemen have an appendage, formerly indispensable with the politest nation in the world in its politest time, the pigtail."

"Exactly," said my uncle. "But here is the lady," and he took up another of his grandmother's brittle legacies, "on a plate that ought to be a plate to Moore's Paradise and the Peri. Just hold it up towards the

window, and observe its transparency, softening down the sunshine you observe to a sort of moonlight."

"Very transparent, indeed," said my father, "and yonder is Nan King herself, fetching a walk by that blue river."

"Yes, bluer than the Rhine," said my uncle, "though it has not been put into poetry. And look at the birds, and fruits, and flowers! And then that pretty rural temple!"

"Is it on the earth or in the sky?" asked my father.

"Whichever you please," said my uncle, "and the garden is all the more Edenlike for that ingenious equivocation. There is no horizon you observe, but a sort of blending, as we may suppose there was in paradise, of earth and heaven."

"Very poetical indeed," said my father. "And those curly-tailed swallows, and those crooked gudgeons may be flying or swimming at the option of the spectator."

"Exactly so," said my uncle; "and there you have the superior fancy of the Chinese. A Staffordshire potter would leave nothing to the imagination. He would never dream of building a castle in the air, or throwing a bridge over nothing."

"He would not, indeed," said my father, "even if he could get an act of parliament for it."

"Not he," cried my uncle. "All must be fact with him—no fiction. But it is otherwise with the Chinese. They have been called servile and literal copyists—but, on the contrary, they have more boldness and originality than all our Royal Academy put together. For instance, here is a road, the further end of which is lost in that white blank which may or may not stand for the atmosphere—"

"And yet," said my father, "that little man in petticoats is walking up it, as if he had an errand at the other end."

"For aught we know," said my uncle, "it may be an allegory—and I have often fancied that the paintings on their vessels were scenes from their tales or poems. In the mean time we may gather some hints of the character of the people from their porcelain—that they are literary and musical, and from the frequent occurrence of figures of children, that they are of affectionate and domestic habits. And, above all, that they are eminently unwarlike, and inclined only to peaceful and pastoral pursuits. I do not recollect ever seeing an armed figure, weapons, or any allusion to war, and its attributes, in any of their enamels."

"So much the worse for them," said my father; "for they are threatened with something more than a tempest in a teapot. It will be like the china vessel in the old fable, coming in contact with the brazen one. There will be a fine smash, brother, of your favourite ware!"

"A smash! where?" inquired my aunt, who had just entered the room, and imperfectly overheard the last sentence. "What are you talking of?"

"Of a Bull in a China Shop," said my father, with a hard wink at my uncle.

"Yes; that's a dreadful smash, sure enough," said my aunt. "There was Mrs. Starkey, who keeps the great Staffordshire warehouse at Smithfield Bars—she had an overdriven beast run into her shop only last week. At first, she says, he was quiet enough, for besides racing up and down St. John-street, he had been bullock-hunted all over Islington, and

Hoxton fields, and that had taken the wildness out of him. So at first he only stood staring at the jugs, and mugs, and things, as if admiring the patterns."

"And pray," inquired my uncle, "where was Mrs. Starkey in the mean time?"

"Why, the shopman, you see, had crept under the counter, for safety, and Mrs. Starkey was in the back parlour, and saw every thing by peeping through a crack of the green curtain, over the glass-door. So the mad Bull stood staring at the crockery, quiet enough; when unluckily with a switch of his tail, he brought down on his back a whole row of pipkins that hung over head. I suppose he remembered being pelted about the streets; for the clatter of the earthenware about his ears seemed to put him up again,; for he gave a stamp and a bellow that made the whole shop shake again, and down rattled a great jug on his hind quarters. Well, round turns the Bull, quite savage, with another loud bellow, as much as to say, 'I should like to know who did that?' when what should he see by bad luck but a china figure of a Mandarin, as big as our Tom there, a-grinning and nodding at him with its head."

"Commissioner Lin," said my father, with a significant nod to my uncle.

"Mrs. Starkey thinks," continued my aunt, "that the mad Bull took the China figure for a human creature, and particularly as its motions made it look so life-like,—however, the more the Bull stamped and bellowed, the more the Mandarin grinned and nodded his head, till at long and at last, the Bull got so aggravated, that sticking his tail upright, Mrs. Starkey says, as stiff as the kitchen poker, he made but one rush at the china Mandarin, and smashed him all into shivers."

"And there you have the whole history," said my father, with another nod to my uncle, "of a War with China."

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

THE BRITISH TURF.*

As we entirely coincide in the alleged reason which has been given for the undertaking of this work, and cannot improve upon the happy language in which the writer expresses and enforces it, we shall quote his own words:

"If there is one important national pursuit, for excellence in which England is distinguished above all contemporary nations, it is that which is included in the phrase "The British Turf." Our supremacy in all the varied particulars which make up that remarkable feature in our national character and habits, is not merely unapproached, it is *undisputed*, by any other people. The French question our superiority over them in the field of battle; the Americans 'guess' that, if it should come to a struggle between us, they shall rival us in the dominion of the seas; the Russians fancy they out-manœuvre us in policy, and outwit us in diplomacy; the Germans dispute our claim to a paramount station in the republic of letters. But French, Americans, Russians, Germans—one and all—hasten to yield us the palm unasked, in that noble pursuit, to the national importance of which each and all of them testify, by leaving no step untaken to

* The British Turf, from the Earliest Period to the Present Day. By J. C. Christie Whyte, Esq. 2 vols.

overtake us in it. "The British Turf" is at once the envy and admiration of them all. Will it be credited, then, among the enlightened nations above enumerated, that England is to this day without any written record relating to "THE BRITISH TURF" beyond those desultory, anonymous, and unauthentic notices of its daily-recurring details, which are scattered through the newspapers and sporting periodicals of the time."

Undoubtedly such a work was signally wanted, and was capable of being made singularly useful and valuable to the lovers and frequenters of "The Turf," and by no means devoid of interest and entertainment to all the rest of the world. Moreover, we quite agree with the author in thinking that the undertaking was a very difficult one to fulfil in an adequate and efficient manner; for though it is not quite correct to say (as he does) that we are "without any written record" relating to the Turf beyond those which occur in the ephemeral pages of sporting periodicals (witness the excellent chapter on that subject in Nimrod's volume on "The Field, the Turf, and the Road;" Mr. Darvill's book on the Training of Race-horses, &c.), yet it is unquestionably true that, as a general book of reference to all matters connected with the turf, as well historical as descriptive and characteristic, even our sporting libraries were not only utterly deficient until the publication of Mr. Whyte's volumes, but they possessed very few obvious or tractable materials for the getting up of such a production. Mr. Whyte, therefore, deserves the full credit of originating such a work; and if he has not made it all that might be desired or expected by those unacquainted with the difficulties attending the task—including the *especial* one of the necessity of its writer being intimately and personally acquainted with "sporting" matters of every kind, an accomplishment rarely, if ever, yet connected with *literary* habits and pursuits; if, we say, these difficulties have prevented the present very laudable and useful attempt from being all that we could wish or imagine, it will nevertheless be found to perform as much of the desiderated task, and to perform it as well, as could reasonably be looked for under the circumstances of the case.

The objects of this work are scarcely explained by its general title —"The History of the British Turf:" they are much more various and comprehensive than the phrase "historical" would indicate. In fact, to recur to the terms of the *annonce* which precedes the work:

"Its object is to place on record, in a convenient and available form, every particular, historical as well as descriptive, popular as well as professional, connected with "THE BRITISH TURF," which is desirable to be known to the large and influential body of persons more or less intimately associated with that pursuit, or which may possess an interest for the community at large."

And these objects are chiefly comprised under the following heads, namely—1. History of Horse-racing from the earliest period to the present day—2. Memoirs and anecdotes of all remarkable sporting characters—3. The performances and pedigrees of all celebrated race-horses—4. Descriptions of all the race-courses in Great Britain—5. The plates and stakes annually run for over them—6. Accounts of the most approved methods of breeding, training, and managing race-horses—7. Notices of celebrated jockeys—8. Description of all the principal races and matches.

It will be seen that here is ample scope for the most entertaining, as well as the most useful matter; and, considering the wide range of the subject, and the varied nature of the materials, as compared with the

limited space of two octavo volumes (albeit, of unusually ample size) here allotted to them, we must do the writer the justice to say, that on each of the topics above enumerated he has furnished us with a fair share both of the *utile* and the *dulce*—mixing the two together in a way that prevents either from maintaining an undue predominance. The work opens with a somewhat elaborate history of the horse, as connected with the purposes and the wants of man—of the horse as a domestic animal, in which we find many curious particulars that are little known to the general reader. Take, for example, the following:

"From the records of the Old Testament we are able to ascertain the exact period when, in Egypt and Canaan, this animal began to be domesticated. 1920 years before Christ, when Abraham was driven into Egypt by the famine which raged in Canaan, Pharaoh offered him sheep and oxen, and asses and camels; and, doubtless, horses would have been added, had they at that time been domesticated in Egypt. Taking the period during which Joseph served the Egyptian monarch as that during which the horse became the servant of man in Egypt, this event would appear to have taken place about 1740 years before Christ; and 1450 years before the Christian era the horse was so far naturalized in Greece, that at the Olympic games then instituted, both chariot and horse races were included."

"*Anecdote of a Race-horse.*—We will here relate an anecdote of a mare called Aura, the property of one Phidolas, a Corinthian, which threw her jockey in the race [in the Olympian games], but continued her course as if he had kept his seat, increasing her speed at the sound of the trumpet, which was used as the signal of the coming in, and, having been first at the winning gaol, presented herself to the judges, as if conscious of having won. The Elians declared her the winner, contrary to the present custom in such cases."

This chapter is followed by a succinct sketch of the history of horse-racing generally, and of its rise and progress in England in particular. This occupies about a third of the first volume, and will be found among the most useful, as well as entertaining, parts of the work. A few brief passages will afford an idea of the materials of which it consists, and the way in which they are put together.

"*Earliest mention of Race-horses.*—The earliest mention of race-horses, or, as they were called in those days, running horses, in our national annals, is of those sent in the 9th century, by Stugh, founder of the royal house of Capet, in France, as a present to King Athelstan, whose sister, Ethelswitha, he was soliciting in marriage. In the reign of William the Conqueror, according to Cambrensis, Roger de Bellesme, a follower of the King, and created for his military services Earl of Shrewsbury, imported some stallions from Spain into his estate in Powisland; and we find their produce celebrated afterwards by Drayton, the poet. This is the first well-authenticated step we can find towards the improvement of the breed of horses."

"*First Royal Patron of Horse-racing.*—James I. 1603. If we find racing languishing in the former reign, it would seem but to have laid by to start up with increased vigour in this, from which we may safely date the foundation of our present system. This king gave 500*l.* to Mr. Markham for an Arabian—probably the first Arabian introduced into this country. The Duke of Newcastle, who wrote in the reign of Charles II., and whose work we shall presently notice, mentions the Markham Arabian as a little bay horse, not well shaped, and as having been beaten in every race he ran. From this we learn that, even at this period, the English had attained some progress in the swiftness of their race-horses."

"*First Races at Newmarket.*—The first races which were held at Newmarket took place in this reign, (Charles I.) in the year 1640, although the round course was not made till 1666; and as a further proof of the rapid progress already made in the improvement of the national breed of horses, we find one Sir Edward Harwood ignorantly complaining of what he calls the scarcity of able horses in

the kingdom, there not being so many as 2,000 that were equal to a like number of French horses; the cause of which he supposes to be the strong addiction which the nation had to racing and hunting horses, which, for the sake of swiftness, were all of a lighter and weaker mould."

"*Oliver Cromwell's stud of Race-horses.*—Oliver Cromwell, with his accustomed sagacity, perceiving the vast benefit derived to the nation by the improvement of its breed of horses, the natural consequence of racing, patronised this already peculiarly national amusement; and we find, accordingly, that he kept a racing stud. Mr. Place, whose name, coupled with that of his horse, the famous white Turk before alluded to, will live for ever in the memory of all British sportsmen, was Cromwell's master of the stud."

"*Cromwell driving four-in-hand.*—An anecdote which has been handed down of a narrow escape of the Protector, when driving in person four horses in Hyde Park, from their running away and overturning the carriage, when a loaded pistol he always carried about his person went off, would serve to show his fondness for equestrian amusements; at the same time it would appear this great man found it less difficult to keep a whole nation in subjection than to control four horses."

We have now a detailed description of every race-course in Great Britain and Ireland, and of the various stakes run for over each annually. This part of the work is professionally useful, and doubtless forms an indispensable feature of the author's plan of furnishing the lovers of the turf with a comprehensive book of reference and record; but it is rather dry, and we pass it by accordingly. We have now, after a few desultory anecdotes connected with racing, a lengthened and somewhat dry, but, like the feature just referred to, a useful account of the pedigrees and performances of the most celebrated horses that have illustrated the annals of racing during the last hundred and forty years. This portion of the work is enlivened (not without requiring it) with a few remarkable anecdotes of the chief subjects under notice. Here are one or two of them:

"*Flying Childers.*—About the year 1721, Childers ran a trial against Almanzor and the Duke of Rutland's Brown Betty, carrying 9st. 2lb. over the round course (three miles, four furlongs, and ninety-three yards in length) at Newmarket in six minutes and forty seconds; and it was thought that he moved eighty-two feet and a half in one second of time, which is nearly at the rate of one mile in a minute, a degree of velocity which no horse has been known to exceed. He likewise ran over the Beacon Course in seven minutes and thirty seconds; and it was supposed that he covered, at every bound, a space of twenty-five feet. He also leaped ten yards on level ground with his rider. He was allowed by sportsmen to be the fleetest horse that ever ran at Newmarket, or, as generally believed, that was ever bred in the world."

"*The famous racer Eclipse.*—Such is said to have been the bad temper of Eclipse, that at one time it was thought impossible to bring him to the post except as a gelding. On this account, he was placed in the hands of a rough-rider in the neighbourhood of Epsom, and who, being likewise a notorious poacher, worked him almost off his legs; riding him about the country on business during the day, and frequently keeping him out all night on poaching excursions. This treatment, although it quieted him enough to enable him to race, still never entirely subdued his indomitable spirit; and, accordingly, Fitzpatrick and Oakley, who rode him in almost all his races, never attempted to hold him, contenting themselves with sitting quiet upon the saddle.—All the best six years old horses of the year having entered against Eclipse for the King's Plate at Newmarket, O'Kelly offered to take ten to one, he posted them, which being betted to an immense amount, and the captain called upon to declare, he pronounced "Eclipse! and nothing else," implying the rest to be "no where;" which was really the case, for the rider of Eclipse, having received

private instructions to go off at score, double distanced the whole with the greatest ease, leaving himself without a competitor. And we believe that this was the last time any horse was seen to start against him, as he afterwards walked over the different courses for the king's plates of the year without a single opponent, and the year following entered the stud."

We now come to a detailed record of the racing at all the principal courses in Great Britain and Ireland during the present century, showing the winners of all the public stakes run for in that period, and the records of each year being concluded with a notice of the most remarkable sporting events which occurred during the course of it, particularly the great sporting performances of the year, and the obituary of the remarkable characters who had figured on the turf. This latter department of the work is full of curious and pleasing anecdotes. The following examples are taken almost at random:

"*Sporting anecdote of old Elwes.*—It was in a match between this nobleman's (Lord Grosvenor's) colt, by Gimcrack, and the Earl of Abingdon's Cardinal York, that Mr. Elwes, the celebrated miser, is said to have lent the Earl of Grosvenor 3000 guineas to make up his stakes. Although the betting was three to one in his favour, he would have been compelled to have allowed his opponent's horse to have "walked over," but for the unsolicited liberality of the eccentric miser, who, on his return from seeing his lordship win the race, scrambled over the Devil's Dyke, at Newmarket, at the risk of breaking his neck, to avoid paying a turnpike."

"*Charles Fox on the Turf.*—When he had a horse in a race, Mr. Fox was all eagerness and anxiety. He always placed himself where the animal was to make his final effort, or the race was to be most strongly contested. From this spot, he eyed the horses advancing with a most immovable look; he breathed quicker as they accelerated their pace; and when they came opposite to him, he rode in with them at full speed, whipping, spurring, and blowing, as if he would have infused his whole soul into the courage, speed, and perseverance of his favourite racer. But when the race was over, whether he won or lost, seemed to be a matter of perfect indifference to him, and he immediately directed his conversation to the next race, whether he had a horse to run or not."

"*The Duke and the Quaker.*—His Grace (of Grafton) being *fox-hunting*, near Newmarket, a Quaker, at some distance, upon an adjoining eminence, pulled off his hat, and gave a view holla!—The hounds immediately ran to him, and being drawn off the scent, were consequently at fault, which so enraged the Duke, that, galloping up to the offender, he asked in an angry tone,—"Art thou a Quaker?" "I am friend," replied broad-brim.—"Well then, rejoined his Grace, "as you never pull off your hat to a *Christian*, I will thank you in future not to pay that compliment to a *Fox*."

"*A Sportsman's Gratitude.*—On another occasion, when hunting, the Duke (of Grafton) was thrown into a ditch; at the same time a young curate, calling out, "Lie still, your Grace!" leaped over him, and pursued his sport. Such an apparent want of feeling, we might presume, was properly resented: not so; on being assisted to remount by his attendants, the Duke said, "That young man shall have the first good living that falls to my disposal; had he stopped to have taken care of me, I never would have patronized him." He was delighted with an ardour similar to his own, or perhaps with a spirit that could not stoop to flatter. His Grace kept his resolution, and gave the young clergyman the first living which became vacant in his patronage."

"*A Candid Confession.*—Many are the droll stories told of old Sykes, but we will content ourselves with one anecdote, which sufficiently shows the character of the man. Being on a sick bed, he wrote a letter to an intimate crony, containing this advice: "I have done many in my time, Tommy, but never did you; don't be agen Merlin for the Leger."

As we draw towards the conclusion, it becomes more and more in-

teresting to the general reader; though to the sporting man the earlier portions of it may be more useful and available for professional purposes. The chapter on breeding, training, and management of race-horses is chiefly intended for general, rather than professional perusal —there being already some efficient works exclusively devoted to this important department of turf economy, and particularly that of Mr. Darvill. The chapter on jockeys is full of pleasant anecdote, and will afford piquant reading for every class of literary taste. Here is an extract:

"*The Crack Jockeys, Chifney and Robinson.*—First in practice and in skill among the jockeys of the present day, stand the names of the famous rivals Samuel Chifney and James Robinson, each remarkable for his peculiar style of riding, and for the success which he has gained in many a well-contested race. It has been well observed of these crack riders, that Chifney's style is that of the Kean school; Robinson's that of Kemble's:—the former is frequently correct, always brilliant:—the latter often striking, ever finished. The distinguishing feature of Chifney's style is the manner in which he "waits" until he thinks the time for action has arrived, which he calculates to a nicety, when the quiet, but rapid, way in which he steals up to his horses, and then the terrific rush, so entirely his own, with which he finishes his race, excite the admiration and surprise of the spectators. Even Robinson yields to him when it comes to a close contest between them, as in the celebrated match between Priam and Lucetta, which presented a specimen of finished jockeyship, such as has seldom been witnessed. In this famous race Robinson (on Lucetta) led, Chifney lying right in his wake. If the former tried to look over his left shoulder, to ascertain how his opponent was running, the latter was bent to the off-side, so as to be out of sight. This race was run in this manner almost from end to end, nor could Robinson ever get a view of his wily adversary until he came up to him and passed him to win. Such is the high opinion generally entertained of Robinson's riding, that he is said at Newmarket to be half a stone better than any other jockey. His style of riding is one of finished elegance; and although his usual method of bringing a horse through a race is distinguished for its gentleness, never punishing his horse except he sees it absolutely necessary, yet when occasion requires, no rider can be more resolute, or administer punishment with more accomplished severity. Many of our readers will no doubt remember an instance of this which occured in 1836, when he rode Bay Middleton for the Two Thousand Guinea Stakes. Whether in obedience to orders, or from his own mistake, he had left the race too fine; but when, finding his position, he set to with his horse, and brought him successfully through a terrific struggle, by the most skilful but desperate punishment."

The work concludes with one of the most readable of its chapters,—which gives a brief account of the various "sporting characters" of the day, gentle and simple,—not forgetting the "leg" portion of the Turf community.

We shall conclude our notice of this work, as we began it, by saying that if the absence of literary habits, and a not very conspicuous development of the organ of *order*, have contributed to prevent Mr. Whyte's "History of the British Turf" from being all that we could wish or imagine in a work of this nature, it has the merit of being the first to treat of the subject in a general point of view, and it contains a large quantity of matter that is often needed by the sporting man, and can nowhere else be met with in a collected form. It must therefore claim an immediate place in every sporting library, and will probably keep that place till superseded by some more elaborate production, which it will even then have the merit of having suggested.

THE WAR IN AFFGHANISTAN.*

In a military and political point of view—but chiefly the former—this is by far the most important and valuable contribution we have yet had, to the history of one of the most brilliant campaigns that has hitherto illustrated our arms in India. Captain Havelock, at the time it was determined to assemble an army for the avowed purpose of restoring Shah Sooja to the throne of his ancestors, was serving at Kurnal, as adjutant of the 13th light infantry; but on the arrival of Sir Willoughby Cotton, commander of the Bengal forces, to assume the command of his division of the army assembled for the purpose just named, he applied to the commander-in-chief for an additional aide-de-camp, and Captain Havelock ultimately received that appointment. His position, therefore, was peculiarly favourable to the production of a narrative of the events which ensued during the campaign about to open; and the circumstance of his having some experience as a writer, in connexion with "The Three Campaigns" in Ava, thirteen years before, added materially to his capacity for the due fulfilment of the task he proposed to himself from the outset, of narrating the military events of the campaign, provided they should prove of a character to justify the step.

Thus much of the origin of this work. With regard to the general character, and much of the particular detail of the highly interesting events which occurred during the campaign in Affghanistan, they have excited such universal attention in Europe, and been so ably commented on in various quarters, that we shall not dwell at any length upon the view taken of them in Captain Havelock's work. But we must say, with regard to its general execution, that, with some defects of arrangement, and some marks of haste in putting the materials together, the narrative is highly creditable to the writer's spirit of observation, his impartiality, and his desire and determination to tell the exact truth on all the points he touches upon. In a word, the merit and value of this work consists in the *bonâ fide* character of the pictures it gives of all the leading events of the campaign—or rather the entire war; and the impression it leaves of those pictures having been taken at the time and on the spot to which they refer. On the other hand, the narrative not seldom (as if unconsciously on the writer's part), assumes the "journal" form, in the midst of that unbroken and subsequently constructed *narrative* which is its professed character: thus conveying the idea, or rather showing the certainty, that some portions of the original journal avowedly kept by the author, has crept in *verbatim* as it was written at the time. We name this merely as a (perhaps unavoidable) result of the haste with which the work has necessarily been got out to meet the excitement caused by its subject matter: and the truth is, that we had rather, in some respects, have seen the actual journal in its rude state. Upon the whole, however, the work is very ably and creditably written, and it furnishes—as we have hinted at the outset—by far the most comprehensive as well as the most intelligible and interesting account the public has yet received of the military operations of the brief but brilliant war in question.

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* Narrative of the War in Affghanistan in 1838-9. By Capt. H. Havelock. 2 vols.

The storming of Ghuznee of course maintains the principal place in the narrative, and the description of it bears out all the impressions we have heretofore received as to the happy boldness of the *coup* by which it was rendered successful;—not, however, without impressing us with a rather fearful notion of what might have been the consequences on the entire war, had not the garrison been taken so utterly by surprise as they were: for the truth is, that the celebrated blowing up of the Cabool-gate would not have afforded a practicable breach in any case but that of troops that were put *hors de combat* by the surprise and dread of a wholly unlooked-for catastrophe: and in the event of its having been defended from the first attack, the army was not provided with the means of successfully storming the place. The extremely hazardous nature of the attempt just referred to, and the fatal consequences of failure in it, may be guessed at from the following passage, describing the state of circumstances immediately after the destruction of the Cabool-gate.

"The engineers had done their work boldly, prudently, skilfully. Captain Thomson and his coadjutors had crept silently along the bridge, or causeway, which afforded a passage across the wet ditch, and up the steep, defended by loopholes which led to the gate. Close to the massive portal he had piled the bags, and fired the hose, or *saucisse*, attached to them. His explosion party effected this in about two minutes; and then retired under such cover as they could find, to watch the progress and results of their pyrotechny. The enemy were still in ignorance of the nature of the scheme laid for their destruction. Anxious, however, to discover the cause of the bustle which they partially heard in the direction of the important entrance, they now displayed a large and brilliant blue light on the widened rampart immediately above the gate. But they had not time to profit by its glare, when the powder exploded, shivered the massive barricade in pieces, and brought down in hideous ruin into the passage below, masses of masonry and fractured beams.

The stormers, under Colonel Dennie, rushed, as soon as they heard the bugle signal, into the smoking and darkened opening before them, and found themselves fairly opposed, hand to hand, by the Affghans, who had quickly recovered from their surprise. Nothing could be distinctly seen in the narrow passage but the clash of sword-blade against bayonet was heard on every side. The little band had to grope its way between the yet standing walls in darkness, which the glimmer of the blue light did not dissipate, but rendered more perplexing. But it was necessary to force a passage; there was neither time nor space, indeed, for regular street firing, but in its turn each loaded section gave its volley, and then made way for the next, which, crowding to the front, poured in a deadly discharge at half pistol-shot amongst the defenders. Thus this forlorn hope won gradually their way onward, until at length its commanders, and their leading files, beheld, over the heads of their infuriated opponents, a small portion of blue sky, and a twinkling star or two, and then, in a moment, the headmost soldiers found themselves within the place. Resistance was overborne, and no sooner did these four companies feel themselves established in the fortress, than a loud cheer, which was heard beyond the pillars, announced their triumph to the troops without."—Vol. ii., pp. 75, 77.

There is an intensity of interest excited by descriptive passages of this nature, which nothing but the feeling of their literal truth, and the vast consequences involved in them, can cause to arise. But mark what follows,—by which it will be seen that, but for the caution of Brigadier (now General Sir Robert) Sale in not placing too much reliance on the first information he received as to the exact result of

the explosion,—not only would the gallant "forlorn hope," who had already penetrated into the garrison, have been lost; but the fortress itself would, in all probability, have been to this day in the hands of Dost Mohammed!

"But, oh! the fugitive character of human success, even in its brightest moments! How nearly was all ruined by the error of an instant! Brigadier Sale, whilst his skirmishers were closing by sound of bugle, had steadily and promptly pressed forward to support the forlorn hope. As he moved on, he met an engineer officer, evidently suffering from the effects of the recent explosion, and anxiously inquired of him how the matter went beyond the bridge. This gallant person had been thrown to the ground by the bursting of the powder, and though he had not received any distinct wound, fracture, or contusion, was shaken in every limb by the concussion. His reply was, that the gate was blown in, but that the passage was choked up, and the forlorn hope could not force an entrance. Brigadier Sale was too cool and self-possessed not to be able at once to draw the inference that to move on under such circumstances was to expose his troops to certain destruction. He ordered the retreat to be sounded. The tempestuous character of the weather, and the noise of the fire of all arms did not prevent this signal from being heard even by the reserve; but it conveyed the order which British soldiers are always slowest in obeying. The column, however, made a full halt in the path of victory. But the check was not of long duration. The brigadier, perfectly calm at this moment of supposed difficulty, addressed himself to another engineer officer, with whom he happily fell in at this interesting moment. The latter assured him that though the passage of the gateway was much impeded, the advanced stormers, under Colonel Dennie, had already won their way through it. The brigadier promptly gave the signal to move on.

But the delay, short as it had been, was productive of mischief. It had left a considerable interval between the forlorn hope and Brigadier Sale's column, and just as the latter, in which the queen's regiment was leading, had pressed into the gateway, a large body of Affghans, driven headlong from the ramparts by the assault and fire of Colonel Dennie's force, rushed down towards the opening, in the hope of that way effecting their escape. Their attack was made upon the rear company of the queen's, and the leading files of the Bengal European regiment. The encounter with these desperate men was terrific. They fiercely assaulted, and for a moment drove back, the troops opposed to them.

One of their number, rushing over the fallen timbers, brought down Brigadier Sale by a cut in the face with his sharp *shumsheer*. The Affghan repeated his blow as his opponent was falling, but the pummel, not the edge of his sword, this time took effect, though with stunning violence. He lost his footing, however, in the effort, and Briton and Affghan rolled together amongst the fractured timbers. Thus situated, the first care of the brigadier was to master the weapon of his adversary. He snatched at it, but one of his fingers met the edge of the trenchant blade. He quickly withdrew his wounded hand, and adroitly replaced it over that of his adversary, so as to keep fast the hilt of his *shumsheer*. But he had an active and powerful opponent, and was himself faint from loss of blood. Captain Kershaw, of the 13th, aide-de-camp to Brigadier Baumgardt, happened, in the *mêlée*, to approach the scene of conflict; the wounded leader recognised, and called to him for aid. Kershaw passed his drawn sabre through the body of the Affghan; but still the desperado continued to struggle with frantic violence. At length, in the fierce grapple, the brigadier for a moment got uppermost. Still retaining the weapon of his enemy in his left hand, he dealt him, with his right, a cut from his own sabre, which cleft his skull from the crown to the eyebrows. The Moohummedan once shouted "*Ue Ullah*," and never spoke or moved again.

The leader of the column regained his feet, and feeling himself for the

moment incapable of personal exertion, yet calmly directed the movements of his men, who, after a fierce struggle, in which many ghastly wounds were exchanged, had now established themselves within the walls."—Vol. ii., pp. 77, 80.

Nothing can be more graphic and interesting than the remainder of Captain Havelock's description of the storming and its immediate results. But our limits preclude further extract. We can only add, that the subsequent description of the flight and pursuit of Dost Mohammed, is scarcely less exciting than the portions we have quoted above, and that the whole work is worthy of the events which gave rise to it.

A YEAR AMONG THE CIRCASSIANS.*

It is observable that, even in this age of writing travellers, the more interesting a country and a people are the fewer books we have about them. Strange as this may seem at the first glance, the reasons for it are obvious on a little consideration: and both the fact and the causes of it are especially noticeable in connexion with Circassia and the Circassians,—which are at this present moment unquestionably the most nteresting points of observation that are any where to be met with of a isimilar kind in the world,—not excepting the Chinese and their country, which latter has hitherto been scarcely more inaccessible to strangers than have the mountain homes of the Caucasus; nor do we imagine that it has any thing more curious and characteristic to disclose. It is a singular fact that, until a very few years ago, the interior of Circassia had not been visited by a single European; and it is still more curious that the first European who did visit it (Mr. Urquhart) should have been the occasion of an epoch in its annals that will in all probability lead to the most important results. The only other Europeans who have penetrated into the interior of Circassia are, Mr. Stewart and Mr. Bell, both of whom have given an account of what they saw and observed; Mr. Knight, who has not we believe written on the subject; and Mr. Longworth, the author of the present volumes, and the associate of Mr. Bell during the greater portion of his last residence there in 1838, a period of peculiar interest in the history of these mountaineers' struggle with Russia, and full of the most stirring as well as striking incidents, most of them more or less connected with the accidental presence of these two gentlemen.

It appears that Mr. Longworth's visit was one purely of sympathy and curiosity, though he was induced to connect with it a matter of commercial speculation. But so exalted is the opinion of the simple but noble-spirited Circassians, as to the position and power of England, and so enthusiastic their admiration of every thing British, that on the arrival among them of the two Englishmen, just at what appeared to be the very crisis of their fate in regard to the Russian invasion of their soil, nothing could persuade them to believe that the object of this visit was

* A Year among the Circassians. By J. A. Longworth, Esq. 2 vols.

not political—that in fact the two gentlemen above-named were not regularly deputed diplomatic agents of the English government, sent thither with a view to aid and advise them in their unequal contest. The consequence was that they were both treated *en prince* by the whole nation—the example being set by all the leading princes and chiefs of it; and their sojourn in the country was made a sort of triumph, in which the national character was displayed in all its lights, good as well as ill, but all full of interest and curiosity as matters of observation. When we add that the writer of these volumes is a person in every way adapted, both by natural and acquired qualities, to turn such a position to the most valuable account, we need not say that the result, as it is here placed before us, is one of the most interesting and valuable works of the kind that we have had for years. A few extracts will convey an adequate notion of the style as well as the matter of these most entertaining volumes.

"*Circassian Dinner.*—After we had been some time seated, a large bowl of a beverage the Tartars call *boza* (in Circassian, *sonat*) was presented to me by my host; it is a mixture of fermented millet-seed and honey, 'thick and slab,' and exceedingly nauseous, I thought, though drinking it out of complaisance to my entertainer, who watched me closely, to see that I did not flinch, and during the evening renewed the charge, bowl in hand, at least a dozen times. Dinner, or, more properly speaking, supper, which constitutes their chief meal, was served after sunset. It consisted of a series of dishes, removed one after the other, on round, three-legged tables, about the size of a joint-stool. A sheep having been slaughtered for us, the mutton was served on a thick layer of millet-cake, instead of a dish; being moist and soft, it is easily moulded into the requisite form—that is, with a deep trench in the centre, containing the sauce, or condiment, defended by a circular mound, itself invested on the outside by substantial pieces of mutton or beef. The Hadji and myself commenced the attack on these fortifications, having been provided for the purpose with small knives by the Circassians, who, by-the-by, always wear these, in addition to their daggers, in their girdles. The latter are never used at meals, the former being for the double purpose of carving their victuals and shaving their polls. After meat came the broth, served up in a wooden bowl, or rather a reservoir, of formidable dimensions; its surface frozen over like the Arctic Ocean, not with ice, however, but grease; but by inserting, in imitation of my Hadji, the spoon (and, *par parenthèse*, I must protest in the name of my friends against the statement put forth, that they ever insert their hands), with a dexterous jerk, into the liquid below, I found I could convey it to my mouth in a tolerable state of purity. The ensuing courses were, for the most part, composed of pastry, *caimac*, or cream, cheesecakes, forced meat in vine-leaves, and finally a large bowl of yoghort, or curdled milk, which last, like the pilaff in Turkey, invariably crowns the repast. I was at first surprised to see no vegetables on the table, but I afterwards learned that although abounding in the country in every variety, the Circassians seldom or never eat them. A native of this country dining with Scodra Pasha, in Albania, and declining to eat the vegetable which the Turks, odd to say, are as fond of as the Circassians are averse to and which, in successive dishes, formed, on this occasion, the staple of the dinner, was pressed repeatedly by the latter to partake of them. He at length told the Pasha, with much *naïveté*, that none but beasts dine on greens in Circassia."

"*A Circassian Beauty.*—The daughter, Hafiza, was a lively, pretty girl of sixteen or seventeen, looking rather demure, as is necessary on a first interview, but by no means ill-natured; indeed, she had no cause to be so, aware, as she must have been, that no girl in the neighbourhood could bide a closer scrutiny, or command a better price, than herself—in short, though far from realizing the *beau idéal* we should form of sublime and beautiful, yet, as things go in that

country, every way entitled to rank as a Circassian beauty. She had regular and pretty features, blue eyes, and fair complexion; her hair was of a light auburn colour, and hung in a profusion of braided tresses over her shoulders, from a bonnet of scarlet cloth, trimmed and crossed with broad silver lace, not unlike the Albanian skull-cap. She was tall, and well, though slightly, shaped; and held herself, like all Circassians, men or women, very erect. With the latter, the effect produced by their tightly compressing their loins from infancy is even somewhat ungraceful, giving a certain protusion to the body behind and before, and a stiffness, particularly in walking, to their carriage. Her costume, being that of all Circassian maidens, consisted of the bonnet of scarlet cloth I have described, a bodice of blue silk, with a row of silver studs in front, a girdle, fastened very low by large silver clasps in the shape of shells, and beneath her *anteri* of striped silk, the loose Turkish trousers, or *shalvar*; from these there peeped a pair of white and delicate feet, which, in the house, it is the fashion to leave uncovered, but, to go out of doors, they put on ornamented pattens or morocco slippers."

"*A travelling party in Circassia.*—Our cavalcade, which issued from the yard of our konag amidst the cries of 'Ogmaf! ogmaf!' (Farewell! farewell!) from the assembled neighbourhood, presented a train as motley and picturesque almost as that of the pilgrims to Canterbury. Foremost of all, borne by my Greek, whom I had constituted my beiraktar, or standard-bearer, fluttered in the morning breeze the white arrows and stars on the field of green silk, already familiar, I presume, to the English public as the national banner of Circassia The standard-bearer himself, with his dashing dress of the Islands; the embroidered jacket and redundant trousers; his gallant bearing and military glee at finding himself once more on a war-saddle, formed no contemptible figure-head to the procession. After him came Alcide Bey (the metamorphosed writer of these volumes), having Islam Gheri Indar Oglou on his right, and his rogue of a Hadji on his left. The former with the bow, quiver, and costume, the gentle and dignified demeanour I have already described; the latter jogging along in the high turban, antery, and shalvar of the Turk, as fidgety and talkative as my other companion was grave and sedate. As for myself, the dress I wore was like my sentiments, at that time in a state of transition; nor had I yet renounced my European surtout, or all my European prejudices. The costume of the rest of my train, composed of my servants and escort, exhibited much the same variety."

The following statement conveys a striking impression of the determination of the Circassians as to the struggle in which they are engaged, especially as Mansour Bey (the chief named in the extract) is elsewhere described by Mr. Longworth as a person as distinguished for his honour and veracity as for his extraordinary courage and prowess, and is the most influential leader in the country.

"I had deemed it important that, at a moment when Russia was straining every nerve for their subjugation, and when, without such encouragement, their hearts might have failed them, that they also should participate in those hopes. It was with that view that I had come amongst them, and, concurrently with Mr. Bell, I now pledged myself to remain till time, which I trusted would be short, should prove whether or no they had been well founded. That they might, in some measure, judge how far my statements were deserving of credit, I volunteered to accompany them to battle, and, though but a raw warrior, promised to shrink from no danger that might put my zeal in their cause to the test. That cause was the sacred one of liberty, as dear to Englishmen as to themselves, and for which, if necessary, they were as willing to lay down their lives. Mansour now briefly conferred with his countrymen, and, judging from their smiling looks, and the frequent repetition of the word *ariva*, expressive of approbation, the impression so far produced on them seemed decidedly favourable. He then resumed his discourse. 'It is not our custom,' he said, 'to expose the lives

of our guests, particularly when so valuable to us as yours, in fighting our battles; we are ourselves bound to defend them against every molestation. Be under no alarm on our account; we have warred with the Muscovite ten years at least, and if England in the end befriend us, will war ten years longer. We have lost, indeed, many of our bravest warriors, but, as you may see,' he continued, casting a glance round the assembly, where many a scarred and perforated visage bore witness to his words, 'we have men and lads to replace them yet. The worst of it is, our rifles are become nearly useless to us for want of powder and lead; yet, while we have swords to wield against them, will we never surrender to the Ghiaours. If deserted by the whole world, if driven to the last extremity, it will then be seen what the Adijhens are capable of. We will slaughter with our own hands our wives and our children, that they may not fall into those of the infidel; we will then perish to a man in avenging them.'"

The numerous pictures which these volumes furnish of the social economy of this singular and primitive people can scarcely be surpassed for interest and curiosity. The volumes are in fact as entertaining as a novel, and they are evidently written with a strict regard to that true detail of facts which makes them as instructive as an official report.

COMIC MISCELLANIES OF THE LATE JAMES SMITH.*

Vive la bagatelle! Such was evidently the motto, and such might (without violating the spirit of the dead) be the monumental inscription of the late admirable humorist and accomplished wit who, during his brilliant and happy life, was so universally known as "one of the authors of the 'Rejected Addresses.'" He has now, unfortunately for his personal friends, ceased for ever to "set the table in a roar" *in propriâ personâ*. But there is no evil without its attendant good. While James Smith lived, his own modest estimate of his merits would ever have prevented this gathering together, and reprinting of his published comicalities; lavishly as he consented to scatter them about during his lifetime, and unaffected and ample as his satisfaction must have been at seeing the effect they produced, whether dropped at random from his ever-ready tongue, or struck off *impromptu* with his facile and felicitous pen, he would have doubted the result of sending them forth in *volumes*. It would have seemed to his fastidious taste like claiming the attention of his audience too much to himself—like setting up as a sort of comic Coleridge, and trying to have all the fun to himself. But when a man of wit or of wisdom has passed from the scene which he has long enlivened and enlightened, the case is wholly different. Then those whom he leaves behind, desire nothing better than that his representatives should build him up a monument made out of the materials created by himself; and those who were most familiar with his wit, and knew all his wisdom by heart, take the most delight in conning it over again: while, to a large proportion of the rest of the world—and especially to the new generation, who are the best able to enjoy and appreciate him—nine-tenths of the hitherto-scattered treasure is as perfectly new as if

* Memoirs, Letters, Comic Miscellanies, &c. of the late James Smith, Esq. Edited by his Brother, Horace Smith. 2 vols.

it had just been dug from the mine. Such at all events will be the case with the Comic Miscellanies of James Smith: fugitive and ephemeral as many of them were—purely and expressly the "Cynthias of the minute" that called them into life—we are by no means sure that, to the large majority of readers to whom they will now be made known for the first time, they will not be the more, rather than the less, acceptable on that account; as, in addition to the irresistible spirit of fun and drollery which pervades them all, they will, in many instances, recall to some, and convey to others, a large number of the most noticeable events and social features of the last twenty or thirty years. For example: doggerel as the following verses were intended to be, they must have been excessively droll to the first readers of them five-and-twenty years ago; but we cannot help thinking that the innumerable allusions in them which have now become *historical*, will give them a double value in the present day. It is part of a copy of verses entitled

THE NEWSPAPER.

"Cures for chilblains, corns, and bunnions,
Welsh procession, leeks and onions;
Sad St. Stephen bored by praters,
Dale and Co., champagne creators;
Spain resolved to spurn endurance,
Economic Life Insurance;
Young man absent from his own house,
Body at St. Martin's bonehouse;
Search for arms in County Kerry,
Deals, Honduras, Pondicherry,
Treadmill, Haydn, Tom and Jerry.

Pall-Mall, Allen, chairs and tables,
Major Cartwright, iron cables;
Smithfield, price of veal and mutton,
Villa half a mile from Sutton;
Yearly meeting, lots of Quakers,
Freehold farm of forty acres;
Duke of Angouleme, despatches,
Thatch'd-house tavern, glees and catches;
Coburg, wonderful attraction,
Plunket, playhouse, Orange faction,
Consols eighty and a fraction.

Sales of sail-cloth, silk and camlet,
Kean in Shylock, Young in Hamlet;
Sad effects of random shooting,
Mermaid tavern, box at Tooting,
Water-colour exhibition,
Kemble's statue, Hone's petition;
Chateaubriand, Cape Madeira,
Longwood, Montholon, O'Meara;
Jerry Bentham's lucubrations,
Hume's critique on army rations,
Ex-officio informations.

Wapping Dock choke full of barter,
Senna, sponges, cream of tartar;
Willow bonnets, lank and limber,
Mops, molasses, tallow, timber;
Horse Bazaar, the Life of Hayley,
Little Waddington, Old Bailey;
Gibbs and Howard, Gunter's ices,
Thoughts upon the present crisis;
Sweeting's-alley, sales by taper,
Lamp, Sir Humphrey, noxious vapour,
Stocks——sum-total—Morning Paper."—Vol. i., pp. 224, 225.

Some, on the other hand, are as applicable to the present moment as to that at and for which they were written; for there are perennial follies, and fopperies, and quackeries, as well as annual ones. Change, for example, the title of the following stanzas, from "Doctor Gall" to "Mr. Deville," and they might have been written yesterday.

"I sing of the organs and fibres
That ramble about in the brains;
Avaunt! ye irreverent jibers,
Or stay and be wise for your pains.
All heads were of yore on a level,
One could not tell clever from dull,
Till I, like Le Sage's lame devil,
Unroof'd with a touch every skull.
Oh, I am the mental dissector,
I fathom the wits of you all,
Then come in a crowd to the lecture
Of craniological Gall.

The passions, or active or passive,
Exposed by my magical spells,
As busy as bees in a glass hive,
Are seen in their separate cells.
Old Momus who wanted a casement
Whence all in the heart might be read,
Were he living. would stare with amazement,
To find what he wants in the head.

There's an organ for strains amoroso,
Just under the edge of the wig;
An organ for writing but so-so,
For driving a tilbury gig;
An organ for boxers, for stoics,
For giving booksellers a lift,
For marching the zigzag heroics,
And editing Jonathan Swift, &c."—Vol. i., pp. 231, 232.

We must not indulge in further quotations from these infinitely amusing volumes, especially as the pages of the *New Monthly Magazine* were the honoured medium through which by far the greater portion of Mr. James Smith's Comic Miscellanies first saw the light. But we may add, in regard to that part of the matter which is here reprinted, that it fully bears out the high reputation which their author

first acquired by the admirable *jeux d'esprit* which introduced him to the world, and which he subsequently maintained by his almost unequalled social qualities as a dinner-table wit and conversationist.

With regard to the original portions of these volumes,—namely, the Memoir by Mr. Horace Smith, and the selections from James Smith's recent correspondence with the most intimate of his personal friends, they form extremely pleasing and appropriate additions to the work, and we shall quote from them a few passages which will be found as interesting in themselves as they are characteristic of the person to whom they relate.

James Smith when a Boy.—"His natural tendency to banter and cajolery was evinced while he was yet a youngster, by a pleasant hoax upon the editor of an old established magazine, to whom he transmitted several letters containing a grave account of some remarkable antiquarian discoveries and entomological facts, the startling nature of which attested the inventive powers of the writer, without exciting the suspicions of his victim. What added to the zest of this juvenile pleasantry was the circumstance that his father and several of his antiquarian friends, who were regular readers of the magazine in question, repeatedly commented upon these fictitious statements, without ever dreaming that the waggish author was sitting by their sides, and laughing in his sleeve at their various conjectures. At a more mature age he would not perhaps have considered a deception, even of this playful nature, to be quite justifiable."—Vol. i., pp. 16, 17.

Character of James Smith's Writings.—"A mind of such great general powers as that of our subject, could doubtless have mastered any style with which it chose to grapple; but neither his taste or feelings prompted him to exhibit his intellectual vigour in the deep waters of literature. Pouring themselves forth like a bright but shallow stream, his thoughts sparkled among the coloured pebbles they encountered, receiving and imparting a thousand evanescent hues as they pursued their glittering and sportive course. They who would dive into them for valuable pearls may be disappointed; but such will not be the feeling of those who are content to admire the brilliant bubbles, or to snatch the many and the vari-coloured flowers that float upon their surface."—Vol. i., p. 37."

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His personal and social Qualities.—"Not, however, to his literary claims alone, highly as they might be appreciated, was James Smith indebted for the great and unvaried favour in which he had been ever held by an extensive circle of acquaintance, including many of his contemporaries the most distinguished for virtues, talents, and rank. 'It was difficult,' writes one who was intimately acquainted with him in his latter years, 'to pass an evening in his company without feeling in better humour with the world; such was the influence of his inexhaustible fund of amusement and information, his lightness, liveliness, and good sense. No man ever excelled him in starting a pleasant topic of conversation, and sustaining it; nor was it well possible for a party of moderate dimensions, when he was of it, to be dull. The droll anecdote, the apt illustration, the shrewd remark, a trait of humour from Fielding, a scrap of a song from the "Beggar's Opera," a knock-down retort of Johnson's, a couplet from Pope or Dryden,—all seemed to come as they were wanted; and as he was always just as ready to listen as to talk, they acted, each in turn, as a sort of challenge to the company to bring forth their budgets, and contribute towards the feast. As he disliked argument, and never lost his temper, or willingly gave offence, it would have been no easy matter for others to lose theirs, or to offend him.

"In all the requisites for social eminence he was, indeed, transcendent. To a dignified and manly figure, cast in a mould of perfect symmetry, he united, in his prime of life, much beauty and animation of countenance, singularly

fascinating manners, the charm of a comic vocalist, an all-retaining memory, an ever-flowing stream of entertaining talk that sparkled and cheered as it were colloquial champagne, and a merry laugh that would extort a sympathizing echo from the most phlegmatic hearer.

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"The moderation of his character was, perhaps, most apparent on the usually exciting subject of politics. He professed, I believe, moderately conservate opinions, but on no one occasion could we betray him into any thing like a positive declaration in company. 'My political opinions,' he once said, 'are those of the lady who sits next to me, and as the fair sex are generally 'perplexed, like monarchs, with the fear of change,' I constantly find myself conservative.'

"'Mr. Smith, you *look* a conservative,' said a young man across the table, thinking to pay him a compliment. 'Certainly sir,' was the prompt reply; 'my *crutches* remind me that I am no member of *the movement party*.'

"But he was really liberal in the best sense of the word. In politics, religion, and literature, his great object was concord; and he used to say of the parties which agitate society, as the political footman in the "Vicar of Wakefield said of the rival newspapers,—'They may hate each other, but I love them all.'"—Vol. i., pp. 39, 40, 41, 49.

One or two brief extracts from his letters to his cultivated friend Mrs. Torre Holme, and we have done with these attractive volumes.

The Countess Guiccioli.—"I dined yesterday at —— House, where the Countess Guiccioli is on a visit; she is much improved in her English. When we joined the ladies in the drawing-room, coffee was introduced, and several little tottering, daddy-long-legs tables were set out, whereon to deposit our cups. I and Madame G. had a table between us. I then ventured to touch upon Lord Byron. The subject evidently interested her. I repeated several passages from his 'Childe Harold,' with which she seemed quite familiar. She then asked me to give her some of my imitations of him from the 'Rejected Addresses.' These she did not seem quite so well to comprehend. I told her all I knew of him before he went abroad, to which, like *Desdemona*, 'she did seriously incline.' Bysshe Shelley she denominated a good man. Leigh Hunt's name she pronounced *Leg Honte*. With tears in her eyes, she then descanted upon the merits and failings of the departed. When any sudden pause took place in the conversation at the other tables, she, evidently not wishing to be overheard,' said, 'Bai an 'Bai,' (by-and-by,) and when the general buzz recommenced, she resumed the thread of her narration."—Vol. i., pp. 59, 60.

The Author of Pelham.—"I dined yesterday with E. L. Bulwer, at his new residence, in Charles-street, Berkeley-square, a splendidly and classically fitted-up mansion. One of the drawing-rooms is a *fac-simili* of a chamber which our host visited at Pompeii,—vases, candelabra, chairs, tables to correspond. He lighted a perfumed pastille modelled from Mount Vesuvius. As soon as the cone of the mountain began to blaze, I fancied myself au inhabitant of the devoted city! and, as Pliny the elder, thus addressed Bulwer, my supposed nephew:—'Our fate is accomplished, nephew. Hand me yonder volume;—I shall die as a student in my vocation. Do you then hasten to take refuge on board the fleet at Misenum. Yonder cloud of hot ashes chides thy longer delay. Feel no alarm for me—I shall live in story. The author of Pelham will rescue my name from oblivion.' Pliny the younger made me a low bow."—Vol. i., pp. 69, 70.

There is something very touching in the following allusion to an event which so soon after took place. The passage is also as characteristic of the writer as any thing that we have quoted from other pens. Seldom, indeed, has the heart of a boy been more happily united with the head of a man; for though we "cannot put an old head on young shoulders," we may keep a young heart in an aged bosom.

"If I get through this lingering attack, I mean to watch myself in future; and should any symptoms of sleepiness recur, I shall have recourse to a strict hermit diet. My brother Leonard was called away, like your poor friend, Admiral M—, on the instant; to my mind the best possible exit. Swift, in anticipation of his demise, says,

'Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day.'

I flatter myself, on such an event, your regret would last as long as Pope's. I have this consolation at all events,—in the course of nature you must survive me. Johnson says of Pope 'This early maturity of mind united him with men older than himself, so that he had the misfortune of seeing the friends of his youth sink into the grave.' I am happy to say that I have reversed this. My *im*maturity of mind has generally associated me with people younger than myself. Good-humour, gaiety, love of music, and social life, have associated me with people (especially females) who might be my children. What, for instance, can well be more extraordinary than your friendship for such a gray-headed sexagenarian as myself? My brother Horace wrote some lines on this subject, ascribing it to juvenility of mind. They finished thus:

'Voltaire was young at eighty-four,
And Fontenelle at near a hundred.'"—Vol. i., pp. 108, 109.

If in conclusion we are tempted to exclaim in valediction, "Alas! poor Yorick!" we say and feel it rather in behalf of the past and passing generation, than of those who are usurping their place: for though his cordial voice and laugh are silent, and the sparkle of his eye is dimmed, and the "keen encounter of his wit" has been stopped for aye by the "fell archer;" yet will the legacy he has here bequeathed to the present age and to posterity, serve to "set the table in a roar," so long as tables are surrounded by social spirits, and laughter is not interdicted by act of parliament.

THE LATE CAMPAIGN OF SINDE, &c.

It is scarcely possible to have too many books on topics of the nature of those connected with the late successes of our arms in India; especially when (like the present) they are of a purely personal and narrative character, and given to the world in a modest and accessible form. And of all modes of composition and arrangement for works of this description none is at once so direct in the impression it makes on the reader, and so specific and satisfactory in the information it conveys, as that of the Diary, as adopted in the present case.

This volume, in fact professes to be, and we have no doubt is, a selection from the actual notes made by the author from day to day while engaged in the remarkable and exciting circumstances referred to; namely, those arising out of the writer's personal share in the brilliant campaign in Sinde and Affghanistan in 1838-9—including a minute account of the storming of Ghizni, the flight and pursuit of Dost Mohammed Khan, the subsequent operations against the Ghilgees (conducted by the writer) and the capture of Khelat. The author very properly (and with a forbearance worthy of imitation) describes those matters and events only in which he himself was personally engaged or to which he was an eye-witness; and though it is not in the nature of

a narrative of this kind to convey any general impressions relating to the great military plans and operations out of which it has arisen, it will afford valuable materials for the future historian of those operations and will be appreciated accordingly. The volume contains certain plans of Ghizni and Khelat; add in an appendix are given the public papers referring to the campaign.

A SUMMER'S DAY AT GREENWICH.*

GUIDES are sometimes among the prettiest and most useful of books; and this of Mr. W. Shoberl's is among the prettiest of those that are most pretty and useful. But it is more than a Guide, it is a companion and a friend—which few Guides are qualified to be. Let not the travelled reader smile slightingly at the brief trip of pleasure that can be performed in a "summer's day;" let him recollect that the wit of a former age asserted and believed, even as a matter of taste, that "all beyond Hyde Park was a desert;" and that, to the artisan of the present, as well as to numerous other deserving classes of the London community, all beyond Greenwich Park is interdicted ground, and "a summer's day" the limit of their travelling licence. It is especially to persons so situated that a Guide and companion is needed; while the brief distance of their wanderings has hitherto been deemed a bar to their obtaining one. Greenwich is so close at our doors (fancies every intending visiter to it) and we have seen it so often, that we know all about it. But Mr. W. Shoberl's little book will teach them better: there are fifty things to be seen in Greenwich and its delightful environs, which have hitherto remained so many "Yarrows unvisited" to half the inhabitants of the metropolis; but which, now that the care and research of Mr. Shoberl have pointed them out, will give a new zest to the future "summers' days" that shall be passed there, and make all the "old familiar *places*" smile with a new welcome. To enter into detail would be to usurp the office so pleasantly filled by Mr. Shoberl, to whose guidance we commend all future visiters to our English St. Cloud.

NOTES ON NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Nature and Genius of the German Language. By D. Boieleau.—Though not sufficiently elementary to be employed for the purposes of learning the German language in the first instance, this volume will be found a most useful and intelligent appendage to the regular grammar. It is written with judgment and discrimination, and has the merit of being much less dry and repulsive to the student than works of this nature usually are.

Nouvelles Annales des Voyages, &c. A. Bertrand, Editeur.—We have before us several numbers of this highly interesting and valuable monthly publication,—which may be regarded as in some respects superior to the original works of travel of the day; since, besides the excellent and able original disputations which it contains on various topics connected with geographical research, it presents us with careful and impartial critiques and abstracts of the most important works of the day in all parts of Europe, and a chronicle of the most striking facts of the preceding month. We much want a periodical of this kind in England, and could not take a better model for it than the one before us.

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* A Summer's Day at Greenwich. By W. Shoberl, Esq.